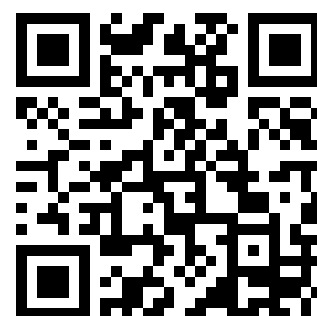

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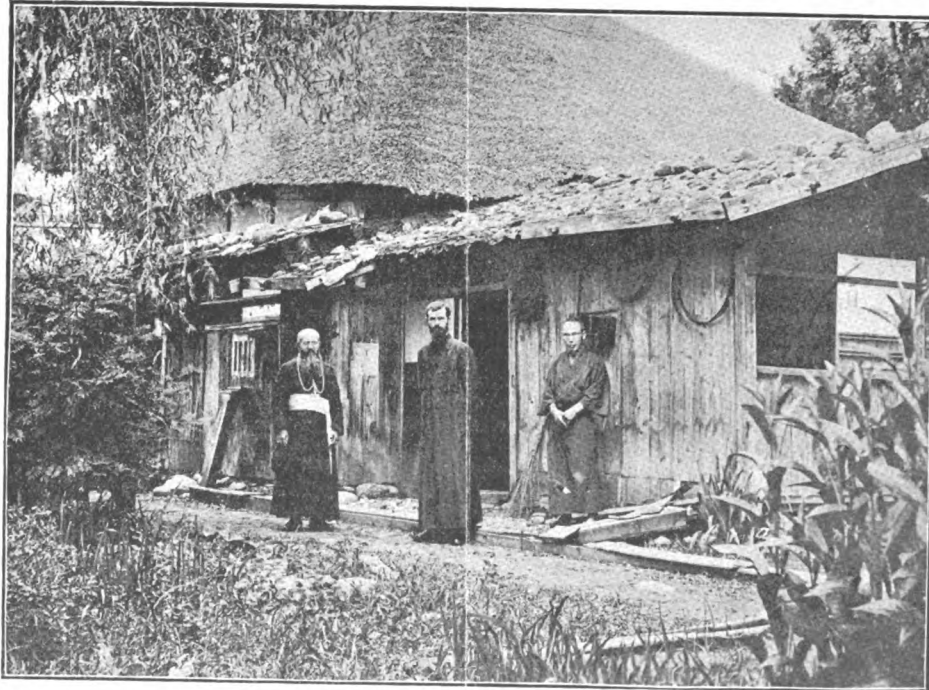
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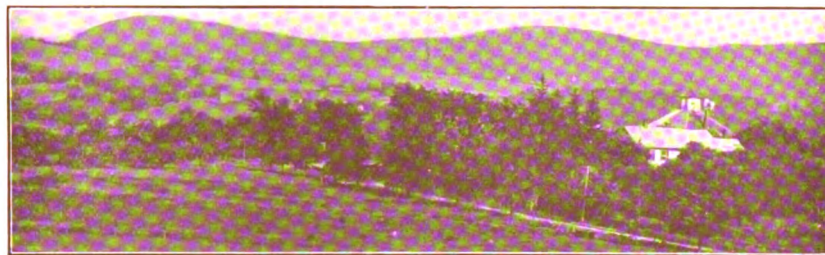
THE FIELD AFAR



A PAROCHIAL MANSION IN JAPAN.

(Bishop Berlioz visiting one of his priests.)

VOL. XII. No. 1 ✕ JANUARY, 1918 ✕ PRICE 10 CENTS



*Amidst the smiling hills of "Penn"
Snuggles the hopeful Vénards' den.*

THE Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America is located on a slightly hill overlooking the Hudson River, about thirty miles north of New York City. The place is called, in honor of the Blessed Virgin, *Maryknoll*. The Seminary is under the direction of secular priests who have been organized as the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. Their object is to train priests for missions to the heathen and to help arouse the Catholics of our country to a clearer appreciation of their duty towards this particular need. The Seminary has at present a faculty of ten priests, twenty-five students of Philosophy and Theology, and eleven auxiliary-brothers.

The movement was set on foot by Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, and the then Apostolic Delegate, Cardinal Falconio. It was approved by the Council of Archbishops at Washington, April 27, 1911, and authorized by Pope Pius X. at Rome, on the Feast of the Apostles SS. Peter and Paul, June 29, of the same year.

On July 15, 1915, the young Society received from Rome the Decree of Praise and was placed directly under the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. It is incorporated in New York State and is under the spiritual jurisdiction of His Eminence John Cardinal Farley, who is Honorary President of the Corporation. The corporate name of the Society is: Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

In September, 1916, it opened at Clark's Green, Pa., in the diocese of Scranton, a preparatory house of studies with the corporate title of the Vénard Apostolic School. Here thirty youths are following high school and college courses under the direction of five professors, four of whom are priests.

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Volume Twelve
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the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary.
Checks and other payments may be
forwarded to the Very Rev. James A.
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upon application.

1918.

*May it bring lasting peace to the
world!*

*May the year that sees the flag
of Christians again waving over
Palestine, after a lapse of many
centuries, witness also the deeper
penetration into pagan lands of
the Standard of the Prince of
Peace!*

*May the coming twelvemonth
bear a rich burden of God's bless-
ings to all of Maryknoll's friends!*

* *

FOR we have seen His star in
the east and have come to adore
Him."

Thus spoke the Wise Men, who
nightly for so many years had been
scanning the heavens for the sign
that should announce to them the
coming of the Light of the World.

Today there are in the East
other wise men who are dissatis-
fied with their present beliefs,
whose hearts yearn for a faith
that is pure and noble and satisfy-
ing, but who cannot find it for no
star shows them the way. Are we
ready to do all in our power to
further the work of foreign mis-
sions, and thus help to guide such
souls to Christ?

* *

THERE are in Japan some thou-
sands of people who have inher-
ited the Christian faith from their
ancestors to whom St. Francis
Xavier preached. There are other
Christians more recently converted,
and there are about as many Prot-
estants as Catholics in the Island
Empire. This is not by any means

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a strong representation of Chris-
tianity, but Japan is in close touch
with Christian nations and many
Japanese respect the Founder of
the Christian religion.

Some time ago (and we learned
this recently) a certain Japanese
magazine published the picture of
a crucified dog, with insinuations
that were evidently intended for
the followers of Jesus Christ, and,
so far as we know, the publication
was not rebuked. Surely the Jap-
anese Government would not en-
courage an insult of this kind, and
we hope that the day may soon
dawn when the voice of some
strongly organized Catholic lay
body in Japan shall be effectively
heard in protest against such at-
tacks.

* *

THE gaming season has again
opened, and wild unsubscrib-
ers can now be snared with im-
punity. Accordingly, heralds have
gone forth from Maryknoll to se-
cure the names of all who wish to
subscribe before the Millenium.
(Imagine facing the Recording
Angel without having ever taken
THE FIELD AFAR!)

Results are encouraging. We

have a circulation of 35,000. We want 50,000—before passing the 75,000 mark. Yes, we are ambitious, but when an increase in the number of our subscribers means also an increase in the number of pagan souls reached by Catholic missionaries, we feel certain that you will approve our ambition.

Propaganda work for Maryknoll is being carried on constantly in the dioceses of San Francisco and Scranton by two of our priests; while two others work intermittently, à la *Big Ben*, in New York and Philadelphia.

Unexcelled kindness and hospitality on the part of the priests in these dioceses has been the experience of all the representatives from Maryknoll, and the good will of the laity may be gauged by the generous response they have everywhere made to the call for their coöperation in the work of saving pagan souls.

* *

*"What are Foreign Missions?
"The flying shuttle that weaves, and weaves, and weaves the seamless robe of the Lord Christ till it is ample enough to cover those at home and those abroad; till it is great enough to overshadow our entire humanity with the sense of the Infinite Compassion and the Eternal Love."—Rev. Mr. Gordon.*

* *

Question:

Why do the pagans regard the "Catholic" Church as "French?"

Answer:

There are today in pagan lands 56,000 French missionaries, consisting of 10,000 priests, 42,000 nuns and 4,000 lay brothers.

Moreover, the French foreign mission societies have enrolled other nationalities as members, to the number of 3,000 priests, 11,000 nuns and 1,000 brothers.

The total membership of these French societies is therefore 71,000 foreign missionaries.

Having sent such a force to bring them the light of the true faith, it is hardly to be wondered at that *France* is considered by the

pagans to be the only home of Catholicity.

What a tribute is this pagan mistake to the apostolic zeal of the nation that has given so generously of her sons and daughters to extend the fruits of the Redemption!

While American Catholics may not understand the politics of France, we cannot but revere her for the national obedience she has given in past centuries, and is still giving, to the command, "Teach all nations."

If example is the best teacher, America should be made a missionary paragon by the apostolicity of this European country, that for hundreds of years has maintained in pagan lands a large and effective fighting force of volunteer soldiers of Christ.

Our duty is clear. Our response remains to be seen.

* *

THERE appeared recently in the daily press an article showing the alertness of our separated brethren in recognizing opportunities in the mission field. The Methodist Episcopal Boards of Home and Foreign Missions in a joint conference approved a plan to raise \$80,000,000 in five years for mission propaganda. Only one member objected, on the ground that at present people need their money for other purposes. The decision of the conference was that now is the time for action, that to make the world safe for democracy religion must play an increasingly important part, that everybody is looking to America to convert the world.

Are we Catholics, heirs to the true Faith, to stand idly by while the exponents of error bend all their energies to propagating their doctrines in every land? We have more than the expectation of "everybody" to inspire us to evangelization; we have the express command of Christ, laid as a solemn obligation on His Church. We have no longer the excuse that we are struggling to establish our-

ONE of our subscribers was held up recently by masked gunmen. While searching for his wallet they discovered in his inside pocket a torn copy of *THE FIELD AFAR*, in which they became so deeply engrossed that the victim was able to slip away quietly without being observed. Hours later the police found them at the same place, eagerly searching for the missing portion of the magazine.

selves. The Church in America is now strong and flourishing, while the majority of our brethren in Europe can do nothing now or for years to come.

Ireland and Holland alone can help to bear the burden, and they are responding nobly. Holland with her 4,000,000 Catholics has over a thousand students preparing for the foreign missions; Ireland, with her 3,000,000 seems ready to do more than we with our 20,000,000. American Catholics have responded most generously to our country's call. Shall we be deaf to God's call?

* *

FROM one who loves St. Patrick come these thoughtful words:

In Ireland, during the past year, a new Foreign Mission Society was formed—and in nine months the people of Ireland, burdened as they already were, contributed more than \$150,000 "for the conversion of China." Such an example should inflame Irish hearts in America and inspire them to contribute a few thousand dollars to our own Foreign Mission Society, to carry on the Church's work in pagan lands.

The yearly celebration of St. Patrick's Day throughout this country proves that love for Ireland's great Apostle is strong among us. Yet at the rate his Burse has been growing, many years must elapse before it will be completed. Can it be possible that the Saint so dear to the Irish race will be so little honored, in this way which must surely be pleasing to him, by the millions of American Catholics of Irish blood? In the name of St. Patrick, then, let us one and all send to Maryknoll whatever we can for St. Patrick's Burse, and let us appeal to our friends and to local Irish societies to complete this Burse before the next Seventeenth of March.

A Perpetual Associate Subscription costs, as usual, fifty dollars.

The Irish Mission.

SOME months ago we noted the establishment of the new Irish foreign mission movement, the *Maynooth Mission to China*. Since then we have received from the Rev. Dr. Blowick—one of the organizers—an account of the progress of the Mission.

Its success has been marvelous. In less than a year it won the whole-hearted support of the Irish people, who contributed over \$200,000 for its support. College professors stepped down from their chairs to join the ranks of the founders; parish priests resigned their charges and stood ready to depart for China; communities of teaching and nursing Sisters offered their services. A college building was presented and twenty desirable students offered themselves as candidates.

One important factor in this amazing progress is, we are convinced, the enthusiasm of the Irish Bishops, who have given the movement their official approval and their warm personal support. Their letters of endorsement have been gathered into booklet form and make inspiring reading. We quote a typical extract, from the Bishop of Killaloe:

The Spirit of God has passed over Ireland in an extraordinary manner. We awoke one morning to find at our doors a band of young priests, the finest and most gifted we had, begging for assistance. And for what enterprise? That they might be allowed to go and preach the Gospel to the heathen millions of far-off China!

The Holy Ghost has rekindled in their hearts the apostolic fire of ancient Ireland unexpectedly, and at an hour which only God himself would select. At the very time when the proud wealth of the world is being blown to pieces by war's destructive engines Christ has chosen to mobilize here among us a little army, swordless and penniless, for His own high empire of



"The kings of Tharsis and the islands shall offer presents: the kings of the Arabians and of Saba shall bring gifts."—Ps. lxxi-10.

peace. The priests whom His mysterious grace has mustered to His hazardous standard are young; they are gifted; they have prospects before them according to our human ways. They have affections, they have friends, and a country they love. But all these things they have put off, like a garment, when called by Christ to follow His standard in a land far away.

We have not the exaltation of spirit which would enable us to follow them. Ours is not the grace of martyrs and apostles. But we can, and I hope will, every one of us, identify ourselves with and share in their apostolic work by helping them out with pennies, pounds, or shillings, as the case may be. He has but a sick and dying faith who looks askance at a supernatural mission of this kind.

One of the organizers of the Maynooth Mission is the Rev. Edward Galvin. It is more than a coincidence that six years ago, when the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America was getting on its feet, Fr. Galvin decided to give his services to the foreign missions. He joined Fr. John Fraser, a Canadian priest visiting the United States in the interest of the Chinese mission where he had for years labored as a "free lance," and went back with him to China. Both priests were anxious to see established some definite means of supplying men and support for the Chinese field. Today America sends her representative

to prepare the way for American missionaries, Ireland gathers funds to train Irish apostles, and the Holy Father sets the seal of his approval on all by requesting the whole Catholic world to pray for the success of missionary effort in the chosen field, China. Truly it is, as an observant Western paper (*The True Voice*, Omaha) remarks, "not the result of any human planning and contriving, but another proof that the ways of God are wonderful and never so wonderful as in providing for the growth of His Church."

NE'E'RDEE.

(New Year Day)

It's aft I yearn for Scotia's shore,
It's banks and braes and bonny ways;
But och! my hairt beats a' the mair
When it gaes back on Ne'e'rdee
days!

Wi' oatmeal cakes and freen'ly flask,
A Scottish welcome waits me there,
An' a' the haggis ane could ask—
To think o't makes my hairt fu'
sair.

When midnight chaps upon the 'nock,
Wi' sleep is closed nae clansman's
ee—

A nee'bor taps upon the lock,
And Scotland wakes wi' Ne'e'rdee.
Though far frae hame in Freedom's
land,

Fu' mony a Scot, without a doo't,
Will gie his freen' a Ne'e'rdee hand
An' sit and watch the auld year oot.
Brither Sandy. Maryknoll 1918

Book Notes.

Philosophical Saivism, by Rev. S. G. Prakasar, O.M.I., Ceylon.

This is a valuable contribution to the study of oriental religions, written by a native priest. The author shows a profound knowledge of his subject from first hand acquaintance with its literature and sets forth both its theoretical philosophy and its superstitious practices. Those who are interested in the study of comparative religion will welcome this authoritative exposition.

Native Clergy for Mission Countries, by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Freri.

This reprint from *The Ecclesiastical Review* deserves wide distribution. Although a native clergy is ever the ultimate aim of all foreign mission societies, yet many obstacles hinder the immediate realization of that aim. How to surmount these obstacles is lucidly set forth by Mgr. Freri, the National Director of the Propagation of the Faith Society.

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Mission Medley.

IT is not surprising to find many educated persons without appreciation of Chinese accomplishments. The Orient was rarely alluded to in our student days. Europe, with its dynasties, its little battles that then seemed big, its art and architecture, was about the only part of the world outside of North America considered worth the spending of our time,—and later, of our money. Times are changing rapidly, however, in these days, and the Far East is beginning to compel the attention it deserves.

Appended to a recent request from the Middle West for THE FIELD AFAR was the following:

Be sure this is in Holland language. You need not send it if it isn't, for the party this is for cannot read anything else.

Alas! we have no bi-lingual department and so had to send back the dollar bill, but it was none the less a pleasure to note the interest taken by this emigrant of the Netherlands in foreign mission work. It is but another evidence of the great and *living* apostolic spirit which today is sending the sons and daughters of Holland into distant mission fields and filling to overflowing her foreign mission schools at home.

The apostolic spirit of a priest is revealed in these lines that have come to our notice recently:

I am a mere good-for-nothing, on whom Almighty God has had mercy and made me what I am, His priest for all eternity, in spite of my utter unworthiness.

As a student I experienced untold difficulties. Once my health gave way, first with gastric hemorrhage and then with ulceration of the stomach. A

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year later these complaints attacked me anew and I was sent to the hospital. I had two very serious operations, received the Last Sacraments twice, and was given up as hopeless three times.

Yet in spite of all these verdicts, behold, I live. I am not very strong, I confess, and I am well aware that sudden death may overtake me at any moment, but still I feel quite happy to have gone as far as I have done. My great desire is to go on the Foreign Missions, or at least to do something to further that great cause which has always been so dear to my heart.

Several of Maryknoll's friends have decided that the best place for a Liberty Bond is the safe of the Foreign Mission Society. Being polite, we couldn't hurt their feelings by refusing. Five such bonds have come to us recently. They do not mature for thirty years but our Society is willing to wait. The original holders were not sure of living that long, y'know, and naturally they wanted to be sure of the disposal of their property.

These bonds are well-named "Liberty." The truest liberty is that of the soul—freedom from sin and the shackles of Satan. Those who have the least of this true liberty are the poor untaught pagans. Think it over.

Eloquent proof of their interest in Maryknoll has been given by several good friends, who have sent offerings to furnish rooms in our new St. Joseph's. Already nine of our thirty cubicles have been christened, as listed below:

St. Joseph

St. Catherine of Siena

St. John Nepomucen

Sts. Philip and James

St. Francis of Assisi

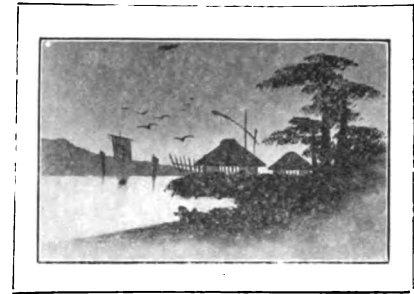
Bernadette of Lourdes

St. Krescentia

In Memory of Mary Josephine Nolan

In Memory of Hannah Maguire

On the other hand, many saints, apostles even, are still waiting for some one to name a room in their honor. Now just how are you going to explain to your patron saint that ———?



The Pioneer's Log.

(Fr. Superior's Knolligram.)

THAT morning, October the fifth, the Archbishop took me to the Jesuit establishment and to the school conducted by the Sisters of St. Maur. I found Fr. Chablot enjoying his stay.

We then went towards the convent, scraped the mud from our shoes, stepped gingerly on to the highly polished floor and were soon in train for a rapid inspection, under the guidance of the Superioress and Miss Nobechi.

Over the ocean we priests are usually brought into class-rooms, welcomed by every teacher, and often urged to say a few words to the pupils. Here, however, with schools under Catholic auspices we are reminded that most of the pupils are pagan, and that some of the teachers are likewise afflicted. There is no disposition to urge "a few words, Father," or even an entrance into the class-room, and I found myself leaving with a somewhat disappointed feeling.

At Yokohama, I fear that I must have offended. In some unaccountable way I managed to face a class-room of adults and I took advantage of the opportunity to tell them about the strength of Catholicity in America, and to explain how we were trying to be consistently Catholic as well as patriotic. By the time I reached Tokyo I looked for no further opportunity. Espionage is in fashion today and it seems to permeate the atmosphere of this country—so much so that at times one hesitates to take a long breath, lest he should start up some automatic police alarm. For a long time I have heard that the Catholic Faith makes little progress among the Japanese, and I am beginning to realize this, though not without a glimmer of hope for the future.

Tokyo itself is a city of more than two million inhabitants, and in the entire diocese there are nearly sixteen millions of people, all told. Of them ten thousand are Catholics, or one in six hundred. Assisting the Archbishop at this writing, in the regular work of the diocese there are eighteen priests (three Japanese), and several

of these are far along in years. Ten young priests are registered as "at the front in France." As a rule the parishes are in charge of the diocesan priests but at Yokohama, where two venerable Alumni of the Paris Seminary reside, some of the work is done by the Marianist Father alluded to above.

At Tokyo there are six parishes, with schools attached, and several institutions that are making visible and rapid progress. Among these are the school above mentioned, conducted by the Sisters of St. Maur, and the Jesuit establishment. Anxious to get a better insight into the Jesuit work, I went back, as promised, for dinner



PAGAN SHRINES AT NIKKO

and was very kindly received. The main building is new, of red brick, and has a commanding situation. It is higher than the ordinary Japanese structure and the style of architecture is European. The property covers about five acres and is of considerable value. There are eight priests under Fr. Hoffman, the Rector, and no fewer than seven nationalities are represented, including German, American, Swiss, French and Japanese. Ninety students follow courses here, and of these some ten or twelve are Catholics. The course given has some resemblance to a college course in the United States, and the principal subjects taught are Philosophy, Literature, Science and Commerce. The priests are all constantly occupied and they are aided by thirteen Japanese instructors, one of whom, a naval officer, teaches finance.

In our accepted sense of the term the Jesuit establishment can hardly be called a university, but it follows the custom accepted here. The University is known as The Imperial University, a Government institution from which it is the ambition of every aspiring youth to graduate. The waiting list, I am told, is usually ten times the number of students accepted. Those who cannot wait to enter or who are turned down find openings in private universities, the largest of these being

the *Keio*. The Jesuits have provided another opening for such students, and although at first they found themselves instructing students not altogether promising, the standard has gradually risen and they are convinced that the result of their work will before long manifest to the Japanese the value of their special training.

The initial expense of this undertaking was naturally borne by the Society of Jesus, but the establishment will gradually become self-supporting, and it is partly so now. Two of the Fathers teach outside, one of them at the Imperial University, and this service brings some additional revenue. I left the Jesuits, convinced that they will effect much good and impressed with their condition which, for lack of information published in the United States, I had been led to believe not altogether hopeful.

Two other self-supporting houses I saw after this: one the Academy of the Sacred Heart, the other the Morning Star School.

The Academy of the Sacred Heart was a revelation. It has an excellent property on the outskirts of the city, which we reached in an hour's ride. My companion on this excursion was a Japanese priest, official pastor of the Cathedral parish. I tried on him what slender stock of languages I had, but he smiled at every attempt. He was useful, however, when we made car transfers, for his Japanese hit the mark every time.

The day was rainy, and the narrow streets were alive with great bobbing sunshades. I was quite a curio, with my raincoat and felt hat. Straw capes hung from the shoulders of workmen like thatch. Men harnessed and pulling great loads of merchandise carried sunshades as they walked. Wet feet were rare, for the majority flopped along with each foot strapped to a piece of board under which were fastened two smaller pieces, keeping the wearer elevated a couple of inches at least above the street so that his feet were quite clear of dampness and mud.

It was pouring when we reached the convent, and as I looked in on the immaculate floor I felt like a tramp—but I went in, as a tramp would have done.

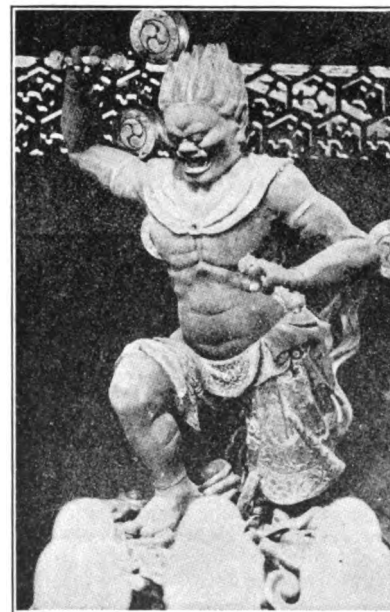
The place is already quite as extensive as some of the largest convents in the United States. There are twenty-three choir nuns and ten lay sisters. The language school has one hundred and twenty Christians, representing many races but the majority born in Japan. In the Japanese section are taught one hundred and eighty daughters of well-known pagan families. In this section Japanese lay teachers, men and women, are found,

and Catholic emblems are not desired here.

The Sacred Heart nuns deserve great credit for the absolute confidence in God which has made possible their splendid development in Tokyo. They have already attained success and won the confidence of many highminded and influential Japanese.

Sunday, October 7th, presented an unusual opportunity. It was the centenary of the foundation of the Marianist Brothers and a day of rejoicing in the Catholic Church of Tokyo. The Archbishop was due to pontificate in the College chapel, and the Community Mass was mine to offer—for the faithful of the diocese.

To me, a stranger, it was most interesting and edifying, this public Mass in the pretty little Gothic Cathedral. A foreigner—an American, I understood—in the first pew, was the only racial exception. The mats were lined with the squatting figures of Japanese, men on the Epistle side and women on the Gospel side. An old catechist led the prayers, which continued, with slight interruptions, throughout the



"The idea of worship is always associated with fear . . ."

Mass. At the Elevation of the Host and of the Chalice the usual profound silence was followed by reverent ejaculations from all. A goodly proportion of those present received Communion, and after Mass a short exhortation was given in Japanese by the pastor. There was no rush for the exit and no hurry to get away after the services.

At eight o'clock we left for the celebration. The Archbishop, who usually dresses rather shabbily, had his best hat dusted for the event, and we *sortied* majestically through the wide-opened gates of the compound, out into the alleys, and later into the widened streets of this populous city.

The signal for Mass brought us to the chapel, which is not at all proportioned to the personnel of a school with more than a thousand pupils but is adequate for the number of Christians there. The *Ecce Sacerdos Magnus* was sung as the Archbishop went to his throne and the chant of the Mass was well rendered—the Solemn edition being used.

The Brothers did most of the chanting but some of the younger boys also sang—and their high voices, somewhat hesitating and a little piping, were restrained and to my ear pleasing.

We went into the yard at the close of Mass and I looked through some of the buildings. They are extensive, but appear somewhat dingy and the worse for wear. They tell, however, the story of hard, painstaking and successful work accomplished by these loyal sons of Fr. Chaminade, who have made a visibly strong impression on the city of Tokyo as elsewhere in this island Empire.

At eleven o'clock we assembled again for the panegyric and Benediction. Fr. Steichen, of the Cathedral, was the preacher and he was evidently effective. He spoke very fluently in Japanese, of which language I am told he is a master.

Then came the dinner, interrupted with oratory, song, chronicle, and occasional banzais. At the close, Fr. Heinrich, the Marianist Provincial, thanked everybody in sight, including the man who had come from America to represent that country on the occasion. (Brothers of Mary at Dayton and elsewhere in the U. S. will please take notice!)

This was Sunday, and it felt like the Lord's Day until we came out again into the city and I realized that I am not in a Christian land. There are two days of rest each month here, besides the state holidays, but Sunday means nothing to the pagan world.

I left the Archbishop's house in Tokyo, on the afternoon of October 8, for Nikko, a four-hour journey.

Stories from The Field Afar

(160 Pages - 17 Illustrations)

Field Afar Tales

(170 Pages - 16 Illustrations)

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By advice I am travelling second-class. The cars are narrow, arranged with long benches on either side as in some American electric cars. Everyone who entered, man, woman, or child, kicked off his or her shoes, mounted to the seat, and squatted cross-legged, leaning back on the heels. The children were all over the car every few moments, but they never mounted the seats without dropping off their little shoes. Two worthies at one end of the train faced each other on the seat, enjoyed a meal of rice with chopsticks, and after a two-minute smoke curled up, each in his own three feet of space, and went to sleep.



RT. REV. ALEXANDRE BERLIOZ,
BISHOP OF HAKODATE.

Towards Nikko I struck up an acquaintance with two youths. After the usual exchange of cards we settled down to business, and I began: "Tokyo big city—two millions?"

Smiles came back—and nothing more. Then I printed it,—legibly, if I do say so! Immediately the answer came:

"Yes—father, mother, one sister, two brothers—yes!"

I expressed great satisfaction, and we continued until my friends reached their station.

Nikko is the site of famous shrines to which Buddhist and Shinto pilgrims flock daily, by hundreds and thousands, to propitiate their hideous gods or to pray to the spirits of their ancestors. There is no Catholic priest in Nikko, and no Catholic church, but there is an Episcopal church which is served by a resident clergyman for part of the year and by visitors at other times.

JUST DE BRETENIÈRES

(Bret-on-yair)

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The temples open at eight in the morning. It seemed strange to have no opportunity for Mass and to be on the way to see paganism in the making.

I have seen these temples pictured and was prepared for disappointment, but the reality is even more beautiful, from the material point of view, than the representations. We were soon in the midst of marvelous lacquer work, intricate carvings, hideous idols, stolid Buddhas, and green-robed Shinto priests.

As the pilgrims approached the temple each group was met by a priest, who was dressed in a kind of chasuble over what might, at a distance, be taken to be an alb, and who wore a black cap hardly less odd in shape than our birettas. On entering, the pilgrims were lined up and given a signal to squat. The priest then read in a monotonous tone several prayers, while his hearers bowed in adoration of the spirits of their ancestors. All was over in a few moments. Each pilgrim then folded a coin in a piece of paper and laid it on the table.

Crossing the court of the temple, my guide led me to a small shrine, on the floor of which sat a Shinto priestess clad in white. She was wrinkled and solemn and my entrance made no impression on her. Later a group of pilgrims came in. The priestess then arose, opened her fan, and made some slow gyrations, which drew from the respectful spectators a wealth of small coins cast at the lady's feet. Later in the day I saw another priestess, apparently younger, walking through the main street of Nikko, ringing a bell and followed by a crowd.

What impresses, or rather depresses, me as I look into the religious customs here is the utter absence of love for God. The idea of worship is always associated with fear, fear of impending calamities, loss of life, of property, of opportunities for advancement. God as a kind Father is not considered,—and yet I have heard Christians at home—such as they are—ask if we should disturb pagans in their religion. The atmosphere of a pagan temple, if it could be transferred as readily as a moving picture film, would help to make such Christians realize their own advantages, and would perhaps stimulate them to spread the blessings of Christ to others.

I left Nikko shortly after noon. On

the train to Sendai I met a Japanese naval officer who had studied at Annapolis. When he learned my mission he expressed the hope that we would send American priests to Japan, and stated his regret that some American sects had exported an inferior grade of workers.

We arrived at Sendai on time, shortly after nine o'clock, and I actually fell into the arms of Bishop Berlioz who was accompanied by his vicar general, Fr. Jacquet, and a wee Japanese priest with a straggling beard.

Sendai is a city of more than a hundred thousand inhabitants, and since my arrival two days ago I have not seen an American or a European, an electric car or an automobile. We are in old Japan and things are quiet here.

There are Americans in the town, however, even if I have not seen them. The property owned and controlled by various Protestant societies is large enough for a good University, with athletic fields and dormitories, and I am assured that if I did some fishing I could find a score and more of my compatriots.

The Catholic churches are three,—a small Cathedral in the north end, a cozy little church in the west end, and at the south the beginning of a third mission. The diocese extends far to the north and has twenty-two priests, with ten back in France toiling as soldiers.

The Cathedral compound resembles that of Tokyo, as does the Church itself. There are no rival architects in Japan, where Catholic churches have been planned and built directly under the supervision of our priests. Bishop Berlioz occupies, in normal times, a house which is used for the priests' retreat and other purposes and where all of the Cathedral staff dine throughout the year. Fr. Jacquet and the Japanese priest live in a separate establishment,—and both houses are stamped with the mark of poverty.

The Bishop had to walk back to his parish—about two miles—that night after seeing me settled, and this left me in his own palace (!) alone. He had brought me to his room, where I got something of a start on discovering that he slept habitually on a mat, but I was assured of a sleep when I found a real bed in the next chamber.

The Cathedral of Sendai has no benches. As I entered the next morning at 6.30, I found a dozen people squatted on the mats and the little Japanese priest making his thanksgiving.

The vestments and sacred vessels are in perfect condition and a spirit of

reverence permeated the church. After Mass I was shown an attractive statue of the Sacred Heart, which "the good Père Dunn of New York gave me," as Bishop Berlioz afterwards explained, and a monstrosity which came "from a lady" through the same much-esteemed source.

Fr. Jacquet, the vicar-general, left the Paris Seminary in 1881 and has never returned to Europe in these thirty-six years. He is a quiet, dignified man, has spent his patrimony on this mission, and is respected by all classes in Sendai. Three times a week he teaches French at the University, and his services are often sought by those high in authority, but his zeal for souls never flags.

When he goes out into the narrow streets the children double up and say, "Jachy-San," which means something like "Lord Jacquet."

When the Bishop arrived that first morning we three went over to the convent conducted by the Sisters of St. Maur. There are five Sisters here, including a Japanese, and the school is making steady progress. The pupils number several hundred. Most of these are pagans and they are taught principally by lay teachers, under government supervision, but the Sisters come in frequent contact with all the pupils and exercise a strong and often lasting influence. The school is practically self-supporting, or will be so shortly.

There is no Catholic hospital at Sendai, but the Sisters of St. Maur have a little house near their convent, opening into a public street and provided with the essentials requisite for a dispensary.

That day a young priest came for

dinner—young in the sense that he was under forty, while the average priest to be found today in Japan is an old man. He had been reformed,—which means that he was not found strong enough to go to the war.

With the Bishop and this priest—Fr. Montagu—I walked over to the Bishop's parish that afternoon and we found the city in gala attire. Flags were flying, gay lanterns were hung, and tinsel strings fluttered in the breeze. Every one had on his or her best clogs; and the babies bobbing on their mothers' backs looked like gorgeous butterflies. At the amusement park there was much action but little noise. Most interesting was the temporary establishment of two shrines, set up like lemonade booths,—one for Buddhist worshippers, the other for those who favored Shinto rites. Two Shinto priests sat facing each other across a table. Every few moments some one from the crowd would approach, toss a coin on the table, and adore the spirits of his ancestors. The Buddhist bonzes were likewise busy.

Breaking through the crowd, we continued our promenade out along by the "River of Martyrs" where Christian blood once flowed, until we came to an alley that brought us to the mission temporarily occupied by the Bishop.

This spot has a large place in the Bishop's heart and is the subject of his day dreams, for he has planned to establish here what he hopes will be the future strength of his diocese,—a seminary for the training of native priests, to multiply largely the few excellent examples which he has at present. It will be a great blessing to the diocese of Hakodate when native priests become more numerous, but a present difficulty is not only the lack



TRAPPIST MONKS IN THE FIELD AFAR

of means but the lack of satisfactory subjects.

Today in the diocese of Hakodate there are three Japanese priests. The one who resides at the Cathedral has matured in his priestly life. He is zealous, well-informed, a credit to the Church, and a comfort to his Bishop. The other two are brothers, the elder ordained about six years ago, the other very recently. Both are alumni of the Propaganda in Rome, and give excellent promise.

from adult pagans,—and today his first house is occupied by a domestic and his family, while a new house of two stories provides in the upper portion, by shifting partitions, a chapel large enough for the congregation and, below, living rooms for the priest himself.

I had been much pleased the day before with the Bishop's little Japanese home, but Fr. Montagu's was the last word in neatness. There was no question about taking off our shoes,—we did it instinctively, as this dignified

other a Wanamaker establishment on a small scale. From the baker's family had come the two young Japanese priests mentioned above.

The experience of these visits was pleasant and I left with a feeling confirmed by the Bishop's tribute, that there were people truly sincere, honest, intelligent, and full of faith.

Friday morning gave us clear weather for a change. I suggested that this would be a convenient time for a pending operation, and the Bishop accompanied me to the barber who cuts the precious hairs of American and English residents. The operation usually means in Japan a long holiday for the subject, but the Bishop "japped" that I had only twenty minutes to spare and the whole family got busy.

The cutting was followed by graceful and rapid strokes of the hair,—the artist striking an attitude occasionally and listening, as if to assure himself that my head was really empty. Just as all kinds of lotions came into view I borrowed the brush, patted the pate, bowed to the Bishop, paid my ten cents and said, "Sayonara," which means "Good-bye."

Speaking of hair-cuts we passed several bonzes—Buddhist priests—that day. These gentlemen have their heads shaven and carry beads in their hands. Some of them are mendicant and go about two by two, seeking alms. There is a school at Sendai for the training of youth destined to be bonzes. I was pleased to learn from Bishop Berlioz that quite a few Japanese bonzes had embraced the Faith and had made excellent converts. Among them were some whose sacrifice was considerable. Habitually these men are zealous in making known the fact that they have passed from the superstitions of Buddhism into the clear light of Jesus Christ.

After lunch I left for Fukushima, to visit Fr. Defrennes, one of Maryknoll's correspondents. At the station we backed into rickshaws and in about fifteen minutes found ourselves out of town, on a commanding height which overlooks not only the city but a very attractive reach of country beyond.

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MAKING THE ROUNDS IN A JAPANESE PARISH

The Bishop will need some English books for his seminary library, reference books particularly; and, here, as well as at the seminary in Tokyo, a set of the Catholic Encyclopedia would receive an especially warm welcome. A few years ago, Dr. James J. Walsh provided Maryknoll with several duplicate copies of his books—enough to supply quite a few missionaries. Some of these books came to Japan and have already accomplished much good. We at home, who are almost burdened with duplicate copies of excellent works, do not realize what a god-send our surplus would be to the missions.

Later on we visited Fr. Montagu's post. Fr. Montagu began his little mission with nothing and nobody except himself. The Bishop managed to get him a small piece of ground on which he constructed a Japanese house with its kitchenette, sleeping, and reception rooms. That was a few years ago and even now an addition of one to his flock is an event. He has been in the high-ways and by-ways of his neighborhood, has encouraged the children to use the mission compound for their play ground, has held himself ready at any moment to receive visits

clean-cut priest waited for us in his slippers.

The side of the house, open to the compound, revealed as we approached a simple beauty that sprang from the spirit of poverty and good taste combined—and the home of Jesus on the second floor with the altar of wood—a "Père Dunn gift," as I recall—was a model of its kind.

A young man entered the compound shortly after our arrival and the priest gently dismissed him, explaining to me that the visitor was getting interested and had come to make inquiries about the Catholic Faith.

I asked what hope there was for a stronger development of the little parish and the answer came, "Good, if I can get a catechist."

When I asked if none could be procured the priest smiled, and looked at the Bishop,—his banker. Bishop Berlioz explained that it costs much more now than formerly to support a catechist, and that it would require 25 yen, \$12.50, a month.

Returning from Fr. Montagu's the Bishop introduced me to two of his "best families." Each kept a store: one a cracker and cookie factory, the

Fr. Deffrennes' church is another New York contribution. It is built of wood and is not so large as it appears from a distance. It is approached by a long flight of solid steps that look like the entrance to a temple, and must strike the heathen worshippers who pass it to make their supplications at a great shrine not many hundred feet in the rear.

The catechism class was awaiting Fr. Deffrennes' return and I had to pose as an intelligent examiner. There were five boys and five girls. All passed so far as my marks went, and I gave to each a faded cracker. During the examination those children who had not been heard recited their lessons aloud by themselves and the sound was not soothing. This catechism lesson is given daily, and on Sunday at the close of Mass everybody, man, woman and child, in the congregation is subject to a catechism call.

The little mission counts 47 Christians, of whom 20 are the parents and 27 the children. Away from the town in scattered settlements there are a few more.

"Not much of a parish," you say.

No,—and yet in such a parish a priest here finds his day filled with labor and his hours passing rapidly. Fortunately these men do not count results by figures. They are preparing a barren soil, fertilizing it with their prayers, their sacrifices, and their good works. Every soul gained is to them something more precious than all the gold on this earth.

It grew dark soon after the children left, and Fr. Deffrennes lighted his one lamp. The house is an up-and-down affair, built on the steep hillside, so that from the third story we can walk out directly to the Church. It was poorly furnished, and the only suggestions of indulgence were a harmonium and a pipe. Fr. Deffrennes enjoys both as means of relaxation.

The angelus bell summoned us to prayer and dinner, and by the aid of the lamp and a steep stair-way we reached the dining-room, a dingy one. An elderly Japanese woman whose smile was exceeded only by her curiosity waited on us. It is needless to say that she was also the cook, which made the situation more acute. Each of us had set before him a tray of five small covered dishes,—and a pair of chop-sticks. I gasped. It was up to me, however, and I chop-stuck it out, but when it came to a dish of raw fish after I had eaten samples of two other kinds of sea-food (this was Friday) I remonstrated. At the close of the chop-stick exercise the trays were removed and fruit was served with a real knife.

When the missionary's pipe was filled we sauntered out, down into the

narrow streets, to visit a Christian family. It was once a very common form of propaganda, Fr. Deffrennes told me, to hold conferences in individual houses, as people were curious to hear about the Christian religion, and he had spent many an evening in this way. He added, however, that our separated brethren had talked so much on the street corners that conferences had become less popular.

Several Protestant sects occupy this town of Fukushima. All are within the precincts of the town and are well backed by the home treasuries. I could not but compare the apparently lonesome life of my companion with that of the average Protestant missionary, but I am certain that if the comparison ever occurred to him, he would not be disturbed ever so little.

By pushing screens that night I opened the side of the house and slept in a room that was amply furnished,—with air and not much else. The next morning I backed into the "ricky" while Fr. Deffrennes took his bicycle, and we made for the train which, like most Japanese trains, was on time.

"These are they whom we had sometime in derision....We fools esteemed their life madness. Behold how they are numbered among the children of God, and their lot is among the Saints."—Wis. v. 3, 5.

Why not think of *A Maryknoll Annuity*? The plan could not be simpler. Here it is:

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NEITHER censor nor submarine has stopped these messages from our friends afar.

AFRICA—Letter, Fr. Stam, Mumias. Letter and photograph, Fr. Rogan, E. Africa.

CHINA—Letters, Fr. McArdle, Kashing. Letters and photographs, Fr. Durand, Mei-Hai-Mei; Fr. Quang, Kin-hwa-fu. Promise of two Masses, Fr. Bengoa, Hankow.

INDIA—Letter, Archbishop Morel, Pondicherry. Photographs and cancelled stamps, Fr. Merkes, Madras. Photograph and promise of Mass, Fr. Playoust, Ayyampey. Promise of Mass, Fr. Bonnefond, Attipakam. Photographs, Fr. Barbaza, S. J. Tellicherry; Fr. M. Joseph, Padrigudi.

BURMA—Letters from Bishop Cardot, Rangoon.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—Letters from Fr. Nijsters, Surigao; Fr. De Samber, Benquet. Promise of two Masses, Fr. van Berkel, Carrascal.



FR. ROGAN.

As others see him, this is Fr. Peter Rogan, missionary, poet, and one-time special Uganda correspondent of THE FIELD AFAR.

From his mission of Mumias Fr. Rogan was sent last spring to "what used to be German East Africa," as Chaplain of the Native Carrier Corps. This fact explains

the "regimentals" in the accompanying photograph—which we shall treasure for use on those Prayer Prints Fr. Rogan once requested us to issue after his long-planned death "in the odor of sanctity."

May a speedy end to the war enable Fr. Rogan and all other "exiled" missionaries to return soon to their interrupted labors!

Another Irish priest in Africa who was called from his mission to serve as Army Chaplain is the Rev. B. F. MacLoone. Fr. MacLoone also has sent his photograph which shows him to be quite as handsome an officer as Fr. Rogan.

He writes, "Now let people see me and die!" but as we cannot afford to kill our subscribers we content ourselves with publishing, instead, this record of his last "safari."

I had 9 baptisms, 119 confessions, 145 Communion, and administered Extreme Unction to 5. I brought a big crowd of children to the mission, to be instructed for Baptism. I wonder if you could help me to buy a few wee Busoga babies. Do, please.

From Natal, South Africa, came recently a letter from Mother Paul who, with her companion nuns, left New York in October, 1916, for her Uganda mission. For over a year these good Sisters have been travelling, or waiting for means to travel, back to their mission field where illness and scarcity of workers made their presence doubly necessary. While stopping at Natal Mother Paul has been dreaming dreams of the future of Maryknoll. She writes:

Let me tell you of *Mariannhill*, for it reminds me of Maryknoll. You will want your place to be just like this in its future developments—it is ideal!

NEW POST-CARDS.

Are you interested in post-cards? We have a new stock that includes views of Maryknoll, China, India, Japan, Africa, and Oceania,—more than forty subjects in all.

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Mariannhill is the home of a South African society of "Missionary Monks." Until recently the Fathers and Brothers were Trappists, but the strict Trappist rule and the needs peculiar to the African missions were found to be incompatible. *Mariannhill* consists of twelve thousand acres. There are now seventy-two Fathers and one-hundred eighty-eight Brothers, with forty thousand Kaffir Catholics here and thirty out-missions. The monks have trade-shops of every kind—blacksmith, carpenter, tanner, baker, tinner, brick-making, stone-cutting, glass-staining with artistic composition of church



NEW YEAR'S IN AFRICA

windows; stock raising; agriculture; printing, bookbinding (all their own school, hymn, prayer, and Rule books); a mill; a museum, in which beasts, birds, reptiles, etc., found on their property are beautifully preserved. There is a beautiful church for the natives; the monastery church, with many side chapels, for the monks; and a pretty chapel for the convent.

The Sisters have trade shops for the Kaffir girls and women, who are fast becoming experts in machine and hand sewing. The Sisters rise at 4.30. They all assist in the fields and with domestic work. Every month they make and send out 40,000 small and 4,000 large altar breads. We are quite at home, for the Superioress and the head teacher are from Buffalo, N. Y.! Think of that! The Superioress has been here twenty-eight years, and the Sister eighteen.

Mariannhill preserves the little hut of corrugated iron in which its founder lived for many years. He had a horse and buggy, no money, and few companions. Confidence in God, hard work, and perseverance have been his capital, and all the rest followed. The Sisters coöperate with the Fathers in

the development of the founder's plans, and the result is harmony.

CHINESE NEW YEAR.

Having been at it longer than anyone else, the Chinese in their celebration of New Year's naturally outclass the rest of the world. Of all their feasts, this is easily first. (They have yet to hear of Christmas, remember!)

From the advent of the new moon on the first of January until it reaches its fulness on the fifteenth the Chinese people celebrate the birthdays of all their gods and all their ancestors. Actual religious worship is usually confined to the first two days, and to one or two other special feast days. On the first day of the New Year the men go to the temples to pray, burn incense, and leave their offerings of food or money. On the second day the women follow suit. The remaining time is mostly spent in revelry.

Naturally there cannot be too much color, feasting, and heavenly noise. In the towns, where the most extravagant celebrating occurs, the streets are riotous with color: everywhere the picturesque symbolical Chinese lanterns, draped along the streets in wavering lines or suspended before the closed shops with messages of good will to all; here and there queer chandeliers with colored glass pendants, like planets in the milky ways; flags and streamers innumerable, fashioned from bright silks and embroidered in grotesque figures; in open spaces, temporary arbors decorated with profusions of flowers, ribbons and gay lights.

Underneath this canopy of gorgeous colors, through the festive streets, walk the revelers. Of these the most picturesque figures are the women. Wearing elegant silk costumes of vivid hue, with fantastic headgear and scented hair, their olive cheeks tinted a delicate pink, these tiny daughters of the Sun in their queenly splendor reduce the glory of Solomon to the lustreless drab of an undertaker.

Like our Christmas, the Chinese New Year is a time of special joy to the children who, besides receiving gifts of toys and money from their parents, have the additional delight of exploding vast streamers of firecrackers to keep the devil away.

Feasting is continual. As no orthodox Buddhist or Confucianist conducts business of any sort during the festive days, an enormous amount of provisions must be laid in before the festivities start. It is a common custom for relatives to go from home to home visiting, feasting, and celebrating. This custom has penetrated to European civilization, with varying degrees of popularity. It is also responsible for the mother-in-law (so-called) joke.

Entertainment has a variety of forms. As almost every town in

drama has no apparent end, the same play going on for days, with fresh actors taking up the parts where the former ones leave off.

On the night of the full moon, the fifteenth of the month, revelry reaches its height, the very zenith of merry-making. This is the occasion of the final and most brilliant demonstration of all. The radiance of the brilliant moon is quite dulled by the sumptuous colors and the dazzling lights, with their shivering reflection in the waters of the river; fireworks fill the night with a blizzard of fiery sparks and a deafening roar, while pretentious skyrockets bravely try to jump over the moon. Through it all, the gayly-clad crowd seethes back and forth continually, trying to cram the greatest possible ecstasy into the last few moments of their celestial Feast.



NEW YEAR'S IN CHINA
(Preparing the Dragon Float.)

China is owned by a river, boat races are a favorite attraction. Small dragon-shaped skiffs, painted red and gold, are built for the occasion. In these little barks, the oarsmen stand and scull their way to victory or defeat. Another source of amusement is the theatres, which are crowded during these feast days. The performances are continual, for Chinese

FOOLISH FOR GOD.

A certain French youth of our own time sacrificed all that the world treasures to become an apostle in China, and there, having no more to give, he offered his life for his Friend.

The story of "Theophane Venard" has inspired many to follow in his path.

To place here or there a copy of his life may be the part that God is asking you to play in the apostolic drama of the world.

INDIA.

It is one of the oldest among the Mill Hill missionaries who writes from Madras. Fr. Kroot is one of two brothers, both priests, the elder of whom died some years ago in India. He is characterized by a friend who knows him well as "a nice old man" and a keen observer. Fr. Kroot writes:

It's a queer world we are living in. God alone knows how it will all end. The Holy Father, voicing the desire of the Divine Heart, keeps on crying, *Pax! Pax! Et non erit pax.* What terrible punishment will follow in the wake of this cruel, inhuman, un-Christian bloodshed? Can it be that the final breaking up of the universe is at hand?

Monsignor Dunn's report, as given in your April issue, did make my mouth water! \$107,409.44 sent to the missions, besides the goodly amount sent to France for the same purpose,—it is record of which New York may well be proud! And yet it is a bit tantalizing to find my poor Kurnool so step-motherly dealt with.

Possibly (I am still turning over the pages of *THE FIELD AFAR*), possibly the working people do contribute as you say to the Protestant missions, but I believe the greatest lump comes from "big business" quarters (perhaps for the easement of their souls!). An American Protestant missionary told us that from one man (in the oil trust) alone his mission receives yearly \$30,000.

Your Scotch-Chinaman from Glasgow speaks a true word when he says that what home-folks pity the missionary for is what he looks upon as merely the romance of his life. People never seem to give the real "hard crust" which he indicated a thought. And yet, take it from an old stager, disappointment, and falling away of one's Christians, these make up the bitter chalice.

It is well that your aspirants for the field afar should be prepared for this. It does require a strong vocation and a constant supply of supernatural help to be proof against this greatest of all difficulties in his chosen lot.

With kind wishes to all at Maryknoll, and a request for a prayer for poor self and still poorer mission,

Ever yours in Our Lord,
A. H. Kroot, Miss. Ap.

The Last of 1917.



BP. CUSACK OF ALBANY, WHO OFFICIATED AT THE DECEMBER ORDINATIONS.

THE WORLD FOR CHRIST.

(To Maryknoll's Newly-Ordained.)

"Go forth and teach all nations,"—
Hark to the Master's voice!
List to the peoples' sighing;
Glad let thy heart rejoice!

Go where souls faint and famish,
Bring them the Bread of Life;
Arm for the struggle bravely,—
Souls are the fruit of strife!

Go to the lands in darkness,
Bearing the Gospel light;
Go where the Savior reapeth,—
Thy harvest fields are white.

Go, and may God be with thee!
Zeal be thy beacon star,
"The world for Christ" thy watchword,
Priests of the field afar!
Fr. Melvin, C.S.S.R. Dec. 1917

JOSEPH may have had a brilliant coat of many colors, but to the artistic effects wrought by some of the Maryknoll needle-drivers it compared as the morning mist to the rainbow.

Herein is a most worthy thing. methinks, for the missionary will usually have no one to rivet his buttons but himself.

But while we subscribe faithfully to that delightful periodical "Every Holey Man His Own Tailor," it sometimes happens that the merry Knollers run out of holes to mend, and have to sit around waiting for renewals.

It is but natural then that they welcome those materials suitable for hole-making which our friends occasionally send us.

In other words, while knocking about the farm, or doing stunts in the paint and repair line, the brothers do not wear their very best Prince Alberts. No, they wear somebody else's and save their own—for China.

Having spent fifteen years among the head hunters of Borneo, "Padre Julio," the only missionary at Maryknoll insulated with whiskers, saw no reason for dodging a common Ford. Accordingly he loomed up on Bro. Chauffeur's horizon one day last Sunday and handed an ultimatum to His Fordness, the Iron Duke.

Within twenty-two minutes as the crow flies he had met and mastered, on the basis of Christian Science, the biology of Maryknoll's pride, and returned to the garage with the tongue of the speedometer hanging out. The once indomitable spirit of the Duke is badly bent and he trembles now whenever his master draws nigh. It is a common sight to see the Padre speeding the chariot along at forty miles an hour with one foot, while calmly filling his pipe with the other.

As a health restorer such treatment can't be equalled, and besides being a very material help to the schedule-crowded Knollers, Padre Julio finds his open air driving chaufs most beautiful roses on the cheeks.

To the list of "what am" at Maryknoll, there has lately been added an amphibious skating rink, made by throwing up a dike around the tennis court and praying for rain.

Thinking we were subscribing to the wishes of Mr. Hoover, and anxious to do our bit in saving our bites, we placed "iced skating" on the menu as the regular after-dinner dessert, but experience shows that this practice, instead of being an economy, defeats its purpose by increasing the appetites for supper.

We've noticed this hitch in other spheres as well. For instance: to save coal, we burn wood. But cutting the wood develops pangs of hunger so enormous as to demand for their quieting more than the price of the coal saved.

Again, we get up earlier to save daylight, but it is so measly dark we have to use electric—which means more coal gone, of course.

Finally, we find the disease contagious, for the chicks and the moo-cows have entered so wholeheartedly into the "economy propaganda" that we don't get enough milk now to float our weekly egg.

Altogether we are sore puzzled over the outcome, but we'll stick with our eyebrows and hoover along somehow.

Meatless days? The idea! Of course we have meatless days—every week. We've always had them. The kind, y'know, where you can't possibly get both ends to meet, no matter how you stretch them.

N. B.—We had a beautiful photo to go here, but when it was printed it looked like nothing but a worm's eye view of our woodshed at about 11:30 on a moonless night. Careful of our reputation, we omit it from the present issue.

Thank you! Now you may continue reading from where you left off.

But, as we were saying when you interrupted, noble reader, we have now a glassy skating rink to dissipate our worries. The students from the ice huts of New England stagger along quite gracefully on their skates, feeling at home, but to tell the truth the ambassadors from the sunny South seem to get more reel pleasure out of it—and they always come up for more.

Recently one of the commissary department, toting a jug of not-yet cider vinegar, thought the rink a short cut to his destination. When in the middle he paused abruptly and seemed to be indulging in some private astronomical observations. Will our tried and faithful little brown jug e'er again

greet the babbling spigot? "Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore!'"

With heavy heart we reverently placed the remains in the tinny urn that holds the ashes of our friends, but the contents of the jug were gone forever and had frozen in an amber patch so delightfully smooth that many have since remarked what a wonderful skate can be had on cider sufficiently hard.

Our new aspirants, eight students and two lay-brothers, were invested with cassock and cincture by the Very Reverend Paul Francis, S.A., Superior of the Society of the Atonement, at Graymoor, N. Y., and widely known as the editor of "*The Lamp*." The cordial relations between Graymoor and Maryknoll are a source of mutual pleasure and gratification. The foundation of this brotherly friendship lies in one of Graymoor's special aims, the conversion of pagan souls.

On the same occasion, Fr. Paul introduced Maryknoll to the Right Reverend Aelred Carlyle, O.S.B., Abbot of Caldey, England. Our readers will recall the reception into the Catholic Church of the Anglican community at Caldey, a few years ago, when the conversion of its Superior was the occasion of a similar step by his fellow religious.

Despite the brevity of his visit, the Right Reverend Abbot learned to feel at home, and on leaving promised to return to Maryknoll for a more extended visit.

At present he is acquainting the American people with his project of establishing in England a preparatory school for boys, to be conducted by the Caldey monks.

The need of priests in England

Mite-box gatherings brought us last year two thousand dollars, enough to provide for eight students. We are believers in the 'little-from-the-many' idea, though we are glad to get an occasional large slice from the few—just to give us a chance to catch up.

A post-card will bring you a mite box.

will soon be unusually great, and no time should be lost in marshalling all forces, spiritual and material, so as to take best advantage of the rare opportunity for Catholicism now offered in England, as a result of the war which is making men "think in their hearts" as never before.

To illustrate this fact, the Abbot told us that so numerous are the instances in Belgium where a

A little play has been received from a good friend of THE FIELD AFAR, with the following letter:

Dear Father:

Here a few example copy which careful I have wrote it after Our Martyr place on Vénard School

It were prepared by myself and I found it lovely and remarkable to insert in Our Magazine Field Afar to make laugh to Our benefactor, and in the meantime it have beautiful word for those who afraid firmly and to have as the nothingness of men.



VERY REV. PAUL FRANCIS, S.A. RT. REV. AELRED CARLYLE, O.S.B. FR. NORBERT, O.S.B.

crucifix or a statue of Our Blessed Lady has been left untouched amid the ruins of churches and chapels wholly demolished by shell fire, that a tremendous spiritual impression has been made on the minds of all, and as a consequence it is no uncommon sight today to find, in the very streets of London, shrines erected to Our Lord or Our Lady, with flowers and candles, and kneeling benches that are rarely vacant. We venture the hope and the prayer that such a beneficent spiritual sense will endure long beyond the end of the war.

It is taking by a book of a saint so long years ago or well to say in year 256 in the Second century.

If here it please you Father. I hope will read it in the next Field Afar.

Sincere in Christ,

HORACE ALOYSIUS.

Some time in the near future we hope to have room for this touching little drama. In the meantime we wish penspeed to our dramatist friend, and assure him he need never "enclose return postage." (This is the pinnacle of literary success—than which there is no higher.)

Send for a Chi-Rho (key-ro) pin and wear it.



LAST month was so full of events that it resembled a kaleidoscope, but one of the happenings that stands out especially was a visit from our Father in Christ, the Right Reverend Bishop of Scranton. Like the Greeks, he came "bringing gifts;" this time in the shape of a contribution from his library, to our great pleasure. We were anxious to show our distinguished visitor the new Chapel, but, as luck had it, the painter had absconded with the key to prevent the boys from spoiling his work, and the locked door resisted even the open sesame of a Bishop's presence.

Christmas is the one day in the year that every one likes to spend at home, and perhaps that is why the boys spent their Christmas at the Vénard. At any rate, spend it here they did, and it was a happy Christmas in the way that only the Divine Child can make happy. We confess that we came down to earth sufficiently to en-

the right mood, and it was easy to go back in spirit two thousand years, as we assembled in the Chapel for the Holy Sacrifice. Some thoughtful friends saw that we had flowers; the music was musical; the crib was a distinct aid to devotion, and the Mass itself was like every Mass,—something that is better described by the angels in Heaven.

Mirth and quip collaborated in an impromptu entertainment that held the boards on Xmas night. Every bit of it registered, for while none of the performers is given to reciting "The other one was Booth," nevertheless each proved to have something up his sleeve beside his arm. These little affairs are coming to be something of a feature in our school life to which we all look forward, because, to be perfectly frank, there is talent in the house. Besides there is no box office to our theatre.

New Year's Day came, with its good resolutions, and we started it bravely by making lots of them. The thought uppermost in all minds was that of God's goodness to us during the past year, attended by the speculation as to whether we can expect to be so blessed

The Field Afar will be sent for one year to <i>anyone</i> address:			
10 copies (12 issues) for \$8.00			
25 " " "			20.00
50 " " "			40.00
100 " " "			80.00

along these lines to the boys "over there," who so rightly deserve all that this generous country can give them. In spite of this natural attitude, however, some of the crumbs that fall from the table happen to fall our way, chiefly through the agency of our good friends throughout the valley, who cannot forget, even at this time, those other souls "over there," who are in darkness and the shadow of death. And the great feast of the Epiphany, coming to remind us of Christ's manifestation to the Gentiles, served to remind us of the wisdom of those who let nothing interfere with the advancement of His cause, served to recall and impress the fact that this, after all, is the important thing, and that that day is lost which does not contribute something to bring closer together the vast pagan world and the religion of Christ.

PLEASE remember in prayer:

Edmund Collins	Mother Regis
Leo Norton	Mother Molloy, R.S.H.
Mary Norton	Mother White, R.S.H.
Matthew Casey	Sr. M. Edward, O.S.D.
James Murray	Sr. Mary Byrne
Honora Richards'n	Sr. St. Cyrille
Ellen Connell	Mrs. C. Graf
Mary Salles	J. J. Musgrave
Frank Salles	Carl Meisch
Lillian Salles	Joseph Meisch
Mrs. C. Rohle	George Meisch
Charles Rohle	Mrs. M. Hollywood
Julian Rohle	John Hollywood
Patrick Flannagan	Mary Carey
Anna Flannagan	Mrs. L. Carty
Grace King	F. A. Daly
Wallis King	James McNichol
Louis Heigens	Ellen Crowley
Daniel Mack	Mrs. A. Murray
Mrs. Coughlan	Wm. O. McInerney
Timothy Donovan	Mrs. Ditrixhe
Mrs. Tschabrunn	Jacob Klein
Mortimer Buckley	James Carroll
Mrs. J. Cummings	Terrence Marron
John McAllister	Annie Marron



AT THE VÉNARD—WHEN THE FATHER OF THE FAMILY VISITED THE YOUNGSTERS.

joy hockey, plum pudding, and the splendid weather, but through it all Heaven seemed a little closer, and it was not difficult to realize that the earth was celebrating the wonderful mystery of God's love.

Midnight Mass was, of course, the big thing,—a quiet, simple ceremony, but impressive and charged with the spirit that is abroad only at this time. The Christmas carols, for which our songsters sacrificed their own and everybody else's sleep, put us in just

in this present year of grace. That thought was soon a hope, and as quickly became a prayer, for we think we know the secret of success in this business.

Poor old General Public is getting pretty much of a raw deal these days, with prices sky high and all sorts of demands on his limited pocket-book, so that we have been keeping the soft pedal on the want column lately, and throwing what little influence we have

Catholics! Are you praying for the conversion of China, as the Holy Father directs, and are you willing to do something to promote this blessed work? Show that you are by ordering *now* "The Christian Historic Witness," a booklet circulated in the interest of the Chinese Missions. God wishes your coöperation. Will you give it? Catholic Societies especially are urged to bestir themselves. Booklets by mail 7c each, 6 for 25c, 50 for \$2.00, 100 for \$3.00. Rev. J. Phelan, Unity Publishing Co., Grand Junction, Iowa.

Christmas Angels.



The New Year's mail bags promise to be as full as ever.

RECEIVED AT MARYKNOLL.

Religious articles; books and magazines; globe; old clothes; surplice; razor.

Cancelled stamps, tinfoil, etc., from Conn., D. C., Pa., Mich., R. I., Ky., N. Y., Mass., O., N. B.
Old jewelry from Conn.

RECEIVED AT THE VÉNARD.

Books; clothing; dishes; household linen; curtains.

From the cradle of THE FIELD AFAR comes this message from one of its first supporters:

I certainly would not want to be without THE FIELD AFAR. I enjoy my paper very much and when I have finished with it I pass it on and it often gathers a few crumbs for your work. I was among your first subscribers and wish you every success.

NEW PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES.

Living: A. K.; G. D. W.; C. T. W.; R. A. McC.; K. M.; Mrs. E. D. L. and Sr. M. C.; Mrs. M. K. S.

Deceased: Ellen Crowley; Thomas and Bridget Killion; Francis M. Nolan; Annie Nolan; Julia Nolan; Mrs. Mary Kenney; Mrs. Daniel Kenney; Thomas Kenney; William Kenney; George Kenney.

The signal for a *Children of Mary Burse*—suggested by "A friend in Newport"—was caught in Wilkes-barre, Pa., and bids fair to attract wider attention. This Burse appeals to the *E. de M's.* and to the Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin.

FROM YOUR STATE AND OTHERS.

STATE	GIFT	NEW SUBSCRIBERS
Arkansas	\$21.00	36
California	118.55	4
Colorado		1
Connecticut	154.80	36
Delaware	25.00	
District of Columbia	24.99	
Florida		1
Georgia	1.00	1
Idaho	5.00	1
Illinois	123.00	10
Indiana	7.00	
Iowa	29.00	2
Kansas	1.00	1
Kentucky	1.25	
Louisiana	5.00	1
Maine	66.00	1
Massachusetts	7.75	6
Maryland	630.12	21
Michigan	39.00	
Minnesota	25.60	5
Missouri	7.01	5
Montana	7.00	
Nebraska	14.60	1
New Hampshire	4.00	1
New Jersey	63.00	8
New York	815.70	1,863
New Mexico	3.00	
No. Carolina	1.00	
No. Dakota	1.00	
Ohio	83.50	5
Oregon	1.00	
Pennsylvania	345.84	1,071
Rhode Island	92.98	5
So. Dakota	9.00	
So. Carolina		2
Texas	1.00	1
Vermont	3.00	2
Washington		1
West Virginia	.50	2
Wisconsin	14.11	
Wyoming	100.00	

FROM BEYOND THE BORDERS.

Alaska	1.00	
Canada	112.10	1
Cuba	1.00	
Ireland		1
New Brunswick	1.00	
Nova Scotia	2.00	

Total of New Subscribers 3,098

This was the letter:

I am sorry I cannot send something for the new St. Joseph's, but I will not forget Maryknoll when I can do something, nor will I forget to say a prayer for the missions, the poor missionaries, and in particular Father Walsh and your noble work.

And this the postscript:

I had such good news today—one more raise in pay. I am so happy and thankful. Now I can be generous and make a little offering for Christ's missions.

STUDENT BURSE PROGRESS.

A burse or Foundation is a sum of money, the interest of which will support and educate, continuously, one of our students for the priesthood.

MARYKNOLL BURSES (Complete).

Cardinal Farley Burse.....	\$5,000.
Sacred Heart Memorial Burse...	5,000.
John L. Boland Burse.....	6,000.
Blessed Sacrament Burse	5,000.
St. Willibrord Burse	5,000.
Providence Diocese Burse	5,000.
Fr. Elias Younan Burse	5,000.
Mary, Queen of Apostles, Burse..	5,000.
O. L. of Miraculous Medal Burse	5,000.
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Burse	5,000.
Holy Trinity Burse.....	5,000.
Father B. Burse	6,273.31
Bishop Doran Memorial Burse ..	5,000.
St. Charles Borromeo Burse	5,000.

Any burse or share in a burse may be donated in memory of the deceased.

A new burse cannot be listed until it has reached one hundred dollars.

SPECIAL FUNDS.

Abp. Williams Catechist Fund..	\$9,500.00
Foreign Mission Educational Fund	5,000.00
Vénard Student Fund.....	1,535.05
Anonymous Catechist Fund....	1,100.00
Bread Fund	568.38
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Fund	85.00

MARYKNOLL LAND.

Total area at Maryknoll, 4,450,000 ft.
Sold up to Jan. 1, 1918, 2,706,391 "
For sale at 1 cent a foot, 1,743,609 "

VÉNARD LAND.

Total are at The Vénard, 6,000,000 ft.
Sold up to Jan. 1, 1918, 1,140,150 "
For sale at ½ cent a foot, 4,859,850 "

Son of a long line of fighters, a Catholic Chaplain of the regular army writes:

I rejoice to see how you have succeeded in the undertaking, and pray that God may continue to give you success.

The world calls on the people of the United States for soldiers in political war and it is getting them by the thousands. I am sure that the heathen world is calling on the people of the United States for soldiers in the religious war. I pray that God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost, may send you a thousand Seminarians and give you the means to support them, here in the Seminary and later in their missions in heathen lands, to civilize and convert these to God and His Holy Church.



Here is one dollar for St. Martha's. St. Joseph will be able to take care of his institution. (Denton, Tex.)

St. Martha's new laundry appeals to me strongly—I have laundry troubles of my own. (Cambridge.)

I do not like to show partiality, so I enclose one dollar for St. Joseph's and one for the laundry. (Hart., Conn.)

I should like some of this hundred dollars to go to the new laundry, but if you have any preference use it to suit yourself. (Cincinnati, O.)

The first appeal ever made to me in the name of my own dear patron saint is irresistible. Martha's work must still go on, besides Mary's better part. I enclose a check for \$5 for St. Martha's laundry. (Norwood, Mass.)

I am glad to think that although I am a working girl I can spare this. I hope you will not think it small of me to send this little bit, but will excuse me because this is all I have to spare just now. (Hartford, Conn.)

Please accept the enclosed mite for St. Martha's laundry. I saved it by taking my little girl to City Hall to be vaccinated free, instead of going to our doctor as I first intended. (Worcester, Mass.)

You may apply this dollar to the new St. Joseph's or to the laundry, whichever needs the patch most. In the meantime, I have my opinion of a man who solicits a favor and in the same breath tells you that when you send it he will not be there to receive it, but will be away off in some outlandish part of the globe making ready to fasten the burden of civilization on a lot of poor heathens. However, I hope all the other victims who received the circular will try to do their bit as I have. I was scared into it by the savage-visaged Charlie Chink at the top of one page.



I am only a poor mill girl, but I think my dollar as good as a banker's, so I am enclosing money-order for \$2. (Newton, Mass.)

The new St. Martha's appeals to me. The Teresians have my sympathy, for I know what it is to try to wash under difficulties. Enclosed find one dollar. I wish it were more. (Charlestown, Mass.)

I am a poor old woman with very little to give and with many calls for assistance but I try to help all I can in a small way. You said I might give to St. Joseph's or St. Martha's—well, after Our Blessed Mother no saint is so dear to me as St. Joseph.



THE MARIA CIRCLES.

A BUSINESS-LIKE note from the Staten Island Circle closes thus interestingly:

Last Thursday we held another little "Rummage Sale" for the benefit of Maryknoll and were able to gather \$17.90. This, added to the proceeds of our former sale—\$36.10—brings the total up to \$54, for which sum we are enclosing money-order.

The first Maryknoll Circle in Canada, formed under the guidance of the Canadian priest-friend referred to in the last issue, sends the following report, which may well prove suggestive to sodalities nearer home:

Our Circle is composed of twenty girls of the Holy Angels Sodality. We are all working girls and our ages range from thirteen to seventeen. For the present we call ourselves the Maria Circle but at our next meeting we shall choose a particular name. We meet at each other's houses every Friday evening at 7.30. Fr. Dutton generally attends. The meeting is opened with a few short prayers. We then listen to

a brief talk on Maryknoll and the missions, and afterwards Fr. Dutton reads us a nice story. The members pay five cents each at each meeting. We shall send the collections to you monthly, and also some money for mission books which can be given in turn to the members to read. We are glad to know our five dollars reached Maryknoll safely. Fr. Dutton gave me the Maryknoll pin and I shall show it at the next meeting and encourage all the members to send for one. Please send us some more of the leaflets about the mite box, so that each member may have one with her box. (Toronto.)

Have you heard of an "Irish Jew?" We think there is one in Westfield, of the gentler sex, for she writes:

We have decided on the following little scheme whereby we may defraud that clever Maryknoll! The Post Cards won instant favor. Please send us 500, for which we will pay the required sum of \$2.50,—but we shall sell them for one cent each. This will give us a surplus of \$2.50, which we shall use for our own private end—if a Circle may be said to have an end!—and you needn't ask what that end is, either! If later we tell you that it will go to swell St. Patrick's Burse you needn't be surprised.

We were remarking last evening how frightfully slow our "special" is in climbing up. 'Some voiced the hope that some good rich person would finish it soon—but the rich have other interests. From now on we shall pray to our dear Saint to inspire some one to accomplish the good deed. He is gathering forces now in Ireland of his love to send out apostles to spread the Faith and we must make him show his ability to raise a few thousand dollars in this great land.

If you like the Post Card scheme pass it along. Our members are all very enthusiastic and when the children come home for the Christmas vacation we are going to plan a little Post Card propaganda for the schools—if it will be allowed.

**The CATHOLIC SOLDIER and SAILOR
needs your help**

The Chaplains' Aid Association

supplies prayer books and doctrine articles
to our Catholic men in Army and Navy.

Address: 605 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Honorary President—

His Eminence JOHN CARDINAL FARLEY

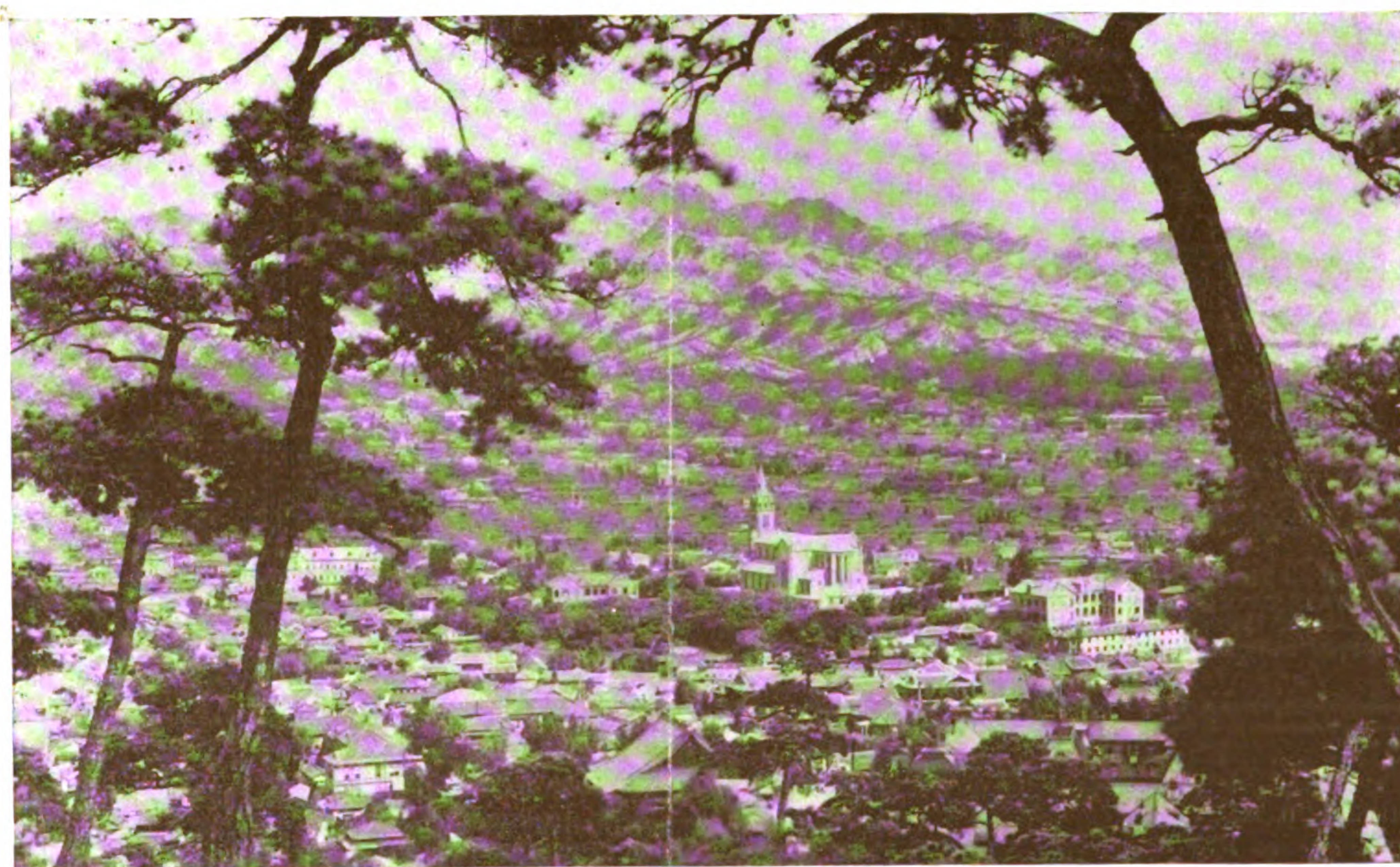
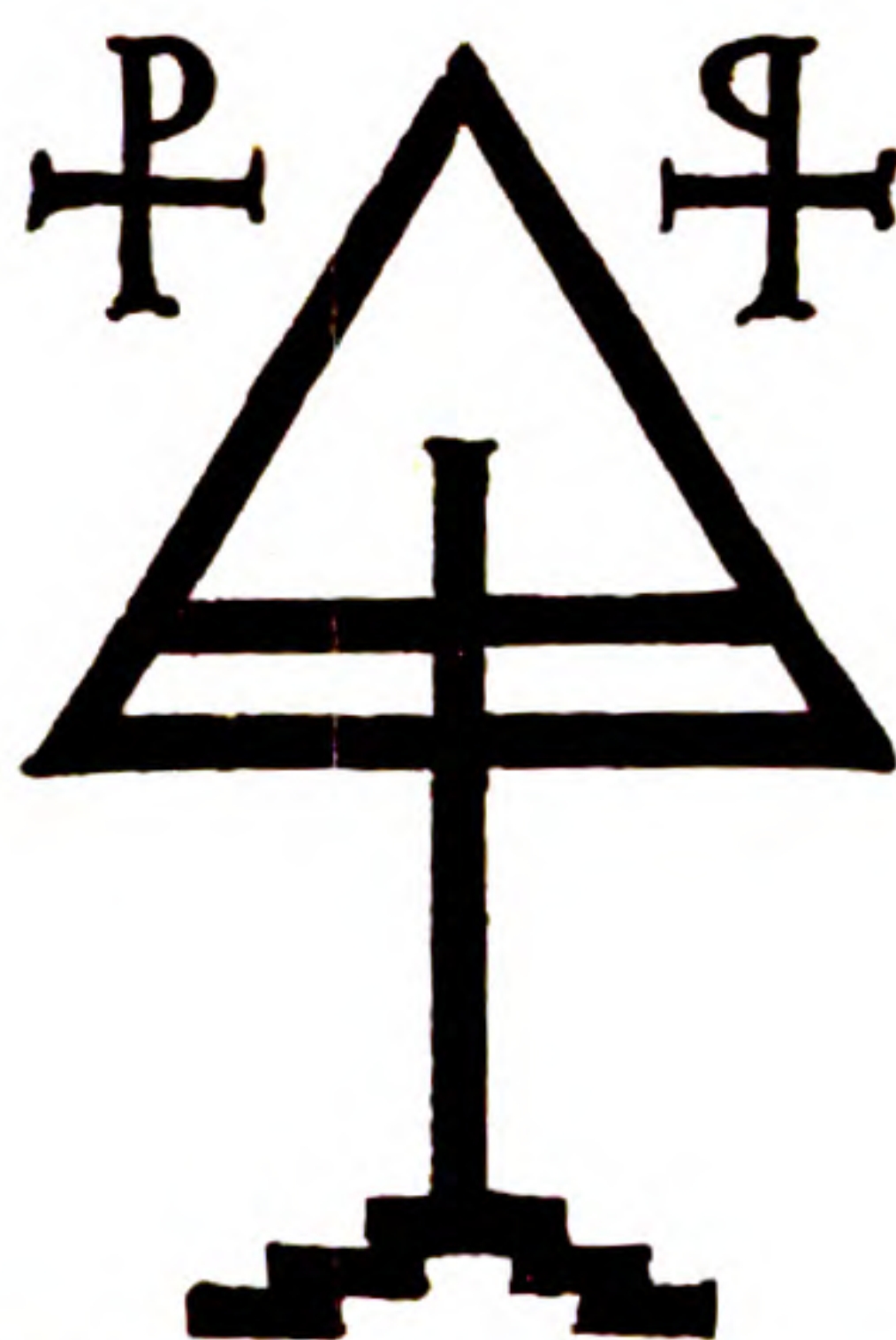
President—

JOHN J. BURKE, C. S. P.

6.05
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UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS LIBRARY
FEB 17 1918
NOTICE TO READERS:—When you finish reading this magazine place a one-cent stamp on the inside, hand it to any postal employee, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors at the front. No wrapper; no address.—A. S. BURLESON, Postmaster General.

THE FIELD AFAR



THE CATHEDRAL OF SEOUL, KOREA
(The soil of Korea has been watered by the blood of many martyrs in the last century.)

VOL. XII. No. 2 + FEBRUARY, 1918 + PRICE 10 CENTS



THE TENNIS-COURT-SKATING-RINK AT MARYKNOLL.

THE Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America is located on a slightly hill overlooking the Hudson River, about thirty miles north of New York City. The place is called, in honor of the Blessed Virgin, *Maryknoll*.

The Seminary is under the direction of secular priests who have been organized as the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. Their object is to train priests for missions to the heathen and to help arouse the Catholics of our country to a clearer appreciation of their duty towards this particular need. The Seminary has at present a faculty of ten priests, twenty-five students of Philosophy and Theology, and ten auxiliary-brothers.

The movement was set on foot by Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, and the then Apostolic Delegate, Cardinal Falconio. It was approved by the Council of Archbishops at Washington, April 27, 1911, and authorized by Pope Pius X. at Rome, on the Feast of the Apostles SS. Peter and Paul, June 29, of the same year.

On July 15, 1915, the young Society received from Rome the Decree of Praise and was placed directly under the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. It is incorporated in New York State and is under the spiritual jurisdiction of His Eminence John Cardinal Farley, who is Honorary President of the Corporation. The corporate name of the Society is: Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

In September, 1916, it opened at Clark's Green, Pa., in the diocese of Scranton, a preparatory house of studies with the corporate title of the Vénard Apostolic School. Here thirty-seven youths are following high school and college courses under the direction of six professors, five of whom are priests.

In September, 1917, the Maryknoll Procure of San Francisco was opened. This will serve as a half-way house for our missionaries on their way to the Far East, and will be the center of C. F. M. S. activities on the Pacific Coast.

THE BOSTON ACADEMY OF NOTRE DAME—Affiliated with The Catholic University of America and with Trinity College, Washington.

A Select Day School for Young Girls. Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur. Primary, Intermediate and Academic Departments. Address: THE SISTER SUPERIOR, Notre Dame, THE FENWAY BOSTON, Mass.

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EMMITSBURG MARYLAND

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Conducted by Secular Clergymen, aided by Lay Professors. Courses: Ecclesiastical, Classical, and Scientific, Pre-Medical, Preparatory, Commercial. Separate Department for Young Boys. For Catalogue address: Rt. Rev. Monsignor B. J. BRADLEY, LL.D., Pres.

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Conducted by the Sisters of the Order of St. Dominic. Address: The Secretary, Santa Clara College, Sinsinawa, Wisconsin.

The Field Afar 6 years for \$5.

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A Select College-Preparatory Boarding and Day School for Girls. Under the patronage of His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell. Ideal location. Half hour from Boston. Private Rooms. French, Italian, German, Spanish. For terms address: Mother Superior, "MARYCLIFF," Arlington Heights, Mass.

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For particulars address THE SECRETARY.

MT. SAINT JOSEPH ACADEMY, BRIGHTON, MASS.—Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies.

Courses offered include preparation for College, Normal School, and Commercial Pursuits. For further particulars apply to SISTER SUPERIOR.

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Boarding and Day Students. Conducted by the Xaverian Brothers, with the approval of the Most Rev. Archbishop. Academic, Commercial and Preparatory Courses.

BROTHER DIRECTOR, DANVERS, MASS.

THE FIELD AFAR

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

DILIGENTIBVS DEVVM OMNIA
COOPERANTVR IN BONVM



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

ENTERED AT POST-OFFICE, OSSINING, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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Number Three

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THE FIELD AFAR

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THUS it behoved Christ to
suffer, and to rise again from
the dead the third day: and that
penance and remission of sins
should be preached in His name
unto all nations.—St. Luke, xxiv.
46-47.

May the warming sun of
Christianity soon bring the
spring-flowers of Faith, Hope,
and Love to the nations so long
cold and inert in paganism!

✦ ✦

"DO you know," remarked a
friend, recently, "that I
sometimes wish I had been a con-
vert?"

And he went on to explain:

The convert seems to have a fuller
realization of what his Faith really
means, of its true value, than the
average Catholic. He knows what it
means to be in darkness, what an awful
thing the shadow of doubt is; and now
that he is in the light he appreciates
it the more by contrast. To those of
us who have been Catholics from in-
fancy the Faith comes as a part of
our youthful training—we have never
known anything else and take it as a
matter of course. We might almost
say, without irreverence, that it has
become as common for us as gold
plate would be for one who had never
used any other.

There is more in our friend's
statement than would at first sight
appear. It is our duty to appreci-
ate the intrinsic value of our
Faith, and to strive continually to
appreciate it more and more. And
as our appreciation grows, so will
our desire to see its benefits ex-
tended to those millions that have
never experienced them.

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WHATEVER its other results,
the war will broaden our out-
look on life. Instead of being de-
finable as a number of continents
separated by water, the world
must now be regarded as a num-
ber of continents connected by
water. When the Russian bear
aroused and shook himself, the
tremor was felt at once from
Berlin to New York, and the
backwoodsmen of Maine and
Montana were soon glibly pro-
nouncing unpronounceable towns
"somewhere in Europe."

Only time can tell how the send-
ing of American troops to France
is going to react upon the Monroe
doctrine. No small part in the
struggle is being played by the
pagan nations of the Far East—
Japan and China. In the ultimate
peace negotiations, these nations
will exercise considerable influence
on the decisions of the world con-
gress, and their rank as "civilized
powers" will be generally recog-
nized.

The struggle has knit together
the nations of the whole world in
one cosmic mass. Friend and
enemy are face to face as never
before and surely one result of

this painful union will be a better mutual understanding and a wider, even a world-wide, viewpoint. Purified by fire, the nations will feel the touch of a common brotherhood with all mankind, and interest in the heathens' greatest need will logically follow.

* *

DID you ever have to mind your little brother? Did you have to wheel him in the baby-carriage while the other boys were off for a day's fun? That experience, common in the life of the average boy, was a blessing in disguise. It gave Mother a breathing-spell and a moment's rest from anxiety; it trained you in self-sacrifice and responsibility; it saved your little brother from many a harm.

Holy Mother Church asks us today to perform the same task. She calls on us, her older children, who have outgrown our teens, to help care for the little ones of the flock. Our younger brother in the Faith is in danger of growing up unkempt and unruly if we do not add our small help to his care. Rapidly-growing China will be a cross-grained yellow devil, or the pride of our Mother's heart, accordingly as we mind or neglect our "little brother."

* *

IS there anything less impassioned than your weekly monologue with the Chinese laundryman? That is, premising that you are obliged to resort to that tawny-skinned gentleman to put a stiff front on your white shirt. His yellow skin and squinting eyes are a mask that cools any warmth of interest. He seems devoid of heart or finer feelings. You do not waste time speculating as to the value of his immortal soul. You do not wonder what his thoughts are, or whether he has troubles of his own, or griefs or health or sickness. He is simply the guiding hand of the electric (or non-electric) iron that he wields.

A little reflection will show us that John Chinaman is just as human as John Bull or Uncle Sam. His family joys and cares are milestones on his life's journey, too; and at the end he will die like the rest of us and meet the same great Judge of all mankind. Almighty God has planted in his soul a yearning after truth and justice and an after life, in common with his European brother. His act of adoration pleases God, whose vision is not merely skin-deep, as well as does your prayer in English.

The laundryman behind the counter is a sphinx to us; could we but go into the home where he lives, and see and understand his family life, our hearts might open to him.

Cardinal Newman has said somewhere: "Persons think themselves isolated in the world; they think no one ever felt as they feel, they do not dare to expose their feelings, lest they should find that no one understands them. And thus they suffer to wither and decay what was destined in God's purpose to adorn the church's paradise with beauty and sweetness. Their mouth is not opened, as the Apostle speaks, nor their heart enlarged; they are straitened in themselves, and deny themselves the means they possess of at once imparting instruction and gaining comfort."

When next you pocket your precious colored ticket, try a smile at the human laundry machine, with a thought of his guardian Angel standing by his side; and your heart will be enlarged and your insight into God and souls and Heaven and daily life will be more clearly focussed. You need not know Chinese to know the Chinaman: the language of the heart will teach you quickly.

* *

We cannot imagine a charity that should appeal to the hearts of Catholics more than this one, to bring salvation to others.—Rev. P. C. Danner.

The cancelled stamp, trading stamp, and tin-foil gatherings of our friends in New York City, may be left with Miss Julia Ward, 16 East Forty-Eighth Street, who has kindly volunteered to receive them for Maryknoll.

The Philadelphia Apostolate.

THE report of the Philadelphia branch of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith shows a remarkable increase for the past year in the amount of financial aid rendered to the foreign missions.

We quote from a recent number of *The Catholic Standard and Times*, and gratefully reprint this sincere expression of interest in Maryknoll:

When we bear in mind that appeals from all sources were many during 1917, the richness of our gift to the missions (\$97,778.29) is superb, and an eloquent proof of the zealous Catholic faith that has always distinguished the people of this diocese.

Next to our interest in this work of the Propagation we have at heart the success of the American Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary at Maryknoll. During the past week our assistant director had the pleasure of spending a few days within its hospitable walls. He returned deeply impressed with the wonderful progress made during the six short years of its existence. Indeed, one cannot visit Maryknoll without becoming enthusiastic. Its atmosphere, the absence of restraint, yet the order in everything, the day so well rounded out by prayer, by work and by recreation, leaves an effect upon the visitor that augurs well for the future of its work. Forever will the foreign missionary—from whatever country—find at Maryknoll a home, for its founders understand, as do our generous people of Philadelphia, that charity begets graces a hundred-fold.

The great desire of the seminarians and newly ordained priests is to walk in the footsteps of their patron, Blessed Theophane Vénard. They are eager to realize and fulfill their vocation, the conversion of China, and next September four of their number depart for the Orient. Who will go? is the favorite after-dinner topic of those young apostles, and each prays that he may be one of the chosen band of America's first missionaries to the heathen.

Lent is a Mite-Box season.

Mission Training.

A Message of the Immaculate Conception, Patron of America, to American Catholics.

(CONTINUED.)

BUT there is another reason why this message of the Immaculate Conception should enforce itself upon American Catholics.

We are the wealthiest nation on earth. Nothing has brought this out so clearly as the present war. The financial efforts of any other of the nations, gigantic as they may have been, seem almost like the efforts of pigmies compared to ours. Nowhere else on earth do wealth and the luxury of life appear as in America. But we are paying and must pay more and more the penalty for all this luxury and worldliness. Day by day our Catholic life is going down perceptibly under the corrupting influences surrounding us.

To resist these corrupting influences, to keep our Catholic life pure and untainted, to spread our Catholic faith throughout America, there is no possible way except to build up and increase among our people the apostolic spirit. It is the apostolic spirit that has established the Catholic Church and maintained it and spread it throughout the earth during all the ages. Where the apostolic spirit decreases or fails among our people the Catholic Church infallibly weakens or becomes extinct. Where it increases, the Catholic Church infallibly waxes strong and goes forward. The apostolic spirit is the one great vital force in the Catholic Church on which all else is dependent.

But the carrying out of the message of the Immaculate Conception is the means whereby we can beget and maintain and increase the apostolic spirit among our people and solve our every mission problem. Make our people realize that message, fill them with a burning, consuming desire



"If then I, being your Lord and Master, have washed your feet; you also ought to wash one another's feet."—St. John xiii. 14.

of carrying it out, train them into practices and habits of sacrificing themselves to aid the salvation of the countless souls now perishing, and we shall soon make our people an apostolic people, and save both the numberless wretched pagans now perishing and our own people in so doing.

Nor let this be thought a hopeless task and a Utopian delusion. At this very time we behold our luxurious, pleasure-loving Americans throwing everything aside for the sake of country, and casting themselves by the millions into the most murderous war the world has ever seen. Will our American Catholics sacrifice less to save our own people and the countless souls in pagan lands from eternal destruction? We will not believe it.

A faint picture of what we can do in this respect we have thrust constantly before our eyes. Some years ago—and not so many—the Protestants around us did nothing for missions, hardly sent out a missionary or gave so much as a penny for mission work, but by educating their people to the mission idea the mission work of Protestants today

covers the earth. They send out thousands and thousands of missionaries, and they give millions and millions for their support. We are more numerous than they, we are stronger than they, we have a thousand times the motive that they have for this work, and if we but hammer into our people, in season and out of season, this message of the Immaculate Conception we shall have a thousand times greater results than the American Protestants.

Besides all this, we have for the training of our people into mission work a means the most powerful conceivable, and one which the Protestants have never even dreamed of—our parochial schools. In our parochial schools there are a million and a half of children—almost a whole generation of American Catholics—material enough, if properly educated and trained in mission ideas and practices, to furnish missionaries for the whole world and to support all the missions of the Church. Educate that vast army of children in the message of the Immaculate Conception, train them into practices and habits of continually praying and sacrificing themselves to aid the countless millions now perishing eternally, and we shall soon have an apostolic nation that will send out missionaries to the whole world.

Let, therefore, the message of the Immaculate Conception, our sole National Patron, be our cry till our people are consumed with a burning desire to realize it, till our children are fully educated and trained in the practice of carrying it out, till it becomes the air we breathe, the sole meat we eat, the motive of our every action. Then shall we have a generation of missionaries, then shall we fill the earth with our mission work, then shall we solve our every mission problem at home and abroad, then shall we people heaven with the millions of souls now rushing to hell.

"Pray and work for the con-

version of the countless millions now perishing—I who send this message by little Bernadette to you, my American children, am the Immaculate Conception, decreed by God to crush the head of the Serpent, destined by God through the appointment of the Church to be your sole National Patron, to be your model, to lead you in battle against the forces of hell. Follow me. Pray and work for the conversion of the countless millions now perishing!"

—M. B., Maryknoll, 1918.

This month we celebrate the feasts of two Burse patrons, St. Patrick and St. Joseph. The former was so great an apostle that his name has become universally known, and the latter has been made Patron of the Universal Church and his feast made a holyday of obligation to impress us with the fact. The interest from the completed Burses will prepare missionaries for the task of making the Church really universal by extending it to pagan lands. Surely the coming feast days will inspire namesakes of St. Joseph and St. Patrick to prove their devotion by helping along these Burses in their patrons' honor.

To meet the numberless demands for a small *New Testament* for the soldiers and sailors, The Chaplains' Aid Association, 605 Fifth Avenue, New York City, is getting out a vest-pocket edition, in which five hundred and fifty pages are brought into a book but three-eighths of an inch in thickness. About ten thousand have already found their way to men in camps and at sea, and only the lack of necessary funds prevents the printing and distribution of enough copies for all the Catholics of army and navy. Co-operation in this praiseworthy enterprise is assuredly an act of religious patriotism, to be commended to all.



The Pioneer's Log.

(Fr. Superior's Knolligram.)

THE Angelus bell in Mukden rings at five o'clock. A little early, you say. Yes, but these poor Chinese must go to work on Sunday and they love their Faith too well to miss Mass. Several hundred persons, men and women, were at their prayers when I entered the church. The men's heads were uncovered and the women all wore black veils over their high head-gear. Many received Holy Communion, and their thanksgiving prayers were recited aloud by all in a peculiar syncopated tone that was not displeasing. During Mass I was an interested spectator, and all that I saw was edifying.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is given at 11.30. This hour is chosen for the benefit of those who come from a distance. After Mass all go to the village and return for Benediction, those who come from afar still fasting if they have received Holy Communion.

As I waited in the courtyard, I heard the sounds of martial music and soon saw a company of blue-uniformed cadets break into twos and enter the Cathedral. The band was good and the young men, students of the Cathedral School, acquitted themselves creditably. We saw them at recreation that afternoon and they seemed more at home in their Chinese skirts, for which they had laid aside the blue uniform. These boys are from outside the city for the most part, and live at the school, which is supervised by a Chinese priest and two professors. Some of the students take positions as clerks, others return to their farms, few being in a position to follow higher studies.

On Sunday afternoon we visited the orphanage. This building is substantial and in excellent condition, but the Sisters—three Europeans, who have had no recruits since the war began, and several Chinese—are at their wits' end to provide for their charges.

The children are in three divisions, each of which has its own room that serves as playroom, workroom, and dormitory. To an American, nothing

could be less attractive. The walls are white, and bare except for the little colored picture of the Crucifixion. On either side are a series of stalls, raised above the floor about two feet and lined with mats. These are the beds, and the children enjoy them particularly in winter, for a big stove at one end sends its heat into the compartments under all the beds, so that the little ones practically sleep on ovens. This oven arrangement we found at the seminary, the boys' school, and the novitiate for Chinese virgins, and on the whole it seems to be quite common.

The Bishop passed among the children, allowing each to kiss his ring, and all curtsied as we left the room. The oldest were nearing twenty years, and for two of them husbands had recently been found and they were to be married that week. The picture that stands out in my memory, however, is that of ten little ones all under two years old, and an infant of only a few weeks, who had been abandoned by their parents. They were so serious, these wee ones, and on the faces of some scabs still rested in spite of motherly care. Then I learned that these were privileged, for they had been taken when others were refused because of lack of food. The Sister read my thoughts, and assured me that a sick child was never refused, nor one in danger of being killed as useless. The crumbs that we American Catholics leave, and the unnecessary things that we eat, would easily feed all the abandoned babies in China.

The thermometer was well below the freezing point on Monday morning, and I found myself rubbing my fingers in the Church, but the faithful Christians were at their devotions and the Chinese priest, invalid as he is, was engaged in his meditation as I entered at 6.15.

Later I was glad to get close to a little stove in the dining-room, where the Bishop soon joined me. He told me then that in a week or ten days he would start on the Confirmation tour which his late coadjutor was to have made. He would be gone until Christmas and would travel most of the time in a two-wheeled open wagon. I shivered at the thought and asked him why he did not make this tour in the early autumn or late spring rather than the severe winter months. He smiled at my simplicity and gave his reasons. The people are in the fields during the milder months, and men, women, and children all toil. The missionary must accommodate himself to the people, selecting a time when work is dull. Again, there are no roads in the country and when the ground is frozen he

can make better time journeying over the fields.

But why did he use an open wagon? Because the fresh, cold air kept him from getting sea-sick. And did he always manage to sleep at a missionary's house? By no means. He very often spends the night in a Chinese inn,—which in these small villages is probably unspeakable, although the Bishop did not say so. He admitted, however, that he could not, as a rule, say Mass in one of them. But he told me to recall that by railroad he can now reach, or get well in reasonable distance of, quite a few missions, and that when he arrived in Manchuria in 1880 there were no railways here at all.

the west have been stripped of trees, so that when rain falls on them it comes down the steeps in a rush, finds its way into rivers, and fills them until they overflow, covering fields and driving thousands out of their homes.

Fortunately, in this flood the rivers rose very gradually and people had a chance to find some sort of shelter. If, as is usual in America, the houses had a second story retreat would not be so difficult, but the Chinese house is a low one-storied affair and if the family cannot roost under the ceiling it must find accommodation elsewhere.

The houses in the villages along the line seem to be made of mud. At one point I saw an army of coolies re-

nearly 800,000 Chinese and more than 5,000 foreigners—one-tenth of whom are Americans—who also suffered inconvenience, because a flood is no respecter of persons unless they live on a hill and hills are scarce here.

I found a rickshaw driver a little less dirty than the rest, and presented the Chinese address of the Cathedral. This man, who seemed to be respected by the others, said very distinctly, "French Church." I had often been told that this is the name by which the Catholic Church is designated in the Far East, and I was satisfied that I should arrive safely. My driver buttoned his ragged cotton-lined coat about him and trotted off, and in fifteen minutes I was landed, not at the Cathedral, but at St. Louis Church, which, fortunately for me, is also a Catholic church.



A STREET IN TIENTSIN

"A flood is no respecter of persons unless they live on a hill."

A magnificent equipage came for me at 9.15. It was lined with gold on the outside, and closed with glass and leather. It had a driver and a footman, and looked like a carriage which had waited outside the Cathedral door Sunday afternoon when the French Consul was visiting the Bishop. I entered in state, after shaking hands with my friends, and at the successful close of a two-mile drive was deposited at the railway station, to await the train for Tientsin. The rig cost thirty cents, but it was worth it.

Tientsin—Floods have been playing havoc all along the line here. This section of China is a great plain and the mountains that border it on

pairing damage done by the flood. They were balancing twin baskets of earth on their shoulders. I noticed here on the station platform pieces of straw matting coarsely braided, and further south I saw along the railway bank hundreds of improvised huts for which the straw matting was used as protection. The fields on both sides of the track were under water, and houses on slight elevations were quite surrounded.

Much of Tientsin was flooded when I arrived at 6:30 on Tuesday morning, but around the station and in the heart of the Concessions the water had receded. Tientsin itself has suffered much. It is a large city, with

Fr. Hubrecht, C.M., who is in charge of St. Louis Church, was most gracious. He lives in a rambling one-story house, which, like the church, could have stood a little heat, but the sun was kind that morning and I thawed out soon after Mass.

After sending my bags to the Cathedral, Fr. Hubrecht took me to see several places in the neighborhood. These included the Procures of the Lazarists and the Jesuits, both of which establishments are quite large and have extensive grounds attached, and the American Consulate. Around the corner we called on a Mr. Jefferson, with whom I had had some correspondence. Mr. Jefferson is not a descendant of the great American. He is a Chinese gentleman from Canton, who was educated in the Hawaiian Islands, but his real patronymic sounds enough like Jefferson to allow him the use in English of that name. He is the editor of the *China Sun*, a small paper with large ideas and a particularly clever appeal to Chinese learners of English as well as to English students of Chinese. At the end of every sentence or long phrase in English, the Chinese translation is given in ideographs. The paper is not professedly Catholic, but it is directed by a man whose faith is strong and whose heart is large.

We reached the Cathedral at noon. This mission is only five years old, and I was not prepared for the surprise which I received when I saw at the end of a long street the Cathedral itself, a great pile of brick converted into a very respectable Byzantine church. To the left was the Bishop's residence, a long two-story building enclosed by a brick wall. The water from the flood had been pumped over improvised dykes and we reached the house on planks laid over the muddy ground. In the yard I saw a scow,



THE CATHEDRAL COMPOUND OF TIENTSIN IN FLOOD-TIME.

left high and dry by the subsidence of the waters. It had been used by the priests to go over to the church for Mass, and the Brothers across the way were similarly provided.

I have been especially interested in the effect of the flood on Catholic buildings, most of which are quite new, the Cathedral itself being just finished. Basements are unknown here and Mrs. Water simply spread her skirts and floated right in, filling the entire edifice to a height of at least two feet.

Imagine the heart of the Procurator, Fr. Fleury, who had passed sleepless nights planning that church, and long, hard days supervising its construction!

The floor in many places had sunk, loosening the rough tiles, and threatening the great columns that have to support the roof of a church ample enough to accommodate two thousand people. Back of the high altar is a suspicious cave-in that makes the heavy altar itself an object of concern. But the priest is glad in the reflection that the columns and the side walls are not affected—glad in spite of the fact that it means more Mexican dollars or Chinese taels, both of which he lacks.

Then there was the hospital. That afternoon the Seminary Superior piloted me over the dykes and water pumps to that institution. I really thought we were on a lake dotted with islands, but soon discovered that the islands were abandoned houses and that whole city blocks were under water. The hospital, recently built and well-equipped, revealed the havoc wrought by the flood. All the paying patients had been removed, and everything was at sixes and sevens, but the Sisters were making the best of it. They had been through worse than this.

There is an American Sister here, whose brother is a Bishop in the United States. During the Boxer attack, this nun, Sr. Joanna, was in a house that

was riddled with bullets and pierced with cannon balls. Sr. Joanna was told by her Superior to go and take some rest, and she obeyed. A few moments later a cannon ball entered above her head and plunged through the opposite wall. Terrified, and feeling that every moment would be her last, she decided that her Superior in sending her to rest had not intended that she should be killed. So the good Sister hurried down to the lower floor, leaving her white-winged cornette on the bed. Later, when the Sisters returned to this room, they found that the cornette had been hit by a cannon ball, which would have finished Sr. Joanna also had she remained.

We found the Superioress—a white-capped, ruddy-faced, rather large, French Sister of Charity—bossing a lot of coolies, but she suspended operations to recite aloud the multiplicity of troubles that the flood had brought to the buildings, to the patients, to the doctors, and to everybody concerned.

And this was another new building. And they had no money. *La! La! Hélas! Misère!*

Then she awoke to the fact that I am an American, and she asked me then and there for \$7,000. Seven cents was nearer the limit of my possessions, as I had just arrived and had not secured any Chinese money, so I referred her to Sr. Joanna, the sole American nun in the establishment. But Sr. Joanna, who evidently was never trained to pick pockets, threw up her hands and admitted that in several years spent in China she had gathered from us—that is, from the United States—ten dollars.

The Superioress is, however, building her hopes on America.

I met another English-speaking nun at this hospital, who, so far as she could recall, had not heard a sermon or an instruction in English for thirty years. Sr. Joanna herself has been in China over thirty years.

Both nuns are happy in their work and both regret that the English-speaking Sisters of Charity are so meagrely represented here, where there is a growing need for Sisters who can speak English.

The hospital is practically in the great compound owned and occupied by the Catholic Mission of Tientsin.

Just in front of the compound is the *Ecole Municipale Française*, a school conducted by the Marist Brothers for Chinese boys, Christian or pagan, who wish to learn French so as to secure positions under French supervision. The Director of the school speaks English and has a class in that language. He is assisted by six Brothers. Those Brothers have also a school for European boys, and for both schools English-speaking helpers from America are desired and badly needed.

The diocesan seminary is a substantial building next to the Bishop's house, and has about forty students. The priests here are Lazarists. On the other side of the church is a school for Chinese boys, where lay professors are employed especially to teach the Chinese language. Behind this building is another, used by the native Sisters, who already number fourteen, and the adjacent hospital has here its separate building for the destitute.

On the road near the Cathedral, which lies on the edge of the city, is a school for Chinese girls, conducted by a Chinese Catholic layman assisted by two Chinese Catholic women. This school, like the others, is built of gray brick and is very presentable. Since its establishment, a Protestant denomination has located a similar work close by, but the Catholic institution has not lost its popularity. The building is, however, quite inadequate for present needs, and the mission is anxious to organize it on a larger scale with religious in charge.

The girls looked very neat, with their slit coats, pantaloons, and polished hair. As they were picking up some broken English when we entered the room, I helped them to put the pieces together. *English*—the handwriting is on the wall, and many whose native tongue is other than mine realize that this, the commercial language of the world, has come into the Far East to stay. Railroad tickets are printed in Chinese and English. Even remote stations along most of the lines use both languages on their signs.

Also on the road to the heart of the city are two other buildings of interest to Catholics, one the Marist Brothers' school for European boys, the other a school for European girls. This girls' school is conducted by the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, and a pleasant surprise was mine when I found that the Superioress was born in Ireland and brought up in New York. The Franciscan Missionaries of Mary have been friends of Maryknoll from the beginning, but I did not know that they had one American Sister in China, and as a matter of fact the Superioress could recall no other. I found here also an English nun, who has been in correspondence with Maryknoll and is acquainted with happenings at that establishment. I thought if all convent schools in the United States would purchase copies of *THE FIELD AFAR* for their libraries and reception rooms, Maryknoll would be more widely and more speedily known at home.

There are twelve hundred American soldiers in Tientsin. They are comfortably housed, in buildings erected for the purpose under a lease which will not expire for seven or eight years. The proportion of Catholics in the garrison is small now, but it is likely to be larger, and there is no one at present to "gather the forces." The Curé of St. Louis hears confessions in English, and he is sympathetic with those who speak English, but he does not attempt to preach in that language.

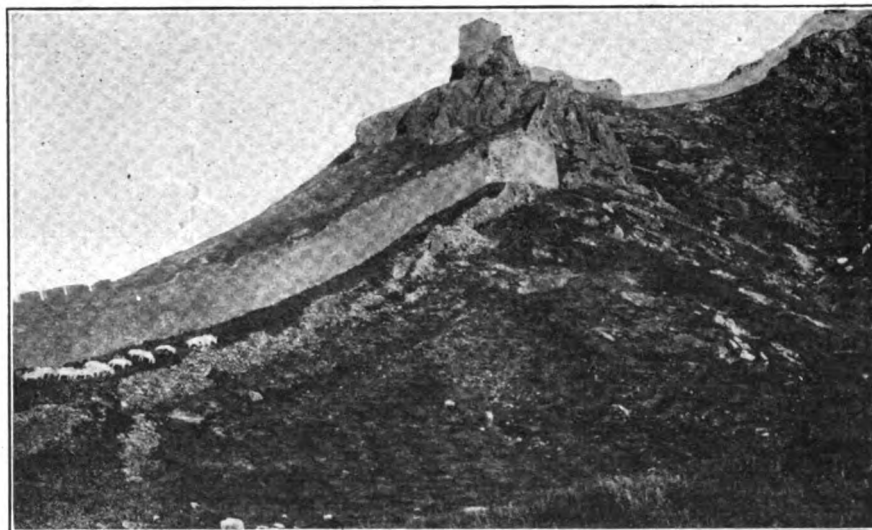
Besides the soldiers, there are scores of English-speaking Catholics here who, when they attend church, must sit through a sermon in French. I ask myself constantly what can be done for Catholic Americans, tossed high and dry by the great Pacific along the coast of Eastern Asia. They should be organized, brought into touch with one another, encouraged to keep their Faith, made acquainted with the great work of Catholic missions—about which I find that they know next to nothing, generally through no fault of theirs.

There should be a room in every large city of the Far East to which Catholic residents and Catholic trav-

ellers could be directed, where they could find a list of their fellow-Catholics, a directory of places to board, and a supply of Catholic literature, including reference books and periodicals. There, too, they could above all get in touch with the local Church authorities. Such a room could be of great value, for example, to the Catholic soldiers and sailors garrisoned here and there, far from home, lonely, and without any positive outside influence to help them to keep on the narrow path.

Through such an organization Catholic missions might also find American friends who, in turn, would help to market such productions of the native Christians as embroidered linens, cloisonné metal work, rugs, etc. At Tientsin a gentleman showed me some samples of excellent Chinese rugs, made by orphan boys under skillful direction and at comparatively low cost. He asked if I could furnish him with the names of a few American carpet-buyers. We should easily find an outlet for all such mission industries.

Sunday afternoon I took the train



A SECTION OF THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

for Peking. We reached the great city in less than four hours' time, at about eight o'clock in the evening. At the station I found the familiar cassock, and in a few moments we were moving in Bishop Jarlin's carriage towards the *Peitang*, the Cathedral compound three miles away.

This carriage was the nearest approach to episcopal splendor, and the only one I had yet met. I examined it next day at leisure, when the Bishop kindly placed it at my disposal. Its

paint was none, its furnishings faded, and its horse made one feel that the owner must have a large heart and a great sympathy for dumb animals.

I had been told that at Peking I should see a *belle mission*, but I was not prepared for the extensive and varied spiritual enterprises that I found flourishing within the precincts of the *Peitang*.

The mission property is approached by an avenue of trees, on one side of which is a hospital for poor Chinese, conducted by Sisters of Charity, and on the other a novitiate for native nuns, the Josephines. At the gate of the *Peitang*—which is entirely surrounded by a high wall of brick—a policeman stands. On either hand are houses for domestics. The Cathedral itself is the first building to be seen on entering. It is the heart of the *Peitang*—and I was much more impressed with the original than with any photographs I have seen of it. This church, like all seen so far, is the work of a priest-architect, the priest in this case being the late Bishop Favier, who, before giving his life to the Church, was an architect in France.

Bishop Favier's hand is seen also in

the Cathedral appointments, in the entire series of buildings, and in the layout of the gardens.

The compound is rectangular in shape, and about a half-mile long by a quarter-mile wide. The cloisters that run along the houses occupied by the Bishop and priests are fully five hundred feet without a break, and in this section there are three hollow squares, planted with trees and flowers. On the opposite side of the Cathedral are three buildings occupied by the three

grades of students preparing for the priesthood. Behind all is a small park, at the end of which a transverse wall runs the width of the property, making a complete separation for the orphanage, a seemingly endless chain of buildings. Near the entrance to the Cathedral is a large printing establishment with its bindery.

The first question that suggests itself to an American as he looks over the Peitang is, "Where did the money come from?" An answer to that question, as it affects one of the best, if not the best, equipped missions in the Catholic world, will help us to understand what to those at home who have been interested has been something of a mystery—the excellent material equipment of many missions in the Far East.

A brief answer would be: *the foresight of Catholic missionaries, and their economies.* When our missionaries began their work they usually bought land in generous quantities and for next to nothing. This land increased greatly in value as the cities multiplied their population. Opportunities came from time to time to make several purchases of this kind; even in one city, and if the land was not immediately needed it was rented for investment. Land bought by the Church at Peking for ten dollars gold is today worth several thousands in the same specie. At Peking, also, some of the Catholic property was taken for the imperial grounds and a generous compensation given to the mission, which later was enriched by indemnities following the Boxer movement, when churches were destroyed and lives lost. All of this money has been most carefully invested and the yearly income is making possible the extension of Catholic activities. Without such help, the vicariate of Peking would be today as struggling a spectacle as the ordinary Syrian church in some of our big cities.

The buildings at Peking are as solid as they are extensive, but with the solitary exception of the Bishop's salon, where notables—mandarins and others—must be received, the stamp of poverty is over all. The buildings rest on the ground, and are only one-story high. The floors are of rough brick, and the walls, with few exceptions, bare. Furniture is scarce, and many rooms have no stoves. The Bishop takes his meals with his priests in a barren-looking refectory. All rise at four A.M. Each takes his bowl of coffee and piece of bread after Mass. Dinner and supper are served, as a rule, in silence. While the food is ample, there are no delicacies, no "desserts," as Americans understand the term.

Only a special vocation and the marvellous grace of God can explain the perseverance of Catholic priests and nuns in the lives which today they are leading. And the Peitang of Peking is, comparatively, an easy place. There one finds companionship; there he hears the pulsing of life in the great city beyond the gates; there he can go out occasionally to visit his confrères; there he is in touch with the events of the day. As a rule, however, like his fellow-missioners in remote villages, he becomes so absorbed in his work that what would naturally appeal to a man in his position loses its savor. And this is true even more of the nuns, whose lives are wrapped up in their tasks—per-

place, a kind of monument made from the wreck caused by the Boxers; she was at our heels to point out the place where the old Empress of China stood and gloated over the successful shots that massacred on that spot hundreds of innocent Christians.

And I imagine that, as she recalled those awful days, there was no bitterness in her heart; although I did meet in one house a nun who, after facing the trial by fire, felt such supreme satisfaction when some arrested Boxers were passing near her that she gave one of them a cuff on the ear.

The nuns at the Peitang are anxious to find a market for the lace work and embroidery done by their little ones. They have also lately developed a car-



THE BOYS OF THE PEITANG AT PEKING.

formed with the spirit of faith and charity, in the presence of Jesus Christ, Who lives every moment near them.

It took an entire afternoon to visit the several works of the Sisters of Charity at the end of that Peitang compound, and it would take pages of a book to describe them thoroughly—the abandoned babes in their cribs; the scabby little ones, just coming to life; the work-rooms; the catechumenate; the dispensary.

How these good Sisters of Charity can keep their white wings immaculate and their dresses free from vermin is unintelligible to me as I look at the people for whom they care. But their spirits are light and their hearts big, and they seem always happy.

The Sister Assistant at the Peitang orphanage is certainly above seventy years of age, and yet she is as spry as the beloved Cardinal of Baltimore. When we mounted the one hill on the

pet industry. This was made possible by the initiative and generosity of a young Chinaman, who has some money and is spending it that he may place the boys' orphanage on a good foundation. I was told that this young man is practically supporting a hundred boys at an expense of about three hundred dollars a month. The rugs made are excellent and buyers are wanted in America.

When we entered the orphanage several little ones were playing ring-a-ring-a-rounder, or something like it, in the courtyard. We watched a while before passing into the sick ward. In this house the Chinese beds are used, and children were stretched on the matting here and there on top of the cement ovens. As a rule they were lying with their faces on the mats, their foreheads resting on the mat itself or on their thin arms, for some of them were near the end. Two little ones were standing on the floor with



THE OVEN-BEDS OF CHINA.

their heads on the bed of cement. The contrast between the laughing youngsters outside and these miserable half-dead little ones here was striking, but the Sisters are accustomed to it, and besides, as they realize the poverty and misery of this great country, they are disposed to envy these "thieves of Paradise," who, after a short period of suffering, go straight to God. Scarcely a day passes that does not bring one or more of these abandoned waifs to the home.

As we passed to the kitchen, a domestic came along balancing two baskets of cabbage. It was the evening meal, to be put into hot water and mixed with corn meal. This is the usual dish for breakfast, dinner, and supper. The great question is, how to supply enough to fill the hungry little mouths. Some days the mixture must be given sparingly, because all here live from hand to mouth. To-day the children had received a treat, since it was the Bishop's feast day, and they revelled in some clean white rice. I was almost ashamed to eat that night, and I went to bed with a qualm of conscience as I thought of all the crumbs wasted in a lifetime. Economy is in the air at every mission I have visited, as it is everywhere among the Chinese. If we in American would only give what we drop on the floor or throw into the waste we could keep all the infant asylums in China.

My first Mass at the Peitang was another revelation.

From the great sacristy, after vesting, I was conducted around the apse, which is lined with small chapels, to the altar of the Blessed Virgin, outside the sanctuary in one of the transepts. It was yet early, and the church was dark except for a few lamps here and there, but there was light enough to see that hundreds of people, men and women, were in attendance, and my first impression as I found my way through the kneeling faithful was that some special feast was being celebrated. As I learned afterwards, it was the ordinary daily congregation,

that included several hundred communicants.

My first outside visit at Peking was to Mr. Reinsch, the American Ambassador, whom I had met several years before and who was most cordial. His position has been and is a difficult one, but he seems equal to it.

From the Legation I went across the street to the hospital, where I found the second of the only two American Sisters of Charity in all China, Sr. Catherine Buschman of Baltimore—and she makes up for five. I stumbled first into the apothecary shop, which, with the pay patients, keeps the house going. The hospital work of these Sisters is admired by the Chinese as well as by European residents, and I was told that they have been invited to take charge of the new Government hospital, which is nearing completion. This is a high compliment, but it is doubtful if the Sisters can accept, because the supply of nuns from France has stopped and all in China have more than they can do.

My visit to Peking continued from Sunday to Thursday. I found the Bishop of Peking a man of large ideas and great zeal, whose one passion is to increase his flock. While at the Peitang I visited the printing establishment, which is under the direction of a Lazarist Brother, and the store for the sale of cloisonné enamel, which, as it is applied to ecclesiastical furnishings and is done by Christians, should find patrons in the United States.

At Chala I saw the novitiate of the Lazarists, and also that of the Marist Brothers, who conduct successfully in Peking colleges for Europeans and Chinese.

Bishop de Vienne, of Chenting-fu, had come north at the request of officials to assist in the distribution of the flood-relief money, and on his return from Tientsin stayed at the Peitang. He invited me to visit him on my way to Hankow, and on Thursday morning we plodded to the station. Every second-class compartment was taken. I suggested to the Bishop that as I had no hotel bills to pay I would gladly settle for a first-class compartment in the car ahead. The Bishop looked at me aghast, and said that he had never travelled first-class in China, and rarely second, and that he could not think of entering the first-class car.

"OUR MISSIONARY LIFE IN INDIA"

By

REV. JOSEPH CARROLL, O.S.F.C.
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The beginning of the foreign mission movement should be a sacrifice from the whole American people. The work is not diocesan, nor is it provincial. Great and glorious, it concerns all the dioceses of the country, and it is a witness and a challenge to the spirit of sacrifice of our young men.—Bp. Dowling, Des Moines, Ia.

OF your charity, please give a share in your Lenten devotions to these souls:

Rt. Rev. J. S. Foley, D.D.	Mrs. Walsh
Rev. J. A. Winter	James Duffy
Rev. Wm. P. McGuire	Sarah Walsh
Rev. H. Stommel	Laura Clinton
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Sr. M. Stanislaus	W. M. Mooney
Edward Leman	Edward Madden
James Burns	James Madden
Mrs. A. Maher	Anna Madden
	Ida Bonner
	John Carr

1912 THE GROWTH OF MARYKNOLL 1917



THE FIRST SEMINARIANS—1912—THE FIRST SEMINARY.

FOR the past five memorable years, on the third Tuesday in February, it has been the custom of the major-domo at Maryknoll to give an account of his stewardship to the incorporators of the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America.

This year the meeting was called at the residence of His Eminence, Cardinal Farley, who presided. All were present except the Treasurer, who was unavoidably detained on the other side of the earth. However, his report, by wireless, ran as follows:

COMPARATIVE REPORTS FOR 1912 AND 1917.

Principal Receipts:		1912	1917	Principal Expenditures:		1912	1917
Field Afar Subscriptions	\$	5,137.40	\$46,482.87	Field Afar	\$	1,965.26	\$13,657.32
Associate Dues		1,746.96	1,139.73	Publications Purchased		328.17	1,677.32
Sales		442.47	1,972.20	Buildings and Improvements		27,861.30	29,787.21
Burse Offerings		22,248.95	45,914.06	Farm			5,070.68
Gifts		17,731.18	47,273.33	General Expense		6,666.82	9,786.28
Discounts and Interest		621.67	7,659.64	Travel		995.23	300.88
Farm			6,382.76	House Maintenance		4,862.51	18,006.89
				Salaries or Allowances		1,073.27	2,693.96
1912: Gross Receipts			\$50,992.55	1912: Gross Expenditures			\$53,135.03
1917: Gross Receipts			\$166,789.60	1917: Gross Expenditures			\$119,113.76



PERSONNEL AT MARYKNOLL—1916. FACULTY, SEMINARIANS, VENARDERS, AND AUXILIARIES.



A Survey of 1917.

SINCE the last report, valuable and important additions have been made to the properties at Maryknoll and at the Vénard, Clark's Green.

Seminary Improvements. Extensive repairs have been made at the Seminary. The ceilings of the upper and the lower corridors, the walls of the lavatories, and two rooms have been partly replastered, and the whole interior has been painted and kalsomined.

The seating capacity of the chapel has been increased by the addition of several prie-dieus; and the Martyrs' Shrine has been furnished with a canopy of chaste design.

The kitchen has been provided with some new labor-saving devices; the plumbing has been overhauled; and the walls have been repaired and painted. An adjoining room has been newly floored and ceiled, and an electric heating apparatus has been installed.

In the basement, new coal bins and additional storage for supplies have been added.

St. Joseph's. The building which was once known as "the barn" and later as St. Joseph's "workshop," has undergone a final transformation, and "St. Joseph's Hall" is the resultant of the process. The quondam barn is now a thoroughly equipped domicile for our philosophers and auxiliary brothers, with thirty-five airy rooms. In addition, it has a very neat Chapel, a large recreation room for the brothers, three lavatories, a baggage room, a museum, a photographic studio, and an auditorium with a seating capacity of 120. In the rear are located a spacious and fully equipped workshop, an auto-repair shed, and ample storage-room for material needed in the various departments of the institution.

Plans for the building were furnished by the firm of Maginnis and Walsh, the well-known architects of Boston. Every detail of the work was carefully supervised, and in exterior finish and interior plan it leaves little to be desired.

We may state that this large building has been heated during the winter with wood; not an ounce of coal has been used, and the temperature has always been satisfactory.

St. Martha's. The latest addition to the Maryknoll compound is a laundry building, sixty feet by thirty feet, built of rubble stone taken from our own farm, with slate roof, copper-covered dormers and ridge-cap. This attractive establishment is under the patronage of

the "careful" saint who "was occupied about many things"—St. Martha.

The equipment is the last word in up-to-dateness. Together with the machines used in the old laundry, St. Martha's has the most improved type of dryer, extractor, tubs, and ironing arrangements, with a possible capacity of equipment to meet the requirements of two hundred and fifty persons.

A section of the building (separated by a tile partition) is reserved for a canning room, where "new process" canning of fruits and vegetables, utilizing the surplus steam, will enable us to meet the suggestions of the Federal Food Commissioner.

St. Michael's. The interior of St. Michael's. Michael's Cottage has been remodelled, and the change effected gives us, in addition to former capacity, two guest rooms, extra library space, a new reading room, and a class-room which is being equipped with a laboratory outfit to meet the requirements of the science course (added this year to our curriculum). Cabinets for geological and mineral specimens are being provided; and we have furnished the room with charts to illustrate the course in Analytical Botany and Agronomy. The recreation room and halls have been panel-ceiled, making the whole quite attractive.

Farm and The Field. The products from the farm and truck patches have enabled us to remain, so far, almost immune from the ravages of the H. C. L. The meat of a dozen porkers, two cows, and sundry cockerels has helped the reduction of the butcher's bill; and an ample supply of succulent vegetables gives variety to our menu.

We raised during the season 40 tons of stover, 10 tons of clover and timothy, 200 bushels of corn, 300 bushels of potatoes, 30 bushels of onions, 4,000 heads of cabbage and cauliflower, and a supply of smaller vegetables sufficient for our requirements through the winter season.

The returns from our canning operations were very satisfactory, covering nearly 1,000 cans of tomatoes, beans, corn, and apples.

In addition to several hundred fruit trees already maturing, we planted during the year 300 raspberry canes, 200 gooseberry and currant trees, 40 pear trees, 100 Catawba grape vines and 2,000 strawberry plants.

We cleared two acres of an outgrown orchard, for additional cropping next season. The new clearing has been tilled and it should prove a valuable adjunct to our cultivable acreage.

We have added some Durocs to the hog-pen with a view to help in the conservation of meat products, and

an extra milch cow to meet the demands of our growing communities. We are planning an extension of activities in the poultry line.

Our agricultural programme, though large and more varied than formerly, will not necessitate any greater outlay for hired help, as during the autumn three young men who have had practical experience in farm work joined the Brotherhood of St. Michael and are now employed in our agricultural department.

The students in the Agronomy course will also be helpful in our farm operations. During the winter months they devote their time to theory and laboratory exercises, and as soon as weather conditions permit, they begin practical work on forcing pits, hotbeds, and cold frames.

Development of farming operations necessitated the building of a hangar (140 feet by 15 feet) for the storing of trucks, tools, and agricultural machinery. Most of the lumber used in the construction was cut from the farm, and the actual building was done by student labor. To offset the shortage of fuel we levied toll on the wood lot in the rear of the Seminary property, and to date have cut 150 cords of hardwood, mostly from "windfalls" and decaying timber. The cost of cutting was small, the only cash outlay being gasoline for the operation of a four-horsepower engine. The labor was supplied by our brothers and the Divinity students during manual labor periods.

The Garage. The garage built last year has been painted and is now equipped with a good water supply and electric light. In the rear of St. Joseph's Hall we have erected, in connection with the machine shop, an auto-repair shed where our chauffeurs will be able to take care of the machines when they slip a cog or need refitting. Our Lizzy has now the regular companionship of a Ford touring-car presented to us by the executors of a recently-deceased New York priest. This Ford helps us materially in solving our ever-increasing transportation problem.

General Improvements. The grounds at the Knoll have been improved by the opening of new avenues and the grading of the thoroughfare, rendered necessary by the building of a State road fronting our property. Shade trees and a hedge of California privet have been planted along the border of the main entrance and on the embankment abutting on the Pines Bridge Road.

The tennis court fronting the Seminary has been terraced and is convertible into a skating and hockey rink,

which may be flooded from a stand-pipe at the garage. Our electrician has provided it with a lighting system, and the students are thus enabled to use the rink during the evening recreations. The outlay for lighting costs very little, and it is met by the Conservation Committee of the Institution who gather up the junk daily from the houses in the compound and "exchange" it regularly with some itinerant peddler for hard cash. There is a persistent rumor among the student body that the Procurator has quite a balance on hand, from this fund, which he is investing in War Saving Stamps, presumably for the fitting up of an athletic field in the rear of St. Joseph's during the coming season.

The Vénard School. We have contributed to the support and development of the Vénard Apostolic School at Clark's Green, near Scranton, Pa. The property has been improved, minor alterations made in the buildings, and a new chapel added to meet the needs of this growing establishment, whose importance as a preparatory institution to Maryknoll is keenly realized.

Maryknoll Procure. One of the most important developments of the year was the establishment of a Procure at San Francisco. This undertaking had the cordial support of His Grace, Archbishop Hanna, and has already won many new friends for the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary and its work. The Procure will serve as a link between Maryknoll and the Far East and will provide a stopping-off place for our missionaries on their journey to their fields of labor. It will be, also, the center for the Catholic Foreign Mission Society's activities on the Pacific coast. Maryknoll's first-ordained priest is in charge of the house and will soon be joined by an auxiliary brother.

Sources of Income. Our steady income is derived from THE FIELD AFAR, the completed burses, securities, and the farm. The first mentioned, by helping to maintain interest in our work, is the indirect source of a large part of our yearly receipts.

From Auxiliaries, Circles, and individuals \$2,115.75 was received, devoted to expenses of the students.

The Catholic Missionary Aid Society of Pittsburgh continues to manifest its generous interest in Maryknoll's work. During last year we received \$1,500.00.

Annuities received during the year amounted to \$39,262.50. Invested funds yielded a return of \$4,428.92, out



TERESIANS OF MARYKNOLL.

of which sum we met obligations to annuitants of \$2,670.00..

Burses. The growth in burse foundations has been specially gratifying. Seven have been completed (of which six were entirely new) and fifty-five are in process of steady building. A remarkably general interest has been taken in the development of these burses and a large part of it is due to the interest of priests.

Special Funds. One of our friends among the clergy has completed an "Educational Fund," and started a "Catechist Fund." Another priestly friend of Maryknoll, who began the "Archbishop Williams Catechist Fund," has increased it to \$10,500.00.

Securities. Securities have been received as gifts: Bonds: ten Liberty, one Bethlehem Steel Company, one Great Western Power Company, five Huntington Land and Improvement Company, two Mortgages, one Texas Electric Railway, five Union Electric Light and Power Company. Stocks: twenty shares American Telephone and Telegraph Company, ten shares Draper Corporation, five shares Library Bureau, two shares New World Life Insurance Company. Insurance: one Catholic Order of Foresters, one Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company, two Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, one Prudential Life Insurance Company.

Indebtedness. The original mortgage of \$30,000 on the Maryknoll property has been reduced to \$10,000. We also hold small accounts for individuals—students and others—amounting to a few hundred dollars.

Progress That the kindly care of Providence has blessed Maryknoll is strikingly evident in the progress made in every sphere of our work, despite the chilling effect of the war on activities not immediately concerned therewith.

The students at Maryknoll and the

Preparatory School now number fifty-nine, while the Auxiliary Brotherhood has received five additions.

Aspirants to the Teresians have raised their number to twenty-five, and the matter of accommodations is one of the most immediate concerns.

The comparative table at the beginning of the report shows the gain in circulation made by THE FIELD AFAR in the past five years. During 1917 four priests of the Society have been engaged in a propaganda campaign in various dioceses, preaching in the churches on Sundays and meeting everywhere the cordial good-will and interest of both clergy and laity.

This propaganda brought in subscriptions to the amount of \$19,893.00 and \$1,600.00 in gifts. In this connection it is interesting to note that the notable gain in circulation was made after the subscription price of the paper had been doubled—an action forced on us by the increased cost of production.

Another striking increase was that in Perpetual Memberships, of which the previous total was raised by 130, or \$6,500.00; and also in annuities, eighteen being received, of a combined value of \$39,262.50.

The financial progress made during the past year is evident from a comparison of its gross receipts, \$166,789.60, with those of the previous year, 1916, \$89,529.07.

Extent of Interest. According to the present sources of income, our work is mainly supported by three states, Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania, in the order named. Rhode Island, New Hampshire, and Idaho come next. Progress in all the states, however, is constant. That the time is ripe for the foreign mission movement seems evidenced by our experience that the work has but to be made known to command attention, win co-operation, and bring forth inquiries from those who would be missionaries. Could the existence and scope of America's national Foreign Mission Seminary be brought home to all the Catholics of the country, Maryknoll would speedily be in a good way to do much towards extending the Kingdom of God in the hearts of pagan men.

NEW PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES.

Living: P. T.; Mrs. H. McG.; T. C., Mrs. W. G.; Mrs. C. G.; Rev. Friend.

Deceased: John and Mary Quinn; relatives of James E. Calahan; Mr. and Mrs. Hanley; E. J. Lenahan.

To wish to love God and serve Him without suffering is a delusion. (St. Francis Xavier.)

Report of the Directors, Vénard Apostolic School.

January 26, 1917—January 1, 1918.



THE Vénard Apostolic School has continued during the past year its work of educating young men for the missionary priesthood. Although, due to political conditions, the time has been one of stress for the Country at large, and for each community in particular, still considerable revenue has come to the School through the charity of the people of the Scranton Diocese. Furthermore, gratifying progress has been made along many lines.

Improvements made during the past year are the following:

A new chapel has been constructed and fitted up, at a cost of approximately twenty-five hundred dollars. This was made possible by the generosity of two ladies of the Scranton Diocese. In the house, only minor changes have been made, such as entailed slight expense. The barn has been put in good shape and generally improved at a cost of five hundred dollars. Finally, a complete survey of the property was made, which cost two hundred dollars.

Purchases of house furnishings have been few and only such as necessity dictated. Three hundred dollars for beds and bedding was the largest item of this nature. The furnishings have been added to, however, by gifts from friends, chiefly in the diocese.

The farm gave a good yield this year. It was not quite self-supporting, due to the need of so many things of a permanent nature, as is natural at the beginning. However, good crops were secured and it is estimated that out of the five thousand odd dollars spent for the farm, about four thousand dollars came back to us in butter, milk, vegetables, and feed. Added to this were the cash sales, netting eight hundred dollars, representing farm products consumed for the most part, which reduces the farm expenditures in excess of profits to about one thousand dollars. When it is realized that something like two thousand dollars of the farm expenses represents items of a permanent nature, such as repairs to barn, implements, etc., it will be seen that the farm is already in a sense a paying proposition.

An analysis of the House Maintenance account, after two thousand dollars representing farm products is added to it, will show that the per capital living expense has been approximately fifteen dollars per month, figured on a basis of forty people for ten months.

It is gratifying to report a continuance of the generous help extended by friends in the diocese. The statement will show that this has been substantial and has contributed appreciably to the maintenance of the school. The Maryknoll subsidy has, of course, been large, amounting this year to thirteen thousand dollars, about one-half the money taken in from all sources. In addition to this, Maryknoll paid directly, on April 25th, three thousand dollars on the Vénard mortgage, reducing it to twelve thousand dollars.

The financial statement follows:

<i>Receipts.</i>	
FIELD AFAR Subscriptions...	\$490.50
Cash Sales	844.61
Burses	650.25
Benefits	770.60
Land	1,705.24
Mite Boxes	522.32
Gifts	2,686.06
Perpetuals	307.50
Students (tuition, etc.)....	2,607.20
Maryknoll Subsidy	13,150.00
Miscellaneous	659.65

<i>Expenditures.</i>	
General Expenses (office, transportation, etc.)....	\$370.47
House Maintenance	4,660.37
Farm	5,705.45
Residences	6,550.86
Insurance	265.73
Interest	352.08
Taxes	378.32
Travel	78.10
C. F. M. S. of A.....	3,300.70
Salaries	560.00
Students' Purchases	1,407.72
Miscellaneous	291.79

Gross Receipts	24,393.93
Gross Expenditures	23,921.59
Balance on Hand	\$472.34

<i>Assets.</i>	
Property	\$20,000.00
Improvements	15,000.00
Stock	2,500.00
Implements	1,500.00
Furniture	1,000.00
	\$40,000.00

<i>Liabilities.</i>	
Mortgage	\$12,000.00
Due C. F. M. S. of A.....	23,000.00
Bills payable	3,000.00
	\$38,000.00



FOREIGN mail has arrived from:

AFRICA—Fr. Fuchs, Kwirow (promise of two Masses yearly).

CHINA—Fr. Seys, Kin-Ria-tien (promise of Mass).

INDIA—Fr. Kroot, Kurnool (promise of six Masses yearly); Fr. Bastide, N. Arcot; Fr. Colli, Secunderabad.

JAPAN—Bp. Berlioz, Hakodate; Fr. Defrennes, Fukushima.

Mission Miscellany.

Some of the children of Chemulpo (Korea) and elsewhere pay the mission five cents a month for their schooling.

An American travelling in the Far East is authority for the statement that there is at least one Irishman in the Japanese army. This traveller was struck with the appearance of a red-haired soldier in Tokyo, and on inquiry learned the awful truth.

It must be trying for a bishop to keep a solemn face when he is confronted, as one of our missionary bishops was recently, with a committee, a spokesman, and such glittering words as these:











If the reverend highness of his holy will would kindly consider this humble petition we will be very thankful, joyful, and contented. But if his holy prudence will not permit, thy will be done and we are still your obedient sheep. For it is written: Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

The ordinary uniform of a missionary in Borneo and China includes a can of condensed milk for the babies that may be thrust upon one's care any moment of the day, perhaps many hours journey from the nearest nursery.

Condensed milk is used, of course, because the babies are so tiny.

We have occasionally wondered whether the baby of a wild parent of Borneo bawls in the

same key as a Yankee youngster. To settle our misgivings we are thinking of sending a dictaphone with our first band of missionaries, to collect records of infant howls in the Far East. These records, classified according to nationalities, would constitute one of the most interesting and deadly sections of our museum.

六 	一 
七 	二 
八 	三 
九 	四 
十 	五 

The Mystery of the Laundry Ticket

is hereby solved. In the above table, beginning on the right and reading down, you have the Chinese numerals from one to ten; and any disciple of Sherlock Jones who cannot henceforth decipher his laundry ticket should disguise himself as a little wooden Indian, and cancel his subscription to THE FIELD AFAR.

Kind Friend Indeed:

We submit a need. An up-to-date apostle in a far-off pagan land, has asked us for a Missal of the twentieth century brand. No, not "missile," unless you want to throw a gold brick at us. He is reading Mass now out of a book that Columbus would have treasured as an antique, and his "turn" for a new edition won't come for 57 years. In the meantime, should

anyone in the audience be willing to donate Father a Missal, we shall see that it is delivered.

Need No. 2. A missionary wants a watch for his curate. The request is simple enough, but what a tragedy may underlie it! Does Father oversleep for dinner? Perhaps he boiled the eggs too hard! Is he late in taking up the pewrent? Or does he merely want to stand in with the village chief? Whatever the reason, Father needs a watch, and he shall have one, if it comes our way. As no model is specified, any will do. A gold one, or silver, railroad or A. D. T., eight-day reliable or stop-look-and-listen, anchored with a chain, or handcuffed—it matters not, just so it be a watch, for the curate of the pastor of the church of the mission in the little African jungle.

*Take it up tenderly, handle with care,
Break the shell gently, give it some air;
Scramble confusedly, egg of an eel,
Saltlessly gobbled—a missionary's meal.*

Regarding the Frontispiece.

Sr. Mary is evidently a daughter of Erin. She writes:

St. Patrick has fine churches in America, but in China not even a chapel. That is all going to be remedied soon now, for the site of an ancient pagoda has been bought and the work of building begun.

We have written many letters and prayed many prayers, and do you know how much has been given to us so far? Three pounds for St. Patrick's picture, and two pounds to buy the ground and build his Chapel! So you must pray hard for the parish of St. Patrick in O-zi.

It is a great grace to be sent to China, and I appreciate it more and more after eighteen years here. We have orphans, children of Christian parents, hospital and dispensary work, babies to be baptized, and catechumens to be instructed.

To be called to spread the Faith even indirectly is a privilege, is it not? And here we have many consolations, for our Christians are wonderfully fervent.

This good Sister is redoubling her prayers as "the Seventeenth" approaches. Will you help St. Patrick to reward her faith?

There is some food for thought in this letter from Fr. Kroot, a Mill Hill Hollander in India:

Every morning and evening I see passing by my house a long procession of nicely dressed boys, marching four abreast, and similar groups of girls, all neat and clean and orderly. They are children of the lowest and poorest class, who are going to and from their school at the American Baptist Mission. These children—about five hundred in number—have been gathered from the surrounding villages as the most promising products of the primary schools which the Baptist Mission conducts in each.

They have come to headquarters for their advanced studies. Here they are well fed and comfortably housed in fine establishments, one for the boys and one for the girls, with large playgrounds attached. Opposite my house is a similar institution run by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Then consider the fact that we have not a single school and are obliged to send our children to the pagan school!

The above-mentioned work of the Protestants has all been accomplished in from twenty to thirty years, and has won for them in this district about twenty-five thousand converts. Now what have we to show? There have been Catholic Christians in this district for the last two hundred years, yet they do not number more than one thousand!

With the men and the means we could do a great deal more than we are able to do at present. This is the idea which should be driven home to the Catholics of America and the Continent. For the time being we are put out of the race by the Protestant sects, not less than forty-three of whom have cleverly parcelled out in spheres the whole of India, so that their differences may not be noticed or their work overlap or clash.

We cannot fathom God's counsels. What is the meaning of these poor ignorant people who have no way of testing the truth being led into error? Well may we pray that the Sacred Heart of Jesus, so deeply wounded by four hundred years of secession and opposition to His Church, may soon be consoled by the downfall of this dreadful and insidious enemy.

If you wish to hang on your wall a very attractive colored print—about a foot square—of Fr. Paul Michi, a Japanese martyr, we will forward it to you on receipt of twenty-five cents.

In Their Honor.

A DOMINANT note in the character of the men and women who have raised up great works for God is the world-wide-ness of their hearts. Each chose a special corner of the vineyard for labor, but all yearned to have Christ known and loved by every soul on earth. So it is with particular pleasure that we, who have chosen to cast our nets for pagan souls, find the devoted followers of the great leaders co-operating with the works at Maryknoll as a means of showing their appreciation of the apostolic desires of their founders, and honoring them by founding Burses in their name.

A glance at our Burse list will show that many religious orders are represented. The notes below, from three different congregations of women, mark the beginnings of three new Burses and suggest a most worthy form of mission effort to other congregations throughout this great country of ours.

In each case, the \$100 necessary to place the Burse on the list has been given.

From a wearer of the White Cornette:

"I have long hoped to see a Burse founded in honor of our holy father, St. Vincent de Paul. Surely, if all the Sisters of Charity in the United States would work for the Burse it would not take long to complete it. I find that all—Sisters and friends—to whom I have spoken about it are interested, and I am sure that when the Burse cards are ready, donations will come in quickly."

MARYKNOLL CARD GAMES.

Interesting and fascinating.

May be played alone or with a number of friends.

Trumps—little sacrifices and self-denials.

Stakes—immortal souls.

Particularly appropriate for Lent.

Send for a set with full directions.

The Field Afar Office, Ossining, N. Y.

From Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur:

"Some Cincinnati pupils of Notre Dame wish to begin a Burse to be called the Blessed Julia Billiard Burse, and they sincerely hope that the thousands of pupils of the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur in the United States will respond with generous contributions, so that the \$5,000 mark will soon be reached."

From a Visitation convent:

"Blessed Margaret Mary, the Beloved Disciple of the Sacred Heart, was chosen by Our Lord to make known to the world the necessity and the efficacy of Reparation, and we, her humble clients, desiring to spread this spirit of Reparation, are sending one hundred dollars towards a Burse for the support of a priest who will devote himself to this work."

"If the Visitandines of the United States and their pupils will co-operate, we feel sure the Burse will be completed before the canonization of Blessed Margaret Mary, in May or June."



THE MARIA CIRCLES.

Circle No. 4 of Cumberland, Md., was very active in manufacturing the "Little Red Stockings" last Christmas. A share in the results reached Maryknoll, in the form of a check for \$41.70, received through the pastor of St. Patrick's Church.

The Maria Circle of St. Joseph's Pawtucket, R. I., sends the generous sum of \$25 and promises greater activity for the coming months. A remembrance in prayer is asked for one of its members, Miss Genevieve Martin, who died recently after years of suffering and who, during her illness, had worked and prayed untiringly for th foreign missions.

Seven High School girls of New

Bedford have organized a Maryknoll Circle—the Phi Alpha Gamma Girls—which promises well. Each member is to distribute monthly one or more Mite Boxes, and to collect the contents of these at stated periods. Whist parties are also on the program. The first returns from this active group aggregate \$255, which is to be devoted to the Fall River Diocese Burse.

"We have more than twenty-five members, but since every one wanted to do something how could I say no?" writes the organizer of the new St. Teresa Circle in neighboring Tarrytown. And she goes on to give this account of the first meeting:

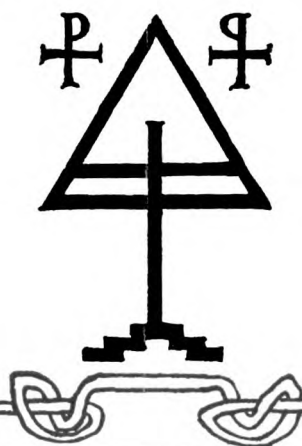
The night was a beautiful slippery one, but twenty or more slipped to the meeting, which surely was a good beginning and showed a real live interest. We opened with prayers. I read the account sent, and collected ten cents from each member as dues. Three paid for pins and ten more are ordering them. All the girls are very enthusiastic and have promised to pray daily for the missions, and to collect stamps, tinfoil, and old papers which we shall sell.

The Immaculate Conception Circle of Brooklyn, New York, continues to manifest the same generous zeal that marked its beginning.

During the Christmas holidays this Circle had a Mass said, at which all its members received Holy Communion for the work at Maryknoll and especially for the successful mission and safe return of Maryknoll's Superior from the Far East. Their Christmas gift for the Christ Child has already netted \$30. A recent mail brought a goodly pile of towels from them, and they are now giving some valuable and needed clerical service.

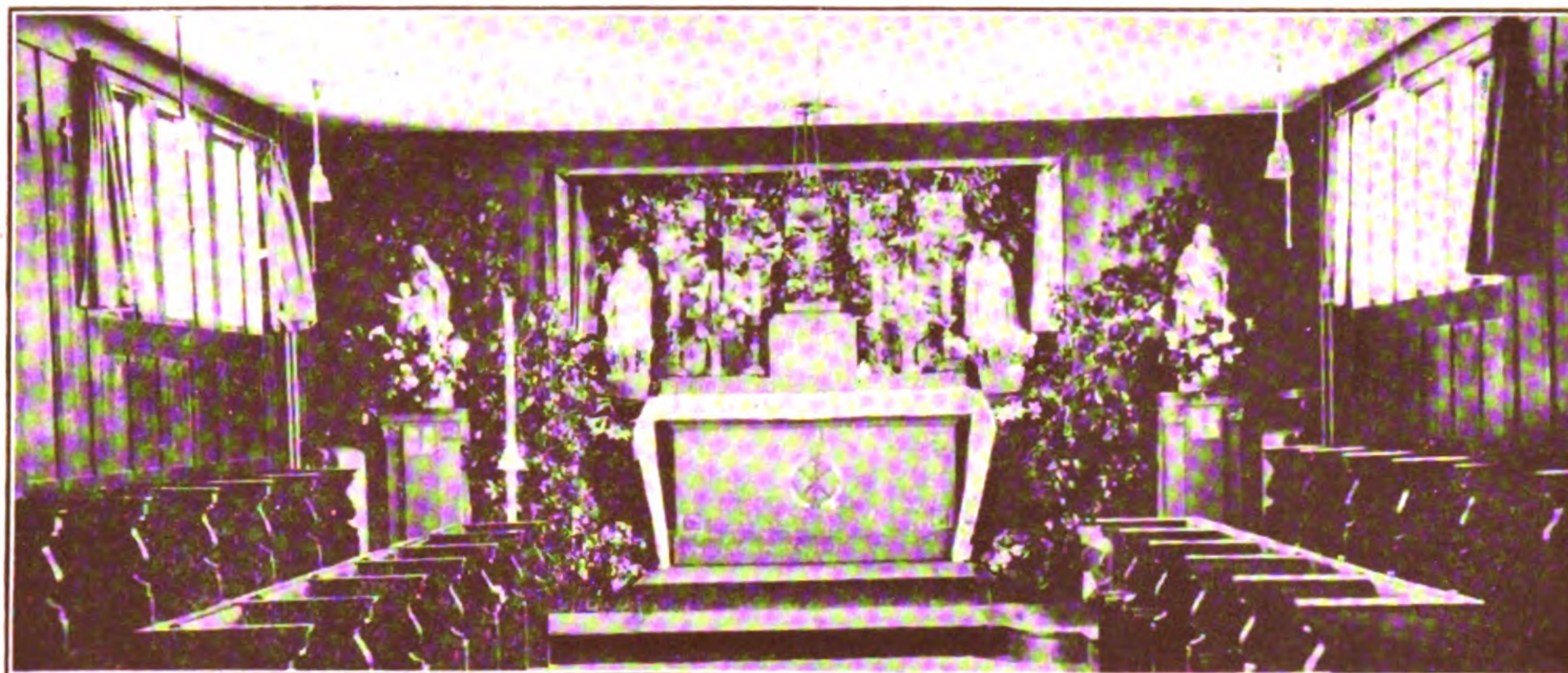
Another interested Circle is working in Brookline, Mass., and a supply of altar linens, purchased with their sacrifice money and made at the meetings, was gratefully received at Maryknoll.

THE FIELD AFAR



A BEAUTY-PATCH NEAR SHANGHAI.

VOL. XII. No. 4 ✕ APRIL, 1918 ✕ PRICE 10 CENTS



T H E H E A R T O F M A R Y K N O L L .

THE Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America is located on a slightly hill overlooking the Hudson River, about thirty miles north of New York City. The place is called, in honor of the Blessed Virgin, *Maryknoll*. The Seminary is under the direction of secular priests who have been organized as the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. Their object is to train priests for missions to the heathen and to help arouse the Catholics of our country to a clearer appreciation of their duty towards this particular need. The Seminary has at present a faculty of ten priests, twenty-five students of Philosophy and Theology, and ten auxiliary-brothers.

The movement was set on foot by Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, and the then Apostolic Delegate, Cardinal Falconio. It was approved by the Council of Archbishops at Washington, April 27, 1911, and authorized by Pope Pius X. at Rome, on the Feast of the Apostles SS. Peter and Paul, June 29, of the same year.

On July 15, 1915, the young Society received from Rome the Degree of Praise, and was placed directly under the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. It is incorporated in New York State and is under the spiritual jurisdiction of His Eminence John Cardinal Farley, who is Honorary President of the Corporation. The corporate name of the Society is: Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

In September, 1916, it opened at Clark's Green, Pa., in the diocese of Scranton, a preparatory house of studies with the corporate title of the Vénard Apostolic School. Here thirty-seven youths are following high school and college courses under the direction of six professors, five of whom are priests.

In September, 1917, the Maryknoll Procure of San Francisco was opened. This will serve as a half-way house for our missionaries on their way to the Far East, and will be the center of C. F. M. S. activities on the Pacific Coast.

TRINITY COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C.—A Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women. Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur. For particulars address **THE SECRETARY.**

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THE FIELD AFAR

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

DILIGENTIBVS DEVM OMNIA
COOPERANTVR IN BONVM



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

ENTERED AT POST-OFFICE, OSSINING, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Volume Twelve
Number Four

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Twelve Issues Yearly

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the Society.

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THE FIELD AFAR is the official organ of
the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary.
Checks and other payments may be
forwarded to the Very Rev. James A.
Walsh. Advertising rates will be sent
upon application.

"*THY Kingdom come*"—i. e.,
"May all men come to know
Thee, the One true God, and
Him Whom Thou has sent,
Jesus Christ."

Such is our daily prayer.

Actions speak louder than
words and are the true test of
sincerity.

Do we say the "Our Father"
sincerely?

Some day He will ask us.
What answer shall we be able to
give?

* *

THERE has been a gratifying
unification of our national
forces since our boys have
reached the Front. Co-operation
is felt to be the secret of ultimate
success, and a ready response to
the call of the K. of C. and the
Red Cross needs argues a unity
of purpose and a courage for
sacrifices that will prevail over
difficulties.

Soon, too, "our boys" will be
on the Chinese front. In a short
time, as the Church of the Ages
measures time, our Catholic
young men, with the power of
Christ's anointed and the en-
thusiasm of pioneers, will throw
up the first line of trenches in
America's modest portion of
God's heathendom.

The Maryknoll cantonment has
been quietly drilling her men for
the front and when she sends
them forth it will be with the
conviction, born of experience,
that nation-wide Catholic co-op-
eration will loyally stand behind
them in their momentous task.

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It is systematic, consistent aid
that ensures success, and foreign
missions must enter into our
daily life and be reckoned as an
essential by all Catholics, in order
to win to the Church God's neg-
lected "no man's land"—China.

* *

WHILE it is hardly correct to
say, "The new field will
probably be near Canton," we
nevertheless indulge the hope
that the Sacred College of Prop-
aganda in Rome will soon assign
a definite sphere of work for mis-
sioners from Maryknoll.

It is always the beginnings that
are difficult, and those who are
well acquainted with Maryknoll
know that if its first missionary
has yet to leave for pagan lands,
this delay is due not at all to lack
of eagerness on the part of our
aspirant missionaries, but to the
stern necessity of building up a
complete and reliable organiza-
tion at home, so that the founda-
tion of America's missionary en-
terprise might be strong, effec-
tive, and enduring. Faculties had
to be supplied at both the Mary-
knoll Seminary and the prepara-
tory school near Scranton. A
constant propaganda had to be

carried on to arouse and maintain interest in foreign missions—to the Catholics of America, unlike their European brothers, a new duty, and one in which they have not been educated since childhood. Again, it was imperative that this training school for future missionaries should be placed immediately on as firm a financial basis as possible, to avoid the necessity later on of having to turn away any who might wish to devote their lives to the cause of foreign missions.

Last month's FIELD AFAR gave a sketch of the wonderful growth that has blessed the work since its inception five years ago. Under the very evident hand of Divine Providence, the size and stability of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America is now such as to warrant our sending out the first band of missionaries, with the realization that we can supply a constant material endorsement to their efforts with out in any way compromising the efficiency of the work at home, namely, training more fresh recruits for the ranks abroad.

✦ ✦

For many of us, the want of sympathy for mission work is due to want of knowledge.—Rev. P. C. Danner.

PITTSBURGH interest in Maryknoll has been as constant as it has been generous. Since the Mission Aid Society of that diocese first encouraged our work with a thousand dollar gift five years ago, every February has brought a further manifestation of its most Catholic spirit of charity.

The amount of the original gift has been increased until doubled—as evidenced by a recent check for two thousand dollars. The generous co-operation of this finely organized diocese has proved a very material aid to Maryknoll's progress and has been a most encouraging approval of our efforts to supply missionaries to pagan peoples. Needless to say we are deeply grateful.

IN the death of Archbishop Prendergast of Philadelphia Maryknoll has lost a very dear friend and a kind benefactor. Archbishop Prendergast had that truly Catholic spirit which reached far beyond the confines of his immediate diocese to embrace the spiritual welfare of the Church Universal, and he regarded the spread of the true Faith among the pagans with an interest and a concern second only to that with which he watched over the particular flock entrusted to his paternal care.

A few years ago it would have seemed presumptuous to expect the growth actually attained by his diocesan branch of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, which during the past year had such a splendid record. There is every reason to believe that the efficiency of management of this society will perpetuate the impulse given it by the late Archbishop, by maintaining the diocese of Philadelphia in the front ranks of the Church Apostolic.

Doubtless it is incorrect to say that Maryknoll has "lost" a friend, for surely he who was so interested in our work while he was on earth will continue to watch over its progress and remain its spiritual father.

✦ ✦

THE less a society is engaged with enemies at home, the more energy it may devote to activities abroad," opined the optimistic missionary, reaching for his pipe. "In objecting to certain menacing features of Socialism as un-Christian and immoral, the Church was facing a long domestic struggle with this system, whose good points have no stronger advocate. Such a conflict would necessarily distract the shepherds of the faithful from overmuch attention to pastures in pagan lands.

"What I'm wondering now is,

whether Mars hasn't played a trick on the Socialistic dragon, and drawn his best teeth.

"Beyond any doubt, the sole attraction in the Socialistic platform for many, if not the majority, of its adherents lies in a few choice economic planks. To its moral or religious views they attend not at all. Thousands of votes have been gained by such appealing battle-cries as 'Government ownership' (of everything but the Government, which must be owned by the people), 'Let the Government lower the service hours and raise the wages; let it own the big production and disown the big producer.'

"And now, it really is beginning to look as if Mars were going to carry off the bacon. Government ownership of railways has already been inaugurated. National control of waterfalls, coal and metal mines, and large power plants, is being seriously discussed by those higher up; federal wage determination, for major industries at least, seems inevitable—and the martial momentum may speedily carry us further into Uncle Sam's arms than was dreamed of in thy sophistry, Pugnacio.

"After the war, shall all be restored as before? Doubtless we shall have found Uncle Sam the best master, and decide to retain him as Boss during good behavior.

"The anarchist will of course continue to rave about the land of the free and the pay of the brave, but Mr. Hoi Polloi, already enjoying a fair share of the blessings for which he became a Socialist, will return to the party from whence he sprung.

"The ranks of the radical 'reformers' being thus weakened, the Church militant will be freer to dispatch proportionately greater forces for pagan conquest."

So saying, the optimistic ruminator refilled the pipe, and having repeated his opening remark as a final anthem, crowned it hopefully with rings of velvet smoke.

"Train Up a Child."

"Behold, I say to you, lift up your eyes, and see the countries; for they are white already to harvest."—John iv. 36.

IT would be difficult to misunderstand this injunction and its implied duty, sent down through the ages by Our Divine Saviour, and yet how few heed it. We lift up our eyes and we see the countries, Asia, Africa, and the islands of the seas, teeming with souls and white to harvest. Then our eyes wander back to the homeland with its own needs, and there they usually stay fixed.

But there are always truly Catholic souls, ingeniously striving to fulfill God's slightest wish, souls whose love is universal and whose eyes rest with tender solicitude on the whitening fields. They may not go themselves to reap, but they can make the harvesting possible and easier for those few whom the Master has chosen, who are working against such odds today when even the remotest mission is affected by the war which has cut off supplies of men and means.

"It is a plain duty to aid foreign missions and I don't see how Catholics can get away from it. And the only way to bring this home to Catholics is to train the children to a knowledge and love of mission work."

The speaker was a slip of a girl, and with that simple courage and devotion which have made women the delight of the Church she and a single companion have within a few weeks started a work which promises to be great. Armed only with the sense of a duty to be fulfilled, an intense love for souls, and a package of prints on which appears a prayer from the Mass for the Propagation of the Faith, they have already visited fifty-four of the parochial schools, academies, and colleges in New York City, and gained the willing consent of the



BL. FRANCIS DE CAPILLAS, O.P.,
PROTOMARTYR OF CHINA.

Superiors to have that prayer recited by the children.

Thousands of prayers are thus being offered for the missions, and God alone knows the fruit they are bearing. A vocation may be born, souls saved, missionaries encouraged, and works supported, because of them. And meanwhile, children are learning to think of and love the missions, which will afford them models of heroic sacrifice and zealous faith.

See that before you make an end of resolving, life itself does not end.—St. Alphonsus to a friend.

A Gilt Edge Investment.

FIVE minutes after dying, some people would make their will over again, had they the chance.

They see things then in a different light.

They realize better the value of what is eternal, and how noble is that work which aims at bringing an appreciation of this value to others.

The trouble is, they are too late in realizing it.

Of course, you are not going to be one of this number. You realize now that only that happi-

ness is really worth while which is enduring. And, not being miserly, you want other people to have that happiness as well as yourself.

Therefore, when you make your will, you are going to do your bit towards teaching the ignorant pagans that there is a lasting happiness and how to attain it.

Later on, their gratitude will be for you a very part of Heaven: while He Who died for the world cannot forget your response to His command, "Teach all nations."

Now it often happens that a flying wedge of lawyers tackle a last testament, and, by the time the relatives gather up what remains, the "will" of the deceased has been twisted into a "won't" quite opposed to his desire.

To give the would-be benefactors of Maryknoll the moral certainty of compliance with their will, the *Annuity* plan has been devised, whereby an intended legacy is invested "in Maryknoll," instead of "in oil" or "in iron," and, like any gilt-edge bond, brings a regular interest to the annuitant for life.

Many of our friends, among the clergy as well as the laity, have adopted this method of helping along the cause, are receiving regularly a five per cent return on their annuity, and have the assurance that on their death the principal will automatically go towards the very work that God became man and died for, namely, bringing to men's grasp the only true, enduring happiness.

In what nobler work could the fruits of one's labor be employed—and immortalized?

Stories from The Field Afar

(160 Pages - 17 Illustrations)

Field Afar Tales

(170 Pages - 16 Illustrations)

Each 50 Cents Postage Extra

The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the farthest ends of the world missionaries as zealous as those which landed in Kent with Augustine, and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila.—Macaulay—Essay on Ranke's History of Popes.



NEW edition—the sixth—of *A Modern Martyr* has just been ordered. The continued popularity of this tale of the labors and sufferings of an apostle of our own day, which has been in demand not only in our country and Europe but even in the distant mission fields themselves, is explained by such tributes as the following:

I received *A Modern Martyr* a week ago, and must say that after I had read the beginning I could not lay it down until I had read also the middle and the end.

During our retreat, I read your life of Blessed Theophane. I found it so fascinating that I passed it on to other priests. I intend to have the Sister in our highest grade read it to her children this year.

Words cannot express my appreciation of *A Modern Martyr*. I never knew of foreign missions before, and until this book was given me by Fr. B. was entirely ignorant of the sacrifices that are being made during the present time for our Faith. I have given the book to a friend and will endeavor to interest as many others as possible.

A Modern Martyr is one of the most beautiful, stirring, and edifying books I have ever read. It should be in all seminaries, and above all in the hands of every priest. Theophane Vénard is a saint we can imitate, a child of our own times, from that beautiful country which has given so many martyrs to the Church.

More than one vocation to the priesthood has been discovered through the reading of this biography.



Chips From

The Pioneer's Log. (Fr. Superior's Knolligram.)

WE reached Chenting-fu towards four o'clock, and as the train sped away from us I began to realize that I was getting at the heart of China. Outside the station there were several men waiting for passengers, but they were not chauffeurs, nor hack-drivers, nor even rickshaw pullers. Each was as proud of his equipment as if it had been a New York limousine, yet the equipment was the two-wheeled springless covered cart that is well-known to every Bishop and priest travelling in China. I felt like walking, as I looked at the roadless expanse of humps leading to the walled city about a mile distant. Off we journeyed, behind a little donkey whose driver let us down gently into the holes by the simple pressure of his hand on the donkey's back. We reached the city wall in about twenty minutes, but we had to travel another half mile before we arrived at the gate.

As we entered, I awoke to a realization that Chenting-fu is really a thousand years old. There were Chinese innumerable, with noise and mud enough to satisfy them all. We fell into a line of carts, wheeled around the enclosure, that looked now like a dungeon with its massive walls, and passed through a flooded area to the inner gate. Then we bumped along the main street—an unpaved alley about fourteen feet wide—until we could go no further, when we crawled out and walked away from the squalid houses into open fields that revealed the size of Chenting-fu with its eight miles of surrounding wall.

The Bishop pointed to a corner of the city wall, with the announcement that there was the Cathedral. Two towers, massive and dignified, crown the large well-proportioned church, which will accommodate more than a thousand persons. It is the work of a Lazarist Brother. The Cathedral is

solid, simply furnished, and, as usual in the north at this season, cold—but the faith of good priests, of holy virgins, of redeemed orphans, and of a simple people, keeps it warm enough to satisfy those who worship within its gray walls.

Bishop de Vienne is not much above forty. He is small of stature and thin, but his ideas are large, and I found at Chenting-fu an organization that surprised me. There were six or seven nationalities represented among the priests, and one could quickly sense an ideal community spirit, with the Bishop presiding as a necessary "first among equals." This was especially noticeable at recreation, which was taken in a quaint Chinese house used on several occasions by the Emperor of China and deeded to the mission along with the land as indemnity for Boxer outrages. Like all other buildings here, this house rests on the ground and is floored with rough stones. Arm chairs are strung along on either side, and at the end of the two files is the Mandarin Lounge, where the Bishop places his mandarin guests with himself. The Bishop evidently considered me as good as the average mandarin, and I squatted on the throne as if I belonged there.

We began our visit of the compound at about eight-thirty the next morning, and it occupied the entire forenoon. There is hardly a phase of Catholic activity that is not exemplified in that walled corner of the walled city of Chenting-fu. Abandoned waifs, orphans, and outside pupils; old people; the blind; deaf-mutes; imbeciles; catechumens; the sick in the hospital or at the dispensary; work rooms where cloth, lace, and embroidery are produced—these are some of the activities at Chenting-fu.

The Sisters of Charity are here, happy in their work and in these restricted surroundings which might pall

on the many but are to these devoted souls their little world. The Sisters know of Maryknoll through *THE FIELD AFAR*, but especially through the interest taken by one of their number, who has recently been transferred to another station. This Sister is a member of a well-known English family, but she found real happiness at Chenting-fu, nursing the scores of repulsive-looking people and bearing patiently the difficult weather conditions and the thousand other trials incidental to mission life.

The Sisters try to keep up their establishment by gifts from friends and by the sale of embroidery, so as to leave the Bishop free to expand his diocesan work, and they succeed to a considerable extent, because their faith in God's Providence is strong and because economy is their constant watchword. I found here imbecile children picking over old cotton linings so that the good portions could be mixed with new cotton and so become serviceable. Blind women and children were engaged at the spinning-wheels, and about the only drones in the hive were some old men who had been picked up from the dumps, unable to even beg. I learned, too, that almost everything that appears on the table is raised in the compound—poultry, vegetables, milk for the infants, butter as a rare delicacy, rice, potatoes, and altar wine.

I am certain that I have not mentioned all of the varied works under the care of these Sisters of Charity, who number fourteen, including four Chinese nuns.

There is here also a novitiate for the Josephines, a community of women exclusively Chinese, whose spirit of poverty is deeply marked and whose labors in the outlying districts are very successful. No less than one-hundred-thirty of these good women are already enlisted in the vicariate.

We looked into the School of Languages and European Sciences, which sixty boys attend; paid a visit to the seminary, which has twenty young men in Philosophy or Theology; caught a glimpse of the Industrial School for orphan boys, where we saw an altar in construction; saw some of the Chinese Brothers—the Paulists, who number forty-six—engaged in manual labor; and visited the preparatory school, a couple of miles away. The professors of this school are three priests, a Hollander and two Chinese. The boys number one-hundred-twelve and are a bright-looking lot. On the way to this institution the Bishop pointed out a large tract of land covering several acres, for which he had paid twenty dollars a few years ago. This has already advanced con-

siderably in value and the planting of trees, in this region where timber is scarce, will enable the next generation to profit considerably by this investment of a few dollars.

The report of spiritual fruit in this vicariate is unusually good, the more so as the Bishop holds out no material advantages, such as the support of catechumens and the like. His mission has about 65,000 Christians. Last year there were baptized:

2,220 children of Christian parents.
946 adults.
50 adults at point of death.
20,072 pagan infants at point of death.
Communions of devotion during the year were 376,082.

On the train from Chenting-fu to Hankow I found that the steward of the dining-car was a Catholic, with a good command of French. He had noticed me with the Bishop, and when later I told him not to bring meat he smiled his recognition and told me all about himself. More than this—when he presented his bill he did so with hesitation, and remarked that it must cost money to travel so far and that he would be glad to pay for my meal himself. I record this as the first experience of the kind that I have met in many years of train travel. I thanked the good Chinaman and told him that an old friend had given me more than enough to meet the necessary expenses. Later he kept me informed of happenings—the passing during the night of car-loads of northern soldiers for the battle going on in the province of Hupeh, and other

minor events, including an engine wreck that kept us stalled in some rice fields for no less than seven hours.

After a day and a night I reached the principal Catholic church, one of three in Hankow proper. I ran into an American priest as I entered the house. He was a Franciscan who had been sent over to help his brethren by teaching English. He, too, had arrived the night before, after a journey of five hundred miles that took about three weeks, most of which time was spent in a small river boat.

As I vested for Mass, a blue-casocked server deftly put a Chinese mitre on my head. I immediately removed it, to the consternation of the boy, who had one of the same kind, though not quite so elaborately embroidered, on his own little cranium. He made appealing gestures, as if to tell me that I could not say Mass validly without the hat. Just then a priest came in and settled the difficulty by assuring me that it was the custom, even for visitors—and I bowed to the mitre. This hat is worn through Mass, even during the Elevation, and I understand that it was introduced some years ago in deference to mandarins and other notables, who were shocked to find Catholic priests so lacking in respect as to conduct their services bare-headed. In China the hat's the thing, even in church.

Before the morning sun had risen high, Fr. Sylvester Espelage came over



MAKING RICE FLOUR WITH THE SCRIPTURAL MILL-STONE.

the river from Wuchang, and I was particularly glad to see him. Fr. Espelage is an American Franciscan, one of the few who have left the United States for China. He visited Maryknoll a few years ago, and has been for many years a valued friend.

Bishops and priests have been invariably kind over here and I hope never to forget their brotherly attention. Fr. Espelage gave me much time during my few days stay at and near Hankow. He had with him an American Brother, who helps as English instructor in the college which Fr. Espelage is building up, and we four natives of the United States went out for an inspection of Chinese Hankow. Its streets were narrow and picturesque, and apparently filled with unoccupied thousands who enjoyed the sight of the "foreign gentlemen," as white people are called by those Chinese who do not prefer the term, "foreign devils."

Dinner with the priests of Hankow revealed another Catholic group, including at least four nationalities, Italian predominating. Conversation was carried on in English, French, Italian, Latin, and Chinese. Italian and Latin seem to be the ordinary languages of the house and Fr. Wang, a genial Chinese priest with a keen eye and a merry laugh, could speak both languages very fluently.

Early that afternoon we went down to the ferry, to cross to Wuchang. Hankow is sometimes called the Chicago of China, but it is known among the Chinese themselves as "the collecting place of nine provinces." We found the river full of steamers and junks, but our little boat was speedy, and in about twenty minutes we were on the other side of the great Yangtze and settled in rickshaws for an inspection of a city as unattractive as it is malodorous.

We turned into a maze of alleys, rocking over rough pavements until we reached the old city wall, alongside of which, in a prison since destroyed, had been confined Blessed John Gabriel Perboyre, who was martyred in this city with Blessed Clet in 1840. Fr. Perboyre was a Lazarist, whose physical sufferings and death bore a striking resemblance to those of Our Divine Lord. A little further along we came to an open space where, on a slight hillock, we found the place where Blessed Perboyre was executed. The spot is still used for executions. A few huts were near by, and we drew from these a curious group. On the ground were several coffins, and we were assured that these contained bodies, which, steeped in lime, were awaiting the lucky day when relatives or friends could afford to bury them.

Before reaching the Bishop's residence we turned into a Buddhist pagoda. We found ourselves in an extensive establishment and were fortunate enough to arrive just as the bonzes were conducting their exercises. They were grouped about an altar, before which candles were burning and above which was a statue of Buddha, the impassive one. The heads of all the monks were shaven



WHERE BL. GABRIEL PERBOYRE WAS MARTYRED.

(Fr. Espelage in center.)

and they were vested in tunics. They were rattling off Chinese at a very rapid pace, to the accompaniment of a tapping instrument which was almost perfectly mechanical. At the close of the exercises one of the bonzes remained, and Fr. Espelage at once put some questions to him—in excellent Chinese. We learned that some of these monks are single, others married. Some are poor, others well-to-do. Most of them understand very little of the prayers which they recite daily. In the rear of the temple is the monastery, a large room surrounded with sleeping benches. Outside are spacious gardens, cultivated by or under the direction of the bonzes.

Bishop Gennaro was working on the plan of an altar as we entered his room in the large rambling two-story house that means home to himself, to Fr. Espelage, and to the seminary professors. The Bishop was gracious and simple, and I accepted gladly his invitation to stay a day longer than planned.

The priests whom I met at dinner are like all the missionaries I have met so far, a bright, thoughtful set of men. Most of them are Italians, but one was a dear old Chinese priest, Fr. Francis Xavier Tch'en, who made his course in Italy, where later he had been a professor. His face beamed with kindness and intelligence.

On Monday, with Fr. Espelage as guide, I visited a new convent where a community of Chinese virgins, who until recently had lived each in her own house, was being formally in-

augurated by the Bishop. After the ceremony we met these Chinese nuns, and the impression I carried away was that of a very happy community, who could combine a sense of humor with serious work.

Later Fr. Espelage took me to a forum where a young Chinese orator was talking on the various resources of this great country. Such orators are many, and are in the service of the Government. If all audiences are to be judged by that which we saw, it will take a long time to impress the Chinese with new ideas.

I have seen at close range very little Protestant mission enterprise since I came to the Far East, although I know that it is extensive, and that no less than twenty millions of dollars are expended yearly to make it a success.

In Hankow I looked into Boone College, which is under the American Episcopalians. Fr. Espelage was with me and the Director took us through the Divinity School and over the grounds. The atmosphere was that of a well-kept private college in America, with a grouping of excellent buildings—dormitories, recitation halls, laboratory, library, assembly-room, gymnasium—ball-field, flower-bordered paths and lawns.

This institution from a material point of view makes the school over which Fr. Espelage presides look small and poorly-equipped. Fr. Espelage has one-hundred-twenty pupils and his college, which is making rapid strides, is recognized by the Government and is beginning to attract the attention of pagan parents as well as of those Christians who can afford to educate their sons. But Fr. Espelage has too much work to do and he should get sufficient men and means from his home country. English-speaking teachers are needed, and Franciscans in the United States are in a position to advance this important college to a high place among the educational centers of China. Too

Today the hour has struck for the gathering of the harvest that has been ripening through the centuries, and especially during the last two decades. Never was there a time in the history of China when hopes have so quickly blossomed in hundreds of thousands of converts from paganism. In fifteen years the number of baptized Catholics has doubled—the 700,000 have increased to 1,800,000.—Rev. John J. Dunn.

many Catholic mission enterprises lack support and fail to develop because their needs are not properly impressed on the stay-at-homes. The push that this young college needs should be given it without delay.

The students at Boone College pay for tuition and board, but scholarships provide for the poorer ones. The roster is over three hundred. A large band composed of students was at rehearsal on one of the lawns, and I am sure that their proficiency must have brought a shade of green into the eyes of Fr. Sylvester, who has been at his wit's end to scrape up some money to form a similar organization at his school.

Another Protestant institution at Wuchang is St. Hilda's School for

for such unfortunates. Occasionally he imagines that he is the Bishop, and imparts pontifical blessings, but that does not seem to get on the nerves of those who see him daily and I cannot but admire the charity of those who provide for such unfortunates. Every mission orphanage has its share of idiots, some of them once-abandoned waifs who have been brought up and will remain until death under the protection of other Christs and other Marys, who so nobly represent their Master in these remote fields.

On Wednesday I went to Hankow, where my most profitable visit was to the house of the Canossian Daughters of Charity. These Sisters were

are handicapped for lack of native born English-speaking teachers and would gladly welcome a few years of service from a capable and well-recommended American Catholic woman—an excellent opportunity for some good soul who is not afraid of a long ocean voyage and a far-away home.

The next day I saw in operation a typical mission dispensary. Fully a hundred people—men, women and children—were at the dispensary door when I went again to the hospital. Inside were six young Chinamen, all in long white ties with sleeves rolled up ready for the fray. At a signal the patients were speedily classified, and treatment according to the nature of the complaint was administered by the Sisters or their Chinese attendants. The medicine bill must run up to a heavy figure, but no one is turned away.

Shortly before my departure that afternoon I went over to the Canossian Sisters again, and was rewarded with a collection of excellent photographs and a deeper insight into the fine spirit of the Italian community, which should be known in our own country.

As the Superioress and her assistant accompanied me to the door we found in the corridor two hampers, over which two elderly Chinese women attendants were watching. The Superioress asked a few questions, and, lifting the cloth from one of the baskets, disclosed three tiny infants, remarking to me as she did so that they had been brought in while we were talking. A fourth was in the second basket, and the Sisters lifted each little bundle of humanity out to get a light on its little face. They were, as usual, all girls. Two were weaklings and two seemed strong. The Sister was prepared to place out immediately with nursing mothers two, who should first, however, be baptized, and then and there, on her request, I baptized both—one Mary, the other Ann.

Two-thousand-two-hundred-fifty of these little ones have been left at the door of the Canossian Sisters in Hankow this year. A large number have gone to God, the others are in the care of respectable women—Christians and pagans—who come every month to make their report and to receive their meagre pay—a few cents. When between two and three years old, these waifs will join the happy groups of orphans whom I had seen the day before.

The Sisters, who live daily from hand to mouth, with faith in God's bounty and the charity of Jesus Christ



BP. REYNAUD OF CHE-KIANG WITH HIS SEMINARISTS.

Girls, which is an offshoot of Boone College. This school occupies one large building and several smaller houses. It is well-built, but quite simple in its furnishings. One of the principal attractions of both of these schools is the opportunity they offer to study under English-speaking teachers. We were very kindly received at both establishments, and at St. Hilda's discovered that one of the professors had recently visited Maryknoll in company with a Catholic friend.

On our return to the Bishop's house I noticed in the corridor an insane man, whom I had remarked before about the premises. I learned that he is harmless, and is allowed to live within the church precincts because here in China there are no asylums

founded a little more than 100 years ago by a titled Italian lady of Canossa.

I had seen a few of them in Wuchang, but only for a moment. Their work, like that of the Sisters of Charity in Peking and Chenting-fu, seemed endless in its variety and remarkable in achievement. It included an orphanage, a "Holy Infancy," a hospital, schools for the poor, a catechumenate, an English school for well-to-do Chinese girls, a boarding-school for European girls, a European hospital, a Chinese hospital, and a dispensary. Nearly all of these works are on a considerable scale and the Sisters are struggling hard, with their small force to keep them up, although since the beginning of the war they have received no recruits from Italy. In both of the English schools they

in their hearts, accept joyfully the added burdens of each day, glad in the reflection that they themselves are instrumental in the regeneration of so many souls, begotten or abandoned in sin and made fit for Heaven.

That night I took a boat for Shanghai. Five of the priests walked down to the dock with me, and as I parted with them I felt that I was the better for my stay among the Franciscans at Hankow.

My steamer was an English one, spacious and well-arranged. There were two classes, white and Chinese, and in the white class there were only three passengers—all men—so that I found myself for all practical purposes in a first-class private yacht. The Chinese below were never visible from the upper deck, but when occasionally I passed their quarters it seemed as if they numbered hundreds. There was also much freight, cotton especially, which in huge bales had been carried into the holds on the backs of a swarm of coolies.

The captain and my two fellow-passengers were British—two Scotch and one English—and we four made a cozy family. One of the Scotchmen paid a high tribute to the Sisters' hospital at Hankow, where he had experienced "care that could not have been better."

The next morning we made a long stop at Kiu-kiang, which gave me a much desired opportunity to visit the Cathedral and also to meet two English-speaking Sisters of Charity at the hospital. Bishop Fatiguet, a Lazarist, was away but his procurator received me cordially and brought me to the Seminary, where I found among the professors marked and sympathetic interest in America's new venture.

Sister Vincent McCarthy, who is Superior at the hospital, is a native of Cork, Ireland, and has been long years in China. The other English-speaking Sister has been there over twenty years and belongs to one of the best known families of England. At their request we visited the orphanage, where I found again work-rooms, schools, catechumenate, hospital, and dispensary, under the direction of Sisters of Charity.

"OUR MISSIONARY LIFE IN INDIA"

By

REV. JOSEPH CARROLL, O.S.F.C.
Miss. Ap., Allahabad, India
8vo., 460 pp. Postpaid, 75 cents.

On one of the mountains above Kiu-Kiang is a well-known summer resort—Kuling—to which more than twelve hundred whites go yearly to get away from the summer heat. A great section of the summer community is made up of Protestant missionaries and their families, who, I understand, practically "shut up shop" in the summer. This summer exodus of ministers to Kuling and elsewhere is much commented on in the Far East, but the average minister must look out for the health of his family,



EENY, MEENY, AND MINY-MO.

and if his flock can be provided for his point of view can be appreciated. The strongest criticism comes from the fact that provision is not always made to replace the absent shepherd.

I asked an old Sister of Charity why her Order did not provide in the hills a sanatorium for those members of the community who needed toning up, and she looked at me aghast. I insisted, however, that it was the sensible thing to do, and her only reply was, "What would people think of us?" I suggested then that the Sisters should provide in some healthful spot a sanatorium for the laity, reserving a few rooms for the needs of their own invalids, but I fear that I spoke in vain—if, in fact, I did not shock again. I believe that some missionary priests have a house at Kuling, but I did not get full data on this.

Towards noon, on Saturday, No-

vember 24, we passed along the quays of Shanghai, whose long line of modern buildings marks this city as the New York of China.

As I stood at the rail with a companion, a layman on the wharf was apparently trying to attract our attention. After some moments I discovered that my humble self, as a Chinaman might say and not think, was the object signalled. The signaller was Mr. Carroll, the Irishman, who, at Kobe in Japan, had pulled me out of a tight fix. He had come down to give me "a hundred thousand welcomes"—and before I left Shanghai he had practically succeeded.

The Fathers of the Paris Seminary Procure were also at the wharf, and before long I was on my way to Route Père Robert, a fine avenue named after one of Maryknoll's good friends who for many years was a resident of Shanghai. I had not met a priest of the Paris Society since leaving Mukden, and although I had received much kindness from the Lazarists and Franciscans I found myself especially at home in the Paris Society's Procure.

The house is commodious and the grounds extensive and attractive. Fr. Sallou is in charge, with Fr. Jere as assistant. These priests arrange for the needs of the several missions entrusted to their Society, administer the Society's funds and investments, and edit a daily paper, *L'Echo de Chine*.

At the table, at the mid-day meal, I found a French soldier, who turned out to be a missionary from Yunnan on garrison duty at Shanghai. Fr. Jere also is obliged to put on his soldier's uniform periodically and present himself for service at the barracks.

Sunday morning Fr. Jere took me out for my first inspection of Shanghai. It was hard to realize that we were in China as we entered broad thoroughfares lined with attractive residences such as one might find in any large city of America.

Our first visit was to St. Mary's Hospital, a few minutes away on the Route Père Robert. The grounds are large and the buildings, though recent, already numerous and well-equipped. Sister Xavier O'Sullivan is here, an Irish nun who has labored many years in China and noted great changes in her day. I did not see her on this occasion, as she had been on duty during the night and was taking a well-earned rest, but Sister Gertrude, also English-speaking, was in active service and glad to meet an American priest. We found also at the hospital a priest from Korea who had passed through Nagasaki just before my arrival there. He looked



THIS AGED CATECHIST HAS CONVERTED AN ENTIRE ISLAND.

very ill and I could not but regret that he had to come so long a distance before getting the care that he needed, but there are no Catholic hospitals in Korea or Japan.

After leaving the hospital we visited Aurora University. This, too, is new—an off-shoot of the Jesuit establishment at Sicawei—and it marks an important step by Catholics in the direction of higher education. The University grounds are ample and the few buildings already erected are of a permanent kind. Courses have been begun and students from several sections of the province occupy the first dormitory. Of these students some are pagan. The Christians have their own separate quarters but mingle with pagan students at recreation. The Aurora is within the limits of the French Concessions and the language generally used in the school is French. Several with whom I spoke at Shanghai are of the opinion that the Aurora will develop more rapidly if it introduces more largely the English language as a vehicle of teaching.

This language question is difficult. The Chinese have much to learn and are anxious to learn from other nations. Text-books, however, are not to be found in their own language and technical terms are practically impossible to translate, so that some modern language is necessary in the education of Chinese students. Which should it be? In some subjects English would be most practical, in others some of the Continental languages. Which of the languages foreign to China is for all practical purposes the best today, and which will be the longer needed before China can stand alone?

This is the question, and the Catholic missionary should view it with absolute impartiality. It is easier to continue the use of one's tongue and it is pleasant to feel that the foreigner can speak it. Patriotism also suggests the

desirability of making one's tongue familiar to others, but in spreading the Word of God no one of these considerations will influence the true Catholic.

The Fathers at the Aurora were most courteous and I was sorry to have seen so little of them, but we were headed for St. Joseph's, where Bishop Paris resides, and the morning was advancing. Our electric car arrived just as the congregation was leaving the church. I ran into Mr. C. with a group of young men—American, English, and Irish—and the complexion of the entire congregation impressed me with the idea that I was not in China at all but in some English-speaking country. I learned during the day that at Shanghai there are fully a thousand English-speaking Catholics, without counting the Portuguese, all of whom speak English.

Fr. Kennelly, S.J., of Sicawei, outside of the city, preaches at St. Joseph's in English every other Sunday, but every English-speaking Catholic whom I met deplored the lack of some English-speaking priest or priests to guard more closely and to enter more fully into the life of the English-speaking Catholic body in Shanghai. Strangely enough, Protestants spoke to me on the subject in favor of their Catholic friends, and even the American Consul made allusion to this special need.

I had promised Mr. Carroll to take a cup of tea with him at his bachelor home that afternoon, when I should meet a few of his friends. I found him surrounded with about two score of men. England, Ireland, Australia, Canada, the United States—in fact, about every English-speaking country of which I knew—were represented in that circle, which included three converts. I had expected three or four, and here was a genuine assembly.

I had to address some words of encouragement to them, and did so, I trust with no unfortunate results. A difficulty arose later when they proposed holding a reception. As far as I could figure out I was then attending a reception of a fair proportion of the English-speaking residents of Shanghai, and I doubted the need or the wisdom of anything more formal; but my friends insisted so strongly that I finally agreed, on condition that the idea and the place would be acceptable to Bishop Paris.

That afternoon's meeting was a revelation of strong faith and good Catholic hearts, and I enjoyed it.

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"Old John, you have served me faithfully and well. I am going to reward you with a subscription to THE FIELD AFAR."

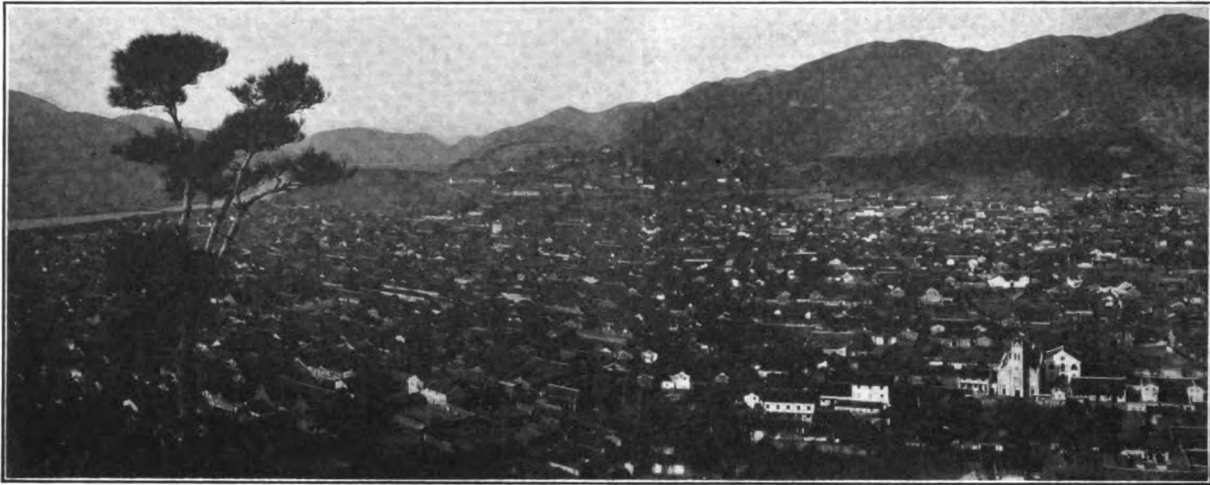
Crocodile tears of joy welled up in the old henchman's eyes, while shudders of disappointment welled down his spine.

"Well, well," he ruminated, shuffling from one cork leg to the other, "is that all I'm going to get for a life of devotion?"

Needless to say, old John had never seen a copy of THE FIELD AFAR. He thought it was an agricultural journal.

Years later, he used to tell this story to his grandchildren when they were home from the Vénard on vacation. It always made a great hit with the natives.

FATHER FRASER AND MARYKNOLL.



P A N O R A M A O F T A I C H O W - F U

PERHAPS among the foreign missionaries who have found their way into the hearts (and pockets) of American Catholics none is better known than *Fr. Fraser*. We are certain, therefore, that many FIELD AFAR readers will be glad to learn that *Fr. Fraser* will return with the Maryknoll Superior to render special services to our young Society.

Fr. John Marie Fraser is a native of Toronto, Canada, where his family still resides. He made his preliminary studies at St. Michael's College in that city and his seminary course in Italy, at Genoa. His vocation to the missions of China showed itself at an early period in his career and shortly after his ordination he went to Che-kiang, where for the past fifteen years he has labored very successfully as a secular priest among the Lazarist Fathers of that vicariate.

While yet an assistant at Ningpo, going out periodically on poor missions, *Fr. Fraser* built a church and a missionary's house. This gave him the idea of extending a necessary work and, with the encouragement of his Bishop,

he came to the United States in 1910 to secure funds and friends.

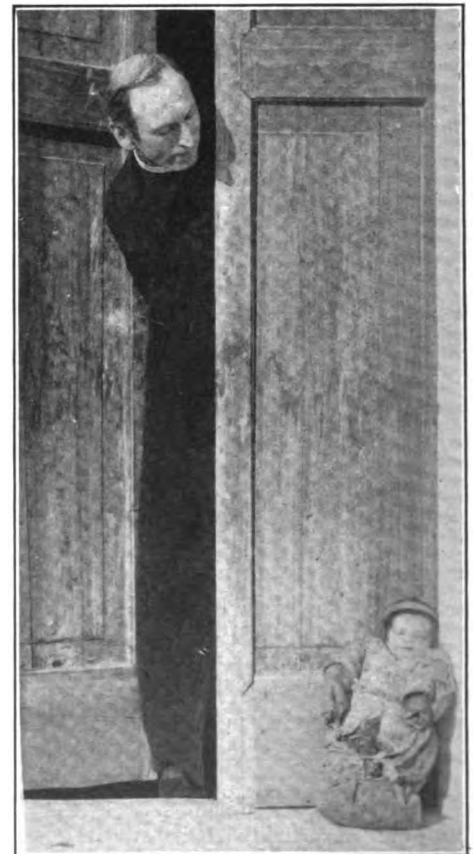
He was so successful that when he returned to Bishop Reynaud he was entrusted with an important prefecture, called *Taichow-fu*, where he has since erected five churches and made an addition to the central establishment.

Fr. Fraser's service to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America means a sacrifice for the mission of East Che-kiang, but Bishop Reynaud is glad to feel that he can thus help Maryknoll.

The photographs appearing on the next page give an idea of *Fr. Fraser's* church building. These churches accommodate from 300 to 700 persons each, and, though solidly built in brick, have cost on an average less than \$1,500. One was designed by *Fr. Fraser* himself; another was built from a small wooden model loaned by the Bishop; a third from plans supplied by Jesuit missionaries; a fourth from a drawing, also furnished by the Bishop; and a fifth from a photograph of St. Thomas' Church, Philadelphia.

Labor costs now fifteen cents a day for every toiler or artisan, masons and carpenters receiving

the same wage as the carrier of dirt.



FR. FRASER AND THE INFANT.

We learn that all the new churches were blessed during the last two weeks of January.

Fr. Fraser joined our Superior at Hong-kong for an inspection of the Kwang-tung mission-fields and will return with him across the Pacific.

Fr. Fraser's experience in China and his knowledge of that country and its people will undoubtedly be of great value to our aspirant apostles.

All at Maryknoll look forward with pleasure to their association with so zealous and devoted a missionary.

"Coming events cast their shadows before." The following, reproduced from THE FIELD AFAR of April, 1912, will interest our readers:

A dollar bill came into our possession, some time ago, to be given to the first missionary leaving our Seminary for China. Fr. Fraser, of Ning-po, who was visiting our little retreat when the gift arrived, claimed it, and we gave him the benefit of the doubt, though we still believe the offering was intended for our own first alumnus—who will he be?—destined for the Chinese mission. We are minus the dollar but have also been relieved of a responsibility; and we do not know whether to be sad or to rejoice.

A southern reader of the FIELD AFAR sends us the following extract from a letter written to him by a missionary in the Far East:

Fr. Walsh, the genial editor of THE FIELD AFAR, paid us a very pleasant visit, passing through here in November on his trip through China, the object of which was to look over the ground for his American missionaries whom he hopes to send to the foreign fields. This new Society is bound to grow and do much good for the mission cause and bring down many blessings from above on the United States. It seems probable that the first band of missionaries will land somewhere in the Province of Canton. The Foreign Missions of Paris have been much depleted by the War and it looks as if their field will be the lucky one to get first aid from America. They need help. Incidentally, one may remark that most of the Chinese in America are Cantonese and so they can more easily keep in touch with the missionaries on both sides of the Pacific.

The Field

THE Mission Mail-Bag has produced, since our last issue, the following:

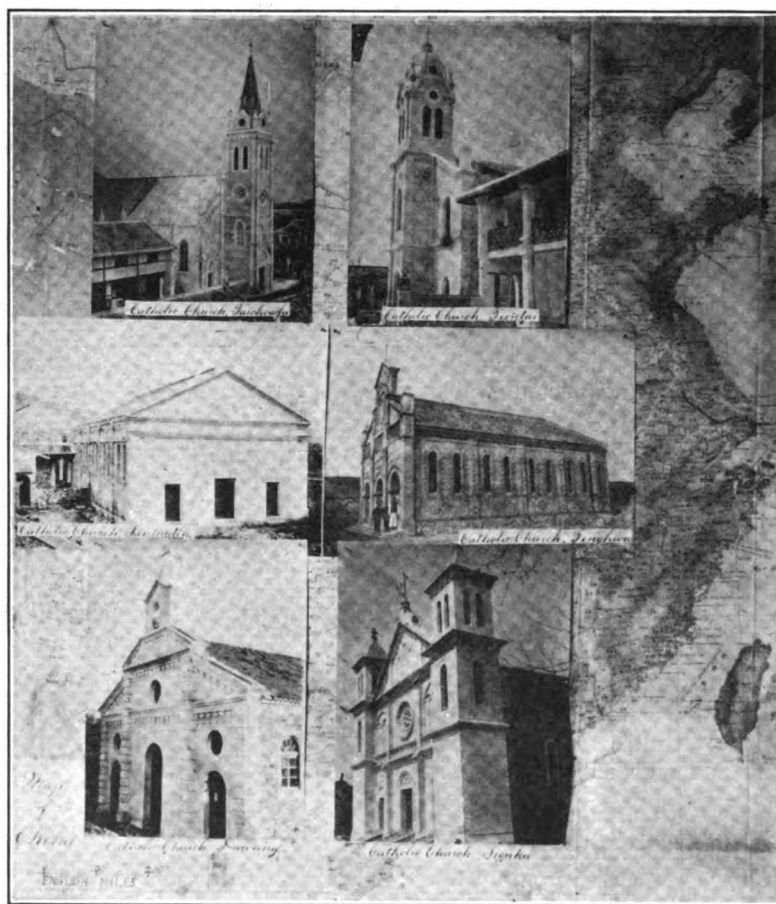
AFRICA—Letter and photographs, Fr. Kerkhoff, Nagalama; letter and promise of two Masses, Fr. Willemen, Nagongera; letter, Fr. Renckens, Luala.
CHINA—Letter, Fr. Teng, Chang-Shu; letter and promise of two Masses, Fr. Casucelli, Hantchongfu.
INDIA—Letters, Bp. Eestermans, Lahore; Fr. Stephen, Trichur.
JAPAN—Letter and promise of two Masses, Fr. Heinrich, Tokyo.
PHILIPPINES—Letter and promise of Mass, Fr. DeSamber, Benguet.

A missionary who deserves to

find a silver lining in all his clouds is Fr. José Hinterhuber. He writes:

Your FIELD AFAR is certainly the ideal of the missionary spirit—always full of fun even when short of many a necessary dollar. I have told some of the Fathers about your "lots of fun" and they want it, too. They will say a Mass for your work and its benefactors.

I have at last opened my parochial school. I have two-hundred-fifty children. In the public school, which is a fine concrete building, they have but fifty. The start is made, the opening is dared—I hope and pray that I may keep it going. My school is my church also, for what else could I use? I have no home but a hut myself, and the roof of that leaks badly, but I see also "lots of fun" in it.



F R . F R A S E R ' S C H U R C H E S .

The Latest from the Knoll.

FATHER Superior is expected home about the first of May, and his return will be followed by the departure of "The First."

The expectation of soon engaging in that work for which they have been many years preparing has naturally rippled the usually placid surface of life at Maryknoll with many little waves of excitement. Something is in the air, and even Collie has not failed to sense the presence of a new being, a "Maryknoll Afar." This spirit is one of happy anticipation,

*A feeling of gladness and longing,
Not the least akin to pain;
That resembles sorrow only,
As the sunlight does the rain,*

and the fortunate student in the upper classes are piously envied by those in the lower, who must remain at home for many moons to come. 'Tis not that they love Maryknoll less, but that they love the pagans more, and are very, very eager to be about their Father's business.

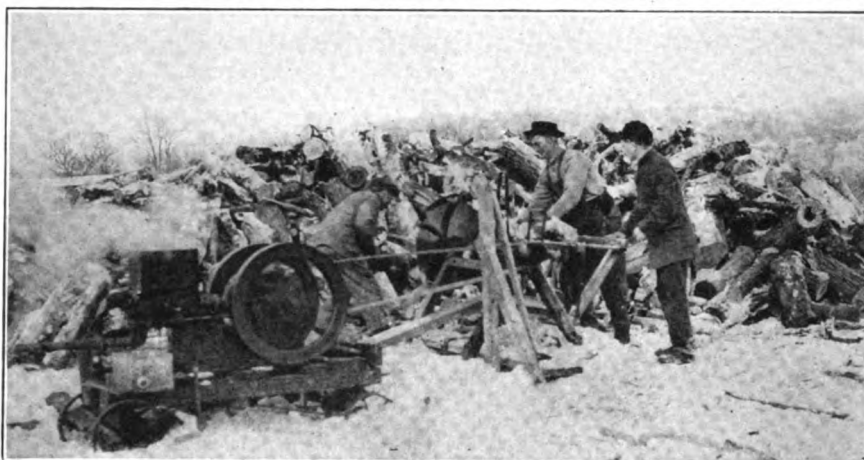
This eagerness has shown itself in rather unexpected ways. For instance:

Several wealthy visitors in the past few weeks have been observed to turn pale and leave suddenly, escaping with all their money.

Deeply alarmed, we started an inquiry.

Investigation disclosed that a consuming desire to follow Father Superior to China had inspired several of his sons at the Knoll to acquire the essential Chinese and whiskers without delay.

Accordingly, our visitors would stumble upon what appeared to be raving maniacs, intoning the halves of laundry tickets or deeply engrossed in a cross-eyed search for stubble on the downs forinist the chin.



THE TALE OF OUR ANTI-COAL PILE.

Far from having alienated the affections of their intellects, these doughty Knollers were but manifesting their eagerness to enter the field apostolic well equipped with the indispensables—Chinese and Whiskers.

Everyone knows the Chinese don't talk with chopsticks, but very few understand the need for whiskers on a foreign missionary. Whiskers are a strange prepossession. A man without them doesn't want them—while he who has 'em is proudly embarrassed. They must be a great aid to memory, for stroking them always brings a far-away look to the eyes.

(Just here, while looking out of the window for an appropriate word, we saw a black piggie out of bounds, running as if a cake of Life Buoy were after him. Suddenly he hesitated and turned white before our eyes. Marveling, we polished our glass eyes and looked again. 'Twas in a mortar bed he had spilled himself. Now it is just such distractions as this, that—)

But, to get back to those whiskers. "Why do missionaries wear them?" Many such inquiries have reached us. To tell the truth, we think it's because they can't get anyone else to carry them instead.

When we asked Padre Julio (who has a heavenly set, unearthed in Borneo) he said: "For the same reason as a rooster crows. They keep people from thinking he's a hen, and besides they lend a great reputation for dignity, sobriety, and useful knowledge."

Whiskers are all right in their place, but they often have a hard time getting there—judging by some Maryknollers, at least.

JUST DE BRETENIÈRES

(Bret-on-yair)

The life of this 19th century martyr sells for sixty cents, postpaid.

Address: The Field Afar
Ossining New York

A RECENT addition to our young Society has been made in the person of the Rev. Patrick W. Browne, of Newfoundland.

Fr. Browne, after making his preparatory studies at St. Bonaventure's in St. John's, studied philosophy at Propaganda in Rome. His theological course was completed at Laval University, Quebec.

Though his parochial duties were arduous, Fr. Browne nevertheless found time to devote to study. He is the author of a history of Labrador—*Where the Fishers Go*—and has contributed articles to *The Catholic World*, *The Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, and other reviews. For some years he was professor of history and English at the University of Ottawa.

Being an alumnus of Propaganda, Fr. Browne has naturally taken a deep interest in propaganda work and foreign missions. This inspired him to offer his services to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, and in 1916 he joined the staff of the Vénard School as teacher of history and French.

Last summer Fr. Browne came to Maryknoll, to fill the double rôle of procurator and professor of science. At the close of the first term, having decided to offer his life service to our work, with the kind permission of his Ordinary, the Rt. Rev. John March, D.D., Bishop of Harbor Grace, N. F., Fr. Browne applied for admission into the Society.

Within the last year we have enrolled also from Newfoundland an aspirant to the missionary priesthood, now making his preparatory studies at the Vénard. Moreover, letters of interest and inquiry from other would-be Theophanes of that colonial land seem to indicate that it will have growing representation at Maryknoll in years to come. No more eloquent tribute could be paid to

the strength of Newfoundland's Catholicity—no more infallible guarantee could be given of the development of that strength.

The contest over the naming of our Bolshevik houn' dawg has attracted deep interest on the part of those deeply interested. Several opprobrious "dubs" have been offered, apparently without the least regard for the feelings of the poor infant doggie. "Call him Trotsky," writes one reader, "and he'll trot." "If he's a good barker, make him Teddy R.," suggests another. "Wait till the seventeenth and name him Paddy," sounded appropriate to the Judges, till some one proposed "Cash."

CASH.

Not Tige nor Rover, Spot nor Dash,
Is proper title for your pup.
Oh, School of Friendly Giving-up,
The guardian of your door is *Cash*.

Let Collie after lost sheep flash,
And Kitty guard the cupboard's store;
But when the wolf howls at your door,
The hound to hunt him off is *Cash*.

If mongrel duns with snarling rash
Attack you working far afield,
Your courage then will be well heeled,
When all your steps are dogged by *Cash*.

Let not this name your heart abash;
That pup will know "His Master's Voice,"
And Knollward rush—he'll have no choice—
Whenever you will whisper "*Cash!*"

When needs and means in combat clash,
And worry comes o'er meeting ends,
You will but light your calabash,
And smile and murmur, "*Cash*, come *Cash!*"

(Boston, Mass.)

"How extremely vicissitudinous are these ephemeral atmospheric mutations!" opined one of the Bostonese at the Knoll. When the subsequent fog had lifted, we agreed that the weather was indeed erratic—midsummer

one day and midwinter the next. Yet the sunny days predominate, spring is the prevalent mood, and Maryknoll is steadily acquiring her bright new Easter suit.

The prune trees have all been carefully pruned. The lawns, the incubators, and the spring hams have been rolled, lighted, and smoked—no coffin nails—and a plentiful supply of sulphur and molasses is on hand to regale those who may have fever of the spring. Nobody has. If he did, he would be run over, for things are hustling right along at Maryknoll.

Brother Farmer, the biggest man on the place since hypnotized by Hoover, has marshalled forces for a big offensive on Mother Earth. Every morn his brave lieutenants, on mules, sally forth to the fray, with plow, rake, determination, overalls and old blisters. Every eve they sally back with the same plow, less rake, more determination, worse overalls, and fresh blisters.

During manual labor hour, their efforts are seconded by squads of the students, eager to clinch their classroom course in agriculture with a practical knowledge of farming.

The dominant note of all these husbandmen is one of grubbing optimism. Their mood is inspiring, and we are confidently planning our summer menus. Their optimism is also infectious. The Teresians have besieged Fr. Procurator with pleas for plots, and seedful supplications. What they really want to raise is a mystery. We have a sneaking idea they think there is a caramel plant, or that bird seed will produce fine

canaries. One, in a burst of patriotism, disclosed that they're going to have red beets, white currants, and blue berries; another wants sweet peas and capri corn; while a third, evidently a stranger to agriculture and kitchens, hopes devoutly they will plant a boiled-onion tree.

Pause for a moment, dear rural reader, and meditate on the trials of our Procurator.

N. B. *Extra*.—Fr. Procurator stopped the press to announce the arrival at the Maryknoll farm of twenty-two new piglets and two infant cows.

He would like some kind reader to supply the requisite twenty-four names for these toddling tidbits ere they reach the age of treason, when their best friend will cut them down and up.

The auxiliary-brothers of Maryknoll are an unusual lot. They can think out more schemes in a week than we could carry out in a hundred years. Here are some suggestions presented by one of them for the benefit of his Superior and, incidentally, for the benefit of our readers.

In the spring and fall a great many people move. A lot of junk is left in the old residence, and a lot more is carried from the store-rooms of the old residences to the store-rooms of the new. On farms worn-out iron farming implements are left in the fields to rust. All this could be sold to the junkman and provide revenue for the missions.

In most homes magazines and newspapers are thrown away when read. If families would save these papers and sell them there would be more revenue for the missions.

Children going to parochial schools could gather and take to "Sister" old clothes, papers, tinfoil, and old rubbers. A junkman could be asked to call weekly—and there would be more revenue for the missions. (Better still, the constant appeal would fix in the children's minds the mission idea.)

Fountain pens now out of use, or broken gold pens, will find a welcome in our Jewelry Junk collection.



At Maryknoll we have ham bones, head-bone, study bones, wish bones and (att. Procurator) fish bones.

Only one bone is wanting to our collection, and that is a trombone to round out the harmony of our sympathy orchestra—(another "Suicide Club"). We have a tromboneless tromboner, even now, from Bosting, so rest assured—Ye Kind Victim who art going to send us that old trombone that's been lying in the attic since father was a boy—'twill ever be well polished; and tenderly cared for; and who knows but that, years hence, as hostile Chinese chieftains sit round the village chopsticks, their favor for the missioner may be won by some sweet, compelling trio from your baritoned trombone.

Mission Literature.

Why not give foreign mission literature a chance this year when you are selecting premium books?

As announced elsewhere, several copies of THE FIELD AFAR will be sent to any one address at especially low rates. In this way the message from the missions, laden with instruction and edification, can be brought to schools and Sunday-schools.

To spread among our own Catholics the mission idea is in itself a missionary work, which must be taken up by many among the clergy and laity before it can be widely felt. Help us in this propaganda.

Have you a friend in religion whom you wish to enroll as one of our subscribers? We can assure you in advance that your gift will find a welcome in any house devoted to the love of God and souls.

The Field Afar will be sent for one year to <i>anyone</i> address:			
10 copies (12 issues)	for	\$8.00	
25 "	"	"	20.00
50 "	"	"	40.00
100 "	"	"	80.00

STUDENT BURSE PROGRESS.

A burse or Foundation is a sum of money, the interest of which will support and educate, continuously, one of our students for the priesthood.

MARYKNOLL BURSES (Complete).

Cardinal Farley Burse.....	\$5,000
Sacred Heart Memorial Burse...	5,000
John L. Boland Burse.....	6,000
Blessed Sacrament Burse.....	5,000
*St. Willibrord Burse.....	5,000
Providence Diocese Burse.....	5,000
Fr. Elias Younan Burse.....	5,000
Mary, Queen of Apostles, Burse..	5,000
O. L. of Miraculous Medal Burse	5,000
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Burse	5,000
Holy Trinity Burse.....	5,000
*Father B. Burse.....	6,273.31
Bishop Doran Memorial Burse...	5,000
St. Charles Borromeo Burse.....	5,000
†St. Teresa Burse	5,006

MARYKNOLL BURSES (Incomplete).

*Abp. John J. Williams Burse..	\$5,279.21
C. W. B. L. Burse	4,700.00
All Souls Burse	3,258.14
St. Joseph Burse.....	3,213.57
Cheverus Centennial School Burse	3,199.12
Holy Ghost Burse	2,321.19
†O. L. of Mt. Carmel Burse....	2,033.89
St. Patrick Burse	1,843.50
Curt of Ars Burse	1,805.41
St. Columba Burse	1,706.90
Pius X. Burse	1,577.00
Holy Child Jesus Burse	1,234.64
Precious Blood Burse	1,214.00
St. Anthony Burse	1,184.60
St. Dominic Burse	1,083.07
Fall River Diocese Burse....	1,076.65
Fr. Chapon Memorial Burse ..	1,068.37
Holy Eucharist Burse	1,003.00
O. L. of Sacred Heart Burse..	899.86
St. Anne Burse	883.72
St. John the Baptist Burse....	574.50
St. Francis of Assisi Burse...	506.55
St. Stephen Burse	352.00
Bl. M. Sophie Barat Burse....	336.00
Susan Emery Memorial Burse.	307.20
Bernadette of Lourdes Burse..	256.15
Holy Family Burse	255.00
St. Lawrence Burse	238.75
St. Francis Xavier Burse	233.51
Dunwoodie Burse	223.70
Bl. Julia Billiard Burse	200.00
Bl. Margaret Mary Burse	200.00
St. Rita Burse	187.85
Our Lady of Mercy Burse	185.54
St. Vincent de Paul Burse	169.00
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse ..	160.00
Immaculate Conception Burse.	157.00
St. Boniface Burse	153.40
St. Agnes Burse	152.25
Fr. Chaminade Memorial Burse	127.08
Children of Mary Burse	116.00
All Saints Burse	102.00
Trinity Wekanduit Burse	100.00

THE VÉNARD BURSES (Incomplete).

Little Flower Burse	\$2,621.49
Bl. Theophane Vénard Burse..	1,422.00
Bl. Sacrament Burse	670.50
C. Burse	650.00
St. Aloysius Burse	108.00

Any burse or share in a burse may be donated in memory of the deceased.

* On hand but not operative.

† \$1,000 on hand but not operative.



APRIL SHOWERS.

MARYKNOLL LAND.

Total area at Maryknoll, 4,450,000 ft.
Sold up to April 1, 1918, 2,734,126 "
For sale at 1 cent a foot, 1,715,874 "

VÉNARD LAND.

Total area at The Vénard, 6,000,000 ft.
Sold up to April 1, 1918, 1,146,436 "
For sale at ½ cent a foot, 4,853,504 "

Practical family affection was that shown by the New York friend who sent a check to enroll several living and twelve deceased relatives as Associate Members in our Society.

Another Burse Completed.

Lovers of St. Teresa and of the work at Maryknoll will be glad to learn that the Burse in this Saint's honor has been completed. It is interesting to note that the contributions were almost entirely from women.

We shall be glad to increase the fund to \$6,000, so that all who have expressed a desire to share in the Burse may yet have an opportunity to do so. Interest on the Burse itself provides only for the board and tuition of the beneficiary. The additional \$1,000 will make it possible to secure books and other necessities.

SPECIAL FUNDS.

*Abp. Williams Catechist Fund	\$10,500.00
Foreign Mission Educational Fund	5,000.00
Vénard Student Fund	1,535.05
Anonymous Catechist Fund..	2,200.00
Bread Fund	631.05
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Fund	89.00

FROM YOUR STATE AND OTHERS.

STATE	GIFT	NEW SUBSCRIBERS
Alabama	\$5.00	
Arizona	6.00	1
Arkansas	2.00	2
California	42.90	42
Colorado	1.00	2
Connecticut	779.00	15
Delaware	25.00	
District of Columbia	135.73	8
Florida	50.00	2
Georgia	3.00	2
Idaho	5.25	
Illinois	147.28	9
Indiana	8.00	5
Iowa	7.50	25
Kansas	101.00	
Kentucky	8.50	6
Louisiana		2
Maine	5.25	
Maryland	150.45	7
Massachusetts	4,010.71	176
Michigan	106.51	4
Minnesota	89.27	9
Mississippi		1
Missouri	101.75	10
Nebraska	22.32	2
New Hampshire	24.13	3
New Jersey	311.00	192
New York	4,279.98	502
North Carolina	4.00	1
North Dakota		2
Ohio	228.85	12
Oklahoma		1
Oregon	5.00	1
Pennsylvania	6,094.80	2,020
Rhode Island	148.42	19
South Carolina	17.00	
South Dakota	8.90	2
Texas	1.00	4
Utah		1
Vermont	5.00	2
Washington	5.00	1
Virginia		1
West Virginia	3.25	2
Wisconsin	5.20	3

FROM BEYOND THE BORDERS.

Canada	\$6.00	7
Canal Zone	5.00	
China	1.50	2
Cuba		1
Hawaii	3.50	1
Holland		1
Ireland		2
Japan		2
Italy		1
New Brunswick	5.00	
Newfoundland	61.00	
Nova Scotia	4.00	
Switzerland		2
Wales		1

Total of new subscribers (Jan. and Feb.) 3,119

There are pins more expensive than the Maryknoll Chi Rho (key-roe), but we know of none more simple or more expressive.



THE MARIA CIRCLES.

IN addition to Red Cross and parish work, sewing for Maryknoll is helping to occupy the spare moments of the members of St. Teresa's Circle, Tarrytown, N. Y. These energetic workers are giving their attention to dish towels and are planning a euchre as a later benefaction.

Other Circle activities are indicated in the following reports. To the secretaries of active Circles we have sent a set of our new Educational Cards, as a slight token of the gratitude Maryknoll owes for the generous and continued assistance of our many Circle friends.

Enclosed you will find a check for \$10, a little remembrance to THE FIELD AFAR from the little Circle of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. (Aponaug, R. I.)

Kindly send us about 75 or 100 Mite Boxes, to be distributed among the members of our Young Ladies' Sodality. We enclose money-order for \$9. (Rochester, N. Y.)

We should like this \$20 from the Virgin Mary Mission Club to be added to the Fall River Diocese Burse. We wish it were ever so much more, but perhaps the next time our contribution will be larger. (New Bedford, Mass.)

Our whist was a great success. Forty played. For the first prize we used your book, *With Christ in China*, and for the consolation prize had a Chinese doll made of peanuts. Afterwards we had a social hour and all seemed to enjoy it very much. We hope to hold these affairs often, for it will be a good way to make the mission idea known as well as to make money. For whist returns and Circle dues we are enclosing check for \$16. (St Dominic Circle, Central Falls, R. I.)

Maryknoll Seals sell for ten cents a dozen. This is more than they are worth, but Maryknoll will get the profit—also an advertisement among your friends.

Wekanduit!

THE students of Trinity College, Washington, D. C., have given a most eloquent proof of their apostolic zeal by starting at Maryknoll the *Trinity Wekanduit Burse*. Accompanying the check for one hundred dollars came a very interesting letter, which said in part:

Down here at Trinity there is a little group of girls, fourteen in all, known as the members of the *Wekanduit Bureau*. We call ourselves by that name because no matter what the girls want done, "We can do it." We black shoes; we wash dishes; we darn stockings; we run errands; we sweep rooms; we typewrite themes; we make Christmas, Easter or Birthday cards to order; in fact, we do any odd jobs that turn up. The girls pay us for our services and we give our earnings to the Foreign Missions.

Besides the *Wekanduit Bureau*, we have established at Trinity *The Trinity Foreign Mission Society*. Any one inside the College or outside of it may be a member of this by the payment of one dollar. Sixty cents of each dollar thus collected is given to the Propagation of the Faith; so, you see, every member of the "Trinity Foreign Mission Society" is *ipso facto* a member of the Propagation of the Faith.

Perhaps you wonder why we are giving you all these details. Well, to tell you the truth, we are hoping that this letter may be published in THE FIELD AFAR. And then readers of that magazine who are also friends of Trinity may feel inspired to help us.

We will send more contributions to the burse as soon as our earnings permit. Boot-blackening and dish-washing are not very lucrative professions.

YOUR prayers, please, for the souls of:

Rev. B. S. Chambers	Mrs. A. Cronin
Rev. H. P. Garvey	David Roche
Sr. Leonore Ashe	Mrs. W. Murphy
Caroline Koch	Catherine Halloran
Mrs. J. P. Lawlor	Elizabeth Getting
Mrs. O'Donnell	Anna Doran
Mary A. Doran	James McInerney
Johanna Ebel	Mrs. M. King
Mrs. J. C. Lee	Meta Randall
Mrs. A. McGrattan	Mrs. E. Thompson
Mrs. T. Pachang	Leo Sliney
Walter Mayers	Mrs. E. Meehan

"And they shall bring all your brethren out of all nations for a gift to the Lord, . . . to my holy mountain Jerusalem, saith the Lord."—Isa. lxxvi. 20.

\$1,200 has been received from the Catholic Women's Benevolent Legion as a second payment towards their Burse at Maryknoll.

The energetic members, in addition to pushing the Burse for the education of missionaries who will go abroad, are losing no opportunity for personal mission effort at home. The secretary writes:

One of our members has been giving her copy of THE FIELD AFAR to a Chinese laundryman. He is so much interested that he is sending this subscription, and he thinks other Chinamen also would like to read the paper. He has given a dollar to the Burse, too, so we think he is a pretty good Chinaman.

A business man of Ohio has been giving our work much thought, and here are the practical fruits of it:

Enclosed find check for \$44.50. I want 20 to go to some poor mission priest, to say Masses for my intention and for the spiritual and temporal welfare of my family. \$15 is for the fifteen most nearly completed burses, at \$1 each. The rest will pay for one year's membership in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society for the nineteen members of my family.

Later our friend wrote:

If I send you Perpetual Memberships for living and deceased, which I am paying for myself as a charity, is not that good mission work I am doing? Do I not derive as great spiritual advantages as by helping in a general way? In this way I can do good to others and you can use the money where the need is greatest.

This conclusion was evidently satisfactory to the writer, for with it came a check for \$50, to pay the first Membership in the proposed series.

NEW PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES.

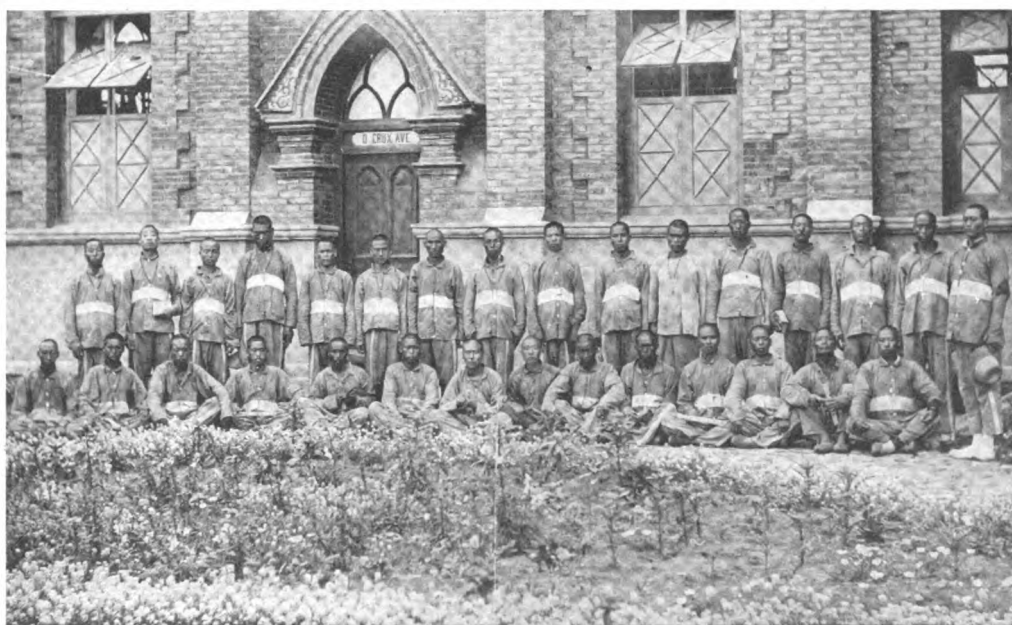
Living: Mrs. M. J.; O'Reilly family (living and deceased); C. F. G. Mrs. A. M. K.; J. G. G.; M. K.; E. Q.; E. B.; M. S. E.; J. H.; N. O'C.; J. McC.; S. A. M.; Rev. Friend.

Deceased: Mary J. Dempsey; Bridget Ray; Octavia Ray; Mr. and Mrs. Michael Buckley; Bridget Noonan; James Madden; James Hudson; Mrs. Mary Callahan; George Campbell; Edward McKee; William O'Donnell; Nicholas Neil; William Gamble; Samuel Gamble; James Tierney; Ann Tierney; William Moore.

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FI

NOTICE TO READERS:—When you finish reading this magazine place a one-cent stamp on this notice, hand it to any postal employee, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors at the front. No wrapper; no address.—A. S. BURLESON, Postmaster General

THE FIELD AFAR



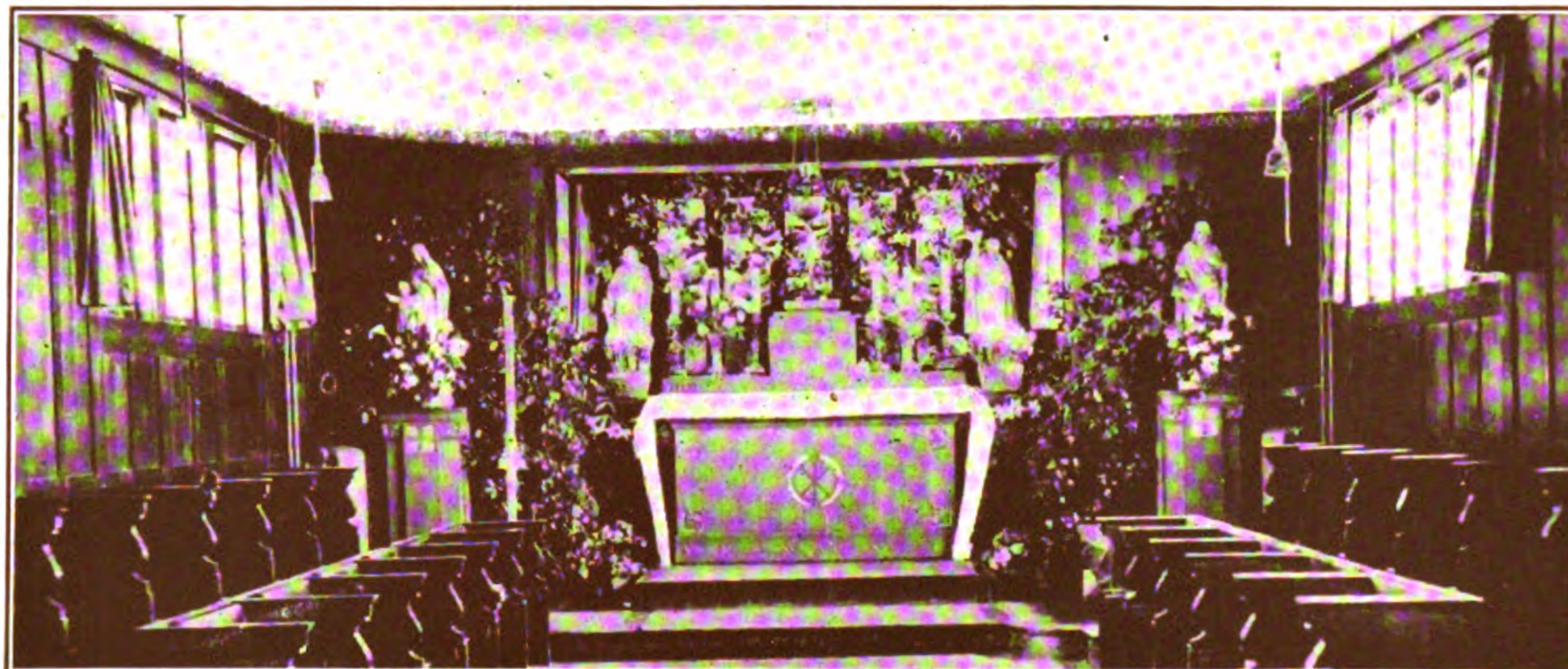
CHINESE COOLIES, DEPARTING FOR FRANCE TO RELIEVE THE POILU IN
FACTORY AND FIELD.

(Photograph sent by Fr. Arcaud, Chefoo.)

VOL. XII. No. 5 +

MAY, 1918

+ PRICE 10 CENTS



T H E H E A R T O F M A R Y K N O L L .

THE Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America is located on a sightly hill overlooking the Hudson River, about thirty miles north of New York City. The place is called, in honor of the Blessed Virgin, *Maryknoll*. The Seminary is under the direction of secular priests who have been organized as the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. Their object is to train priests for missions to the heathen and to help arouse the Catholics of our country to a clearer appreciation of their duty towards this particular need. The Seminary has at present a faculty of ten priests, twenty-five students of Philosophy and Theology, and ten auxiliary-brothers.

The movement was set on foot by Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, and the then Apostolic Delegate, Cardinal Falconio. It was approved by the Council of Archbishops at Washington, April 27, 1911, and authorized by Pope Pius X. at Rome, on the Feast of the Apostles SS. Peter and Paul, June 29, of the same year.

On July 15, 1915, the young Society received from Rome the Degree of Praise, and was placed directly under the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. It is incorporated in New York State and is under the spiritual jurisdiction of His Eminence John Cardinal Farley, who is Honorary President of the Corporation. The corporate name of the Society is: Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

In September, 1916, it opened at Clark's Green, Pa., in the diocese of Scranton, a preparatory house of studies with the corporate title of the Vénard Apostolic School. Here thirty-seven youths are following high school and college courses under the direction of six professors, five of whom are priests.

In September, 1917, the Maryknoll Procure of San Francisco was opened. This will serve as a half-way house for our missionaries on their way to the Far East, and will be the center of C. F. M. S. activities on the Pacific Coast.

VOCATIONS TO THE PRIESTHOOD

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ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

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COOPERANTVR IN BONVM



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

ENTERED AT POST-OFFICE, OSSINING, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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Several hundred Masses yearly;
Frequent Communion and prayers of faithful converts.

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THE FIELD AFAR is the official organ of the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary. Checks and other payments may be forwarded to the Very Rev. James A. Walsh. Advertising rates will be sent upon application.

A field in China has been assigned by the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda in Rome to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America.

This action confirms a conditional agreement made December 25, 1917, at Canton, China, between the Bishop of that city and the Superior of Maryknoll.

Preparations will at once be made for the first departure of priests to the Far East, which it is believed will take place in the fall of this year. (See insert pages.)

KEEP in your prayers our soldier boys in Europe and in the American camps, and elsewhere, if your heart is big; but do not pass over the Soldiers of Christ, who, in far-off lands, are fighting His battle for souls.

POOR old China!

This is what those who have been there, and who have learned to know the patient people of that much disturbed country, are inclined to say as they watch her in her present plight.

At present she has practically no government; and this is the cause of her troubles.

Give her a prayer. She is well worth it.

THE parents of the nation are sacrificing their sons to cross the Atlantic, and to die, perhaps, as every true patriot is willing to do for his country, and the world applauds the sacrifice, as it should.

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But remember—when a youth—your boy, possibly—volunteers to cross the Pacific so as to fight not men, but Satan and his legions, do not keep from him the encouragement which he deserves.

THIS is the day of big ideas. Everything is done on a large scale. Millions of dollars are appropriated, where formerly thousands were deemed sufficient. We are acting as a unit and nation-wide action must deal in nine figures.

Our war training is a good preparation for grasping the magnitude of the work to be done in China; and once the size of the mission problem is recognized, apathy in foreign mission propaganda will be quickened into a national Catholic movement to cope with the task.

We are appreciating better daily the value of the man-power and the "Almighty Dollar" of the Nation, and the conversion of the millions of Chinese pagans will be solved by an enthusiastic rallying of men and means, when the minds of American Catholics

value justly the billion immortal souls thirsting for the waters of Baptism.

* *

THE call to arms is a call to self-sacrifice, and must react with benefit not only to the country, but to the Church. After this war the youth who thinks of the priesthood as his life work will not find it so hard to picture himself far away from his own state, or even from his own country.

Applications and inquiries are steadily coming to Maryknoll. This is the season when young men are thinking seriously, and asking two questions:

What shall I be?

Where shall I go next September?

And the whisper of God, falling on the ears of some, will bear to their generous young souls the idea of FOREIGN MISSIONS.

* *

THE community of Maryknoll owes more than it has ever expressed to the good-will of FIELD AFAR readers. Wittingly or unwittingly they have boosted the circulation of this paper, so that to-day it stands as a bulwark behind the young American Foreign Mission Seminary and its work—present and in prospect.

Nearly every publication attempts regularly to make up for lapsed subscribers and to find new friends by sending out circulars, and THE FIELD AFAR joins this procession occasionally, but what counts is the *personal appeal* of one interested reader—of you, for example.

This is what counts. The mails are filled with all kinds of advertisements, good and bad, and many an envelope bearing FIELD AFAR messages has doubtless lost its sweetness in the waste-basket.

It is good, indeed, to send to us the name of a prospect. It is better to tell the prospect by word of mouth or by telephone, or by a written line, that you have done so.

WITH a mission-field in actual vision we shall have to provide for the passage of priests; for the education of bright young native chaps who give signs of a vocation to the priesthood; and for catechists.

Already we are at work on *Catechist Foundations* of five thousand dollars each.

A similar amount will be required to provide for the passage of one missionary a year to the Far East, and for the training of boys destined to be priests we shall need foundations of one thousand dollars.

From what sources will such foundations come? We don't know, but God does. Fortunately there is a fine type of Catholic in this country—the kind that looks upon co-operation with apostles as a privilege as well as a duty. We have confidence that as our need rises it will be met by such souls as these.

The lines that follow do not lead us to expect one of these large foundation gifts, but they exemplify the type to which we have just alluded:

I am very much interested in the first workers who are to leave Maryknoll for the foreign missions, and if there is any particular way in which I could help, I should be glad to know of it.

* *

The times in which we live may be awful, but they are widening men's vision, opening hearts and purses to the needs of others, and preparing the world for higher conquests than of the things that perish.

* *

THE Pittsburgh diocese has been quietly and substantially helping our young society almost from its start, and this year the allotment that came from the Diocesan Missionary Aid Society of that well organized diocese was, as already announced, no less than two thousand dollars.

We are one of several benefi-

ciaries of the Pittsburgh society, and our hope is that we may continue to merit the approval and confidence of those who administer its funds. More than this, we hope that what comes to us will bring large additions to the fund and correspondingly increased allotments to other organizations engaged in the work of missions.

The statement of the Pittsburgh Diocesan Missionary Aid Society for its latest fiscal year announces a sum total of more than forty-one thousand dollars. Expenses were less than seven-hundred-fifty, and the disbursements included two main items:

American Missions\$25,820.71

Foreign Missions 14,135.26

Maryknoll had a generous share in the assignment, and is again grateful for the kindly patronage which for several years it has enjoyed from the Pittsburgh diocese.

* *

AGAIN the luminous eyes of *Our Sunday Visitor* have spotted Maryknoll on its wide horizon, and as a result Maryknoll is just two thousand dollars ahead. At the request of Fr. Noll, the editor, one thousand of these dollars will be set aside to establish the *Our Sunday Visitor Burse*, and Maryknoll is proud to have on its burse list from now on to the end of its history a name so deservedly popular. May the *Sunday Visitor's* charity react on its own great work! We quote from Fr. Noll's letter:

I am sending our "greetings" in the shape of two checks to the amount of \$1,000 each.

These are to start *Our Sunday Visitor Burse*. We hope to send you \$1,000 a year until the fund is completed.

One of the checks is an outright donation from O. S. V.; the other represents your half of a fund gathered from our readers under the heading "Extension and Maryknoll Burses." (The other half we are sending to the Catholic Church Extension Society.)

* *

Train the little ones to use a mite box for love of Jesus Christ.

"The Far East."

THE *Maynooth Mission* movement is well under way and deserves the success which it undoubtedly will obtain. "All praise to St. Patrick" should be supplemented now by "All praise to the Irish Hierarchy for the signal encouragement and practical co-operation which it is giving to this splendid cause."

The Far East is the organ of the Irish Foreign Mission Seminary, and it looks enough like THE FIELD AFAR to be its twin sister.

Even the title suggests relationship. While we hope that the twains may not get mixed, and that no annoying confusion shall result, we trust and believe that the similarity of object and means will serve only to strengthen the bond of unity that should characterize all works for Christ, and that has from the beginning marked the relationship between the Maynooth Mission and Maryknoll.

Maryknoll Mail
comes to the
OSSINING POST-OFFICE
Make money-orders payable
at Ossining P.O., otherwise we lose
time and money.

THE enthusiast who writes what follows is a religious order priest from Pennsylvania. He has a large head and good ideas, so that we are inclined to think there is something in what he says:

I have been with you to China and back again. All the while one idea got uppermost in my mind and gradually crystallized, and now with your permission I am going to unfold it.

Maryknoll, Vénard, Procuration, and your first localization in China are so many links in a chain, which with time will increase in numbers. They are one in unit of thought and object and this unit ought to be expressed and represented in one word, i. e., **MARYKNOLL**.

You must get the idea spread into every household of the country. You have too many names to accomplish this. Vénard, Procure, etc., and the common people must study a lot to keep all these names and more names to come.

Now, here is my idea:



"I wish you to serve Me as an instrument to draw hearts to My love."
(Words of Our Lord to Bl. Margaret Mary.)

Maryknoll-on-the-Hudson.
Maryknoll-at-Scranton.
Maryknoll-at-San Francisco.
Maryknoll-in-China, etc., etc., etc.
Maryknoll Fathers.
Maryknoll Sisters.
Maryknoll Brothers.
Maryknoll Circles instead of "Mission Circles."
Maryknoll Pins, Maryknoll Land-slips, etc., etc., etc.

The word **MARYKNOLL** must become a household word in the United States, and the whole world. Every seminarian, every college student, academy girl, higher grade boy and girl in our schools, every teacher, Brother or Sister, every priest, bishop, archbishop, cardinal in the country, must know the word **MARYKNOLL**.

Anywhere in the world, the moment you see *Y. M. C. A.* you know what it stands for. Anywhere in the world you see Maryknoll you must know what it stands for.

Concentrate all your work, all your results thus far, all your future endeavors, all your foundations, all your enterprises, in the word **MARYKNOLL**.

King Philip formed the Macedonian Legion with which his son conquered Asia. The word **MARYKNOLL** must be used like a phalanx. Too many names might be remembered by the closely allied, but the great public cannot keep track of them. One word, **MARYKNOLL**, will tell enough, the moment the public hears of it.

The word **MARYKNOLL** must be kept before the eyes and under the nose of the whole U. S. A. Its entire-

ty, its every part and parcel, its origin, object, and all its endeavors, must be crystallized in the one word to charm with, and that is **MARYKNOLL**.

Your

MARYKNOLL UNCLE.

The President's Proclamation.

IN these days of stress and struggle we wish to record for future generations and for those of our readers, who, perhaps, have not seen it, the Memorial Day proclamation of an American President:

And Whereas, it has always been the reverent habit of the people of the United States to turn in humble appeal to Almighty God for His guidance in the affairs of their common life;

Now, therefore, I, Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States of America, do hereby proclaim Thursday, the thirtieth day of May, a day already freighted with sacred and stimulating memories, a day of public humiliation, prayer and fasting, and do exhort my fellow citizens of all faiths and creeds to assemble on that day in several places of worship and there, as well as in their homes, to pray Almighty God that He may forgive our sins and shortcomings as a people and purify our hearts to see and love the truth, to accept and defend all things that are just and right and to purpose only those righteous acts and judgments which are in conformity with his will; beseeching him that He will give victory to our armies as they fight for freedom, wisdom to those who take counsel on our behalf in these days of dark struggle and perplexity, and steadfastness to our people to make sacrifice to the utmost in support of what is just and true, bringing us at last the peace in which men's hearts can be at rest because it is founded upon mercy, justice, and good will.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done in the District of Columbia this eleventh day of May, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and eighteen and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and forty-second.

WOODROW WILSON.

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BLESSED THEOPHANE VEN-
ARD'S LIFE AND LETTERS**

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Noted for Our Readers.

A YOUNG aspirant called to the colors from the Paris Seminary, and killed in action, had begun, during his spare time in the trenches, some meditation verses on the Stations of the Cross. He had finished the third station—*Jesus falls under the weight of the Cross.*

During a brief stop-over in Chicago, the Maryknoll Superior met Father Ligstein, the organizer of a society to help "needy missions wherever found." This society collects second-hand vestments, chalices and other church goods, all of which, after being renovated, are forwarded to needy dioceses.

The organization is called *The Society of Missionary Helpers of Our Blessed Lady of Victory.*

A half-dozen New York papers printed some weeks ago a somewhat highly-colored account of Maryknoll's Superior passing through and around the lines of battle near Yeong-kong in China. There was no truth in the fact, but the possibility existed. Battles in China, as carried on to-day, are not very serious. The Chinese seem to be less sanguinary than some European nations. Also, they have less ammunition.

Our special premium offer to priests and Sisters brought, among other orders for Maryknoll publications, one for a hundred copies of *Bernadette of Lourdes*, which a Sunday-school Director intends to distribute among his teachers and pupils. Of this book another friend says:

The story of the little Shepherdess of Lourdes is told so simply and so charmingly that I could not put it down until I had reached the end, and now I am re-reading it at leisure.

Make every member of the family one of our Associates. Fifty cents for each will do this.

A good friend whom we have lost, and whose soul we recommend to those who pray for Maryknoll's benefactors, is the late Monsignor Thaddeus Hogan, of Trenton, a priest of sterling character, who knew by early experience in Australia the arduous labor of mission life. "I look to die," he said, "without money and without debt. My single wish has been to promote God's honor; I have had no other ambition."

In conversation at Shanghai with the Procurator of the Belgian Foreign Missions, the Maryknoll traveler was pleased to learn that vocations have greatly increased, and that the foreign mission seminary at Scheut, a suburb of Brussels, is overcrowded.

News comes to the same effect from Holland, which bids fair to lead the Catholic world in actual numbers of foreign missionaries, as it does already in its proportionate share.

An infinitely larger number of souls would be converted if there were not such a lack of missionaries. Many a time I have had a mind to go to the Academies of Europe and cry out to all those who have more learning than charity: "Oh, how many souls lose heaven and perish in hell through your negligence!"—St. Francis Xavier.

An American traveling to-day in China must reckon on expenses considerably in excess of pre-war times, although the changed condition works to the benefit of the Chinese themselves, especially of those who buy goods in America.

Formerly when an American dollar bill was changed into Chinese money it produced two full Chinese dollars. To-day it gives only about \$1.38 in Chinese money. This fact has added to the cares of missionaries, especially of those who depend on American or European Mass intentions and gifts.

About Books.

To Monsignor O'Brien, of Kalama-zoo, we are indebted for a recent book, *Historic Mackinaw*—a most attractive picture of early days in the life of the Middle West.

Sacerdos in Sinis—

A new review edited in Latin by the Lazarist Fathers of Peking. It is prepared exclusively for priests and publishes decrees, cases of conscience, and other matters bearing especially on the missions of China. It is a magazine which cannot fail to be of considerable assistance to many missionaries.

The fourth volume of *Researches into Chinese Superstitions*, translated from the French of Henry Doré and annotated by Rev. M. Kennelly, S.J., forms a most interesting addition to English foreign mission literature.

Two-thirds of the volume deal with divination in various forms, while the rest of the work is devoted to an exposé of Buddhist superstitions that have a popular hold.

A profusion of full-page colored illustrations lends a special charm to this book as to all works on peoples and customs that are strange to us.

The paper is strong and of excellent finish, the type clear and well spaced.

The *toute ensemble* is a work that in scientific merit and artistic finish leaves little to be desired; a study that will both satisfy the critical ethnologist and delight the casual reader.

An English book about Catholic foreign missions is even yet so rare a sight that it seemed good to receive from Fr. Carroll of Allahabad a volume written by that Capuchin missionary and entitled *Our Missionary Life in India* (Inscribed to Beginners). Fr. Carroll writes for the instruction of new missionaries in the field, but the stay-at-homes will find his comments very enlightening. The book has more than four hundred pages and is well-printed. The contents are as follows:

The Apostolic Missionary.—First Days in India.—The Study of the Languages.—Other Necessary and Helpful Knowledge.—Fundamental Duties.—The Missionary in Relation to the Government.—The Missionary in a Native Colony.—The Missionary as the Apostle of the Natives.—The Missionary as Civil Chaplain or Parish Priest.—The Missionary as Chaplain to the Troops.—The Missionary in Schools and Colleges.—The Missionary in his Church.—The Missionary at Home.—Conclusion.

The Pioneer's Log.

(Ning-po.)

BUILT to command, Fr. Nugent at once took our little party under his wing and everybody began to move in our direction. We had had no breakfast. A "boy" was summoned and a few minutes later five raw eggs arrived for inspection. Fr. Nugent's face grew tense as he took the ovals and shook each in turn, listening as if to a tuning-fork. Evidently the eggs were passable and the "boy" disappeared with them, while Fr. Nugent continued to talk at me, insisting among other things that a priest with a weak stomach should not come to China. He told me that to arrive at Chusan from his place he had walked twelve miles before taking his boat, and had spent a day on the boat before reaching Chusan; that at Chusan Sr. Xavier had been keeping candles lighted so that we two should not fail to bump our heads together; that he had succeeded Fr. Andrew Tsu, who had been massacred by bandits; that he himself has not been bothered much with such people but that he has to keep his eyes open and the doors of his house closed; that he cannot play any musical instrument, but sings much when alone; that—suddenly he realized that those eggs had not returned, and he broke through a group of curious Chinese to find out why.

Three minutes later they came. A small cup of tea, without sugar or milk, of course, followed the eggs. The captain came along just then and Fr. Nugent gave him the proper greeting: "Have you eaten? Are you filled to the limit?" And the honorable skipper, looking at our mess, expressed his sorrow that we had not been provided with enough side dishes to carry the rice to its destination. This, too, was a formality. As a matter of fact, we had been served neither with rice nor with the odds and ends that usually accompany it. Then there were smiles that were priceless, and the captain passed on, leaving Fr. Nugent to resume his travelogue.

Among other things, he told of occasional lodgings in pagodas, where he had actually offered the Holy Sacrifice in a quiet corner of breakfasts with bonzes, and of chats with old pagan women, whom he had interrupted while saying their beads.

It was a little after lunch hour when we arrived at the wharf in Ning-po, where we found Bishop Reynaud and his priests waving a welcome from the balcony. That point of observation was a few hundred feet away and separated by a crowded thoroughfare, but Fr. Nugent started a long distance

conversation without a megaphone and everybody seemed interested, even if all could not understand.

During lunch we learned the details of the "battle" of Ning-po, which had taken place in our absence. It seems that on the night when I was obliged to reach the Bishop's house from the rear a bank was being robbed of ten thousand dollars. The soldiers who had blocked our path were local revolutionists who needed some spare change. Two days later Northern soldiers arrived and a score of men were injured, one being killed.

Then there were parleys and subscriptions, as a result of which each of the noble revolutionists received fifty dollars, laid down his arms, and went back to his usual occupation—in many cases watching the turns in a gambling house. During the trouble several stores had been looted.

That evening I left Ning-po in a large coasting steamer, the sole occupant of an ordinary state-room that seemed like a royal chamber.

We were only three passengers, one an Englishman, the other a young Chinese physician who had been sent down to Ning-po to patch up the wounded. I talked with both and each in turn had several inquiries to make about the Catholic Church.

The Englishman had been fed on some antiquated ex-priest literature, and the young physician must have run into a remarkable professor at

the Yale Medical School of China—or he himself must have had a dream. He told me that this professor had explained scientifically to the class "the changing of bread into wine—an operation which Catholic priests claim to effect in the Mass."

If we Catholics only realized how little our Faith is known by the average Protestant!

(Shanghai.)

We reached Shanghai shortly after six o'clock Thursday morning, and my thoughtful Irish friend had a carriage with three attendants to bring me back to the Paris Seminary Procuration, which felt like home with its simple chapel and kindly priests.

The reception prepared by Mr. C. and his friends to honor the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America brought to the Astor House more than five hundred people, for most of whom English was the native tongue. Tea and cakes were served in the large dining-room, after which the people filled the assembly hall for a talk on Catholic Missions in China—and on Maryknoll. Some fourteen priests were present on the occasion and the American consul was in evidence.

I had met the Consul, Mr. —, earlier in the day. He had learned of my visit and its purpose and was undoubtedly pleased to know that American priests are coming to labor in China. He remarked that he had



THE BISHOP'S HOUSE AT NING-PO.
(Photograph sent by Fr. Buch.)

often wondered why we had sent none.

Mr. — is an energetic official, interested in any phase of activity which will redound to the credit of the country he represents. I could not but admire his strong loyalty, but as our mission concerns the souls of those to whom we expect to minister in this land I could give no assurance of any material advantages except such as would be derived providentially or indirectly from the sacrifices made by American priests for the glory of God.

That night I had a strong feeling that much good would result from the labors and generosity of those Catholics in Shanghai, who had organized so well such an unusual affair, and I hope that they will reap the fruits of their zeal.

The day following the reception several men called to express the hope that they might be of use to American missionaries in China. One is connected with the Chinese postal service and has travelled over the Celestial Empire. Another, a business man from New York, opened several avenues of possible help to Catholic missions in China.

The next morning after Mass I had something of a shock when I saw the figure of a tall, thin, smooth-faced priest kneeling at the end of the chapel. It was Fr. Fraser, whom I had left only a few days before in Tai-chow-fu and who had come, I soon learned, to offer his services to Maryknoll as one of its priests. This proposition meant a long talk that morning, and when it was over I rejoiced in the thought that a worthy and apostolic priest, to whom China had become a home, would cast in his lot with our young Society.

At tiffin at the Bishop's I met several Jesuit Fathers and all, like Bishop Paris, were most affable. Bishop Paris has an idea, however, that American priests will not be able to accommodate themselves to Chinese life, with its quaint customs and slow movement.

O you American youths, what an opportunity is yours to lay out the ghosts of "Americanism" and "Modernism" that have floated from Europe over to the Far East! Not every American priest who comes to work in China will succeed. No nationality has had so enviable a record and we have no right to believe that we shall be the exception. American priests will make mistakes, and we who send them out shall find that our judgment will not always be true, but our hope is strong that American Catholic missionary effort will, with God's help, prove well worth while.

We are young in mission experience and have much to learn. If, in return for the lessons ahead of us, we can give something more than money, so much the better. God knows the future. We will do our best, keeping in mind always that we must seek His kingdom in every effort that we make for souls. The glory of our young Society and that of our nationality will take care of themselves and need not concern us.

(Hangchow.)

Sunday morning Fr. Fraser and I started for Hangchow. We hoped to lunch at Kiashing with the pastor and Fr. O'Leary. Readers of *THE FIELD AFAR* will recall sundry letters from Frs. O'Leary and O'Reilly, who passed through the United States on their way to China a few short years ago. We were going to meet one of the two at Kiashing, but which I was not certain, as the good French Fathers of Chekiang were not keen on the distinction.

As a matter of fact, neither was at Kiashing. We had been looking forward to a feast with the accompaniment of an Irish harp, a Scottish bagpipe, and an American tin whistle, but our friends had gone on to Hangchow to meet us. At the station there we found Fr. O'Leary with Fr. McArdle—a doughty little Scotch priest whose cheery smile is known to many of our readers. It seemed strange to hear everybody in that group hammering his English as to the manner born, and I felt that it was the heralding of a new day for English-speaking Catholic priests—a day full of possibilities for the Cause of Christ.

A half-hour's rickshaw run brought us to the mission, the heart of the new vicariate which, like all new vicariates, as with new parishes generally, has already proved the wisdom of a division. A princely welcome was awaiting us from Bishop Faveau and his assistants. Bishop Faveau was formerly in charge of the mission to which he has returned as Vicar Apostolic, and his priestly character, his simple life and generous nature, are reflected in the priests associated with him, to the advantage of Catholicity in that important centre.

Hangchow is large and, like all Chinese cities, crowded. Its alleys teem with life, but in sections of the city are appearing new avenues that make one feel as if he were on the boulevards of an American metropolis. As China opens its eyes it is beginning to widen its thoroughfares. Light and air introduce other reforms; and little by little the old order is changing.

The next morning Fr. Fraser, Fr. O'Leary, and I took the train for Shanghai. Fr. O'Leary's immediate destination was the Consular office, as he will hereafter be associated with the Maynooth Mission and has been asked to gather some of the needful for this work.

Getting back to Shanghai is almost like catching a glimpse of America, and I had a "homey" feeling as we entered the city.

(Hongkong.)

When passports had been viséed and other matters attended to, we left for Hongkong. The boat was a coasting steamer, freighted with Chinese, horses, sheep, goats, cotton, and a hundred odds and ends. Above this combination were the quarters for the officers and for white passengers, of whom there were seven. The dining-room was identical with the saloon, and the staterooms were off the dining-room, so that we soon fell into the family spirit and the voyage, though rough, was restful and agreeable. It lasted from Thursday to Monday, broken by a stop of fourteen hours at Amoy.

When we docked Monday morning at the foot of the beautiful city of Hongkong I had the pleasure of meeting for the first time a priest whom I had long known by correspondence, Père Robert, of the Paris Foreign Missions. One of his assistants, Fr. Ouillon, was with him, and we were soon climbing the steep of Hongkong to 34 Caine Road, the Central Procurator for the great mission society of France.

As we turned into a delightful but rather neglected old garden and mounted a long flight of steps to a mansion that looked the worse for wear, Fr. Robert remarked that this house had formerly been occupied by the American consulate. Now the stairs were uncarpeted and the walls bare, but I found the spirit of the house delightful and an explanation for its dilapidated state was given the next day, when I was taken to the new Procurator in process of erection in a more convenient location.

Before tiffin it was my privilege to greet the man whom, with Père Robert, I was most anxious to see—Bishop de Guébriant of Canton.

Shortly after the foundation of the

The Catholic missionary may not receive from God the grace to enjoy privations, but he does not lack the grace to suffer.

Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America I received letters from three bishops in the foreign missions, offering their congratulations, expressing their delight at the prospect of having American helpers, and suggesting their own vicariates as possible fields for Maryknoll priests. The one suggestion from China—the land where we felt we should be most needed—revealed itself in a letter from the Bishop of Kientchang, the Right Rev. Jean-Baptiste de Guébriant.

Later Bishop de Guébriant was called by his superiors to Canton, in the province of Kwangtung, where he found a large field with a personnel of priests reduced to the minimum by the conscription laws of France, which oblige even priests of the mission field to give up their work for souls.

I hardly met Bishop de Guébriant before I realized that Maryknoll's first mission in the Orient had been found, if Rome would approve; and in a few moments my eyes were on the map of China, riveted to a point marked Yeong-kong.

I must confess that I had never heard of the place—a sub-prefecture, south of Canton on the coast—nor of another sub-prefecture, Lo-ting, further north, which was to be ours with its two dependencies, Wan-fo and Silin. I told Bishop de Guébriant, however, that I could see no reason why we should not take advantage of the offer, and arranged to visit him before Christmas at Canton where he himself went that afternoon.

At Caine Road I soon began to realize the activities of Fr. Robert and his two assistants at the Procuration. In ten days they had received or sent away some eighteen visitors, mostly missionaries. Requests from the interior for all kinds of material needs came with practically every daily mail, business men of the city were frequently in the reception rooms, and the telephone rang as merrily as in some down-town office in any large city of Europe or America.

The new Procuration, which is rapidly nearing completion, will be in every way better adapted to the existing needs than the former house with its spacious corridors and rooms. For its purpose it has probably the best location in Hongkong—elevated yet easily accessible from the wharves, and at the same time isolated by a great parade ground on one side and a park on the other. The new building will have accommodation for a score of missionaries. It will contain a chapel with several altars, the offices of the Procuration, and living rooms. The expense of construction will be met by the sale of the old property.

An early visit on the day after arriving at Hongkong was to Bishop Pozzoni, the first of the Milan missionaries whom I had yet met although I had been anxious to get in touch again with some members of the Society whose great kindness Fr. Price and I had experienced at Milan on our way to and from Rome.

Bishop Pozzoni has all the zeal of a young apostle though he has passed well across the half-century line of life. He was extremely interested in the idea of supplying American Catholic missionaries to China and immediately expressed the hope that we would have some men near enough to help him, occasionally at least, to meet the spiritual needs of English-speaking residents in Hongkong. He himself speaks English and preaches frequently in that language. At the moment, in fact, he had the proof sheets of a devotional booklet which he then and there asked me to edit.

My visit extended itself far beyond my calculations and at its close I found myself booked for two sermons the following Sunday, one at the Cathedral, the other at St. Joseph's, and for a couple more on the Feast of the Epiphany.

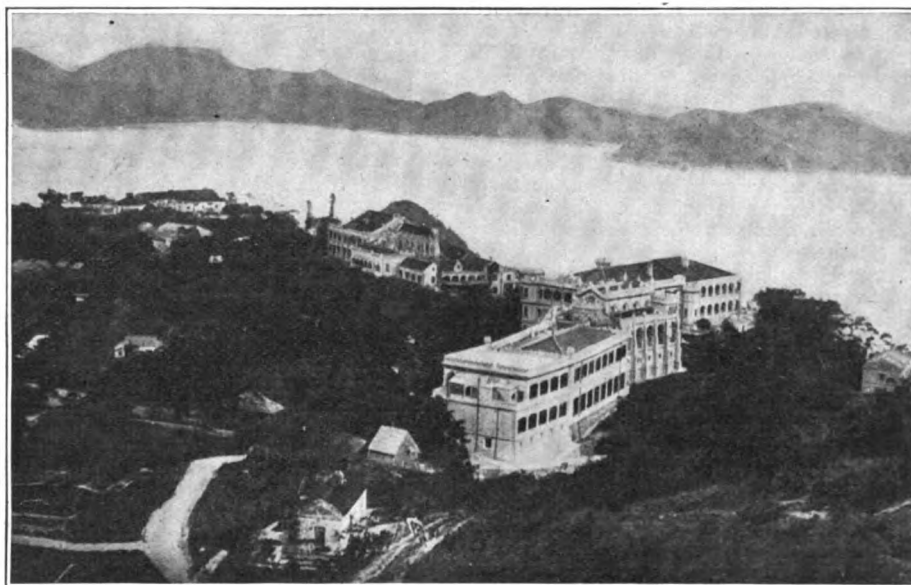
I met at Hongkong another priest with whom I had been in touch for years, Fr. Tour of Pokfulum, whose special work is to give retreats to priests and nuns in the various missions. This is a most useful and necessary feature of mission life which is rarely mentioned, although it means

considerable expense in the course of a year since the priests engaged in it must travel great distances.

I was glad to accept Fr. Tour's invitation to visit Pokfulum and we made the trip by taking the "funicular" (inclined railway) to its terminus on the heights and walking for a half-hour on a perfectly-laid footpath over the mountain until we came to the entrance of a large, attractive structure, admirably set in a garden of trees and flowers with an outlook to the south over the China Sea.

This is one of the buildings owned and occupied by the Paris Society for its several purposes. The Paris Society, it must be recalled, has had until recently some fourteen hundred priests in Eastern Asia. At Pokfulum—as the district is known to the civil authorities—it has for many years sustained a sanatorium for its invalid and convalescent missionaries, and also an extensive printing establishment for the publication of religious books and pamphlets in the several languages used by the peoples to whom the Society has devoted its energies for the past three hundred years. The priests in charge of the publication bureau lead a community life and are occupied in literary labors or in giving retreats, either outside or to missionaries who go to Pokfulum expressly for that advantage.

My stay at Pokfulum was short, but long enough to realize the great need of just such an institution and the wisdom of its founders in the selection of the site. I planned to return



P O K F U L U M , H O N G K O N G
(Sanatorium, retreat-house and printing-press of the Paris Seminary.)

for a longer stay, to come to a closer knowledge of the possibilities, present and future, of Nazareth and Bethany as a help to our young work.

The next day Bishop Pozzoni took me through what is known as the "Italian Convent." The name is misleading, as Italian is not the language of the house and the many activities affect a personnel of some eight hundred, few of whom, with the exception of the group of Italian nuns in charge, speak the Italian tongue. These nuns are the Canossian Sisters, whose work I saw for the first time at Hankow. They are bright, enterprising, and zealous—admirable helpers to the good Bishop in his two-fold task of propagating the Faith among the heathen and preserving it to the whites and Eurasians who live in Hongkong.

Thursday, after a busy morning, a little company of priests together with Bishop Pozzoni and a few Catholic laymen met shortly after noon at a Chinese business men's club for a somewhat unusual and very interesting affair that had been prepared by one of Fr. Robert's many friends for our entertainment.

It was a Chinese dinner, and as the clubrooms are not occupied, as a rule, until the evening we were privileged to make ourselves quite at home. While waiting for the call to arms I stretched myself on one of the deep wooden seats, rested my head on a porcelain brick, looked at an opium pipe that seemed to be the common property of club members so inclined, and tried to spell the word "comfort" so that all the letters should be in place, but I could see in it only misery.

Some one has told me that at a really sumptuous Chinese banquet the number of courses may run into the hundreds. We had several courses but ours was a very modest banquet and we left the table feeling that we had dined lightly, as becomes good Christians.

The clubroom itself was a great square room, evidently hired and not at all luxurious in its fittings. Our host, a bright young Chinaman who was pleased to speak English, told me that it has about twenty members, all serious and enterprising. He was evidently interested with our prayers before and after the meal and at his request the Bishop explained their significance.

One of the laymen present on this occasion told me that he has met not a few pagan Chinese of influence who are interested in the Faith and have stated that they would become Catholics without hesitation if they could free themselves from the entanglements produced by polygamy, a state

which they had accepted as a matter of course and without question. It would seem to us that where there is a will there is a way, but the Chinese pagan does not easily get our point of view.

In Hongkong, besides the "Italian Convent" there is also a "French Convent," one as much a misnomer as the other but both admirable and efficient. These two institutions meet similar needs but there is evidently work enough for both.

Up to a few years ago the French convent was installed in quarters altogether inadequate and the Sisters were at their wits' end, until that indefatigable worker, Père Robert, took up the matter. Then a factory for sale at a convenient point changed hands and soon began to change face. The enterprise was a big one, but Père Robert pushed it through, and the institution as planned and already partly completed will be a model Catholic settlement.

I visited the place with Père Robert and found a long extent of buildings accommodating an orphanage, boarding and day schools for girls, a hospital and dispensary, and several other departments, all well-planned and up-to-date and yet executed with the wisest economy. Solidity, simplicity, and cleanliness mark the establishment from door to door and its success is already guaranteed. The English Government has recognized its worth, and at great expense has turned a marsh-land at one end into a public park, which now gives an attractive outlook from the convent.

Sunday morning, December 23, was particularly fine. The birds were singing, the trees were green, and the flowers appeared as fresh as in June at home.

I was due at the Cathedral at nine-thirty, where I was privileged to occupy the pulpit for about fifteen minutes. Then I took a chair and was borne off to St. Joseph's. It was a ten-minute journey and most delightful, passing over a public highway that seemed like an elevated park overlooking the city and its harbor. St. Joseph's congregation is all English-speaking. The pastor is of Polish nationality, but he speaks English and his heart is Catholic.

At Bishop Pozzoni's table that day was a venerable Chinese priest whose zeal for souls keeps him long hours in the confessional. He recently celebrated his golden jubilee and when some one suggested that he should begin to take more rest his simple reply was, "No. I am getting near the end and must try to work harder so as to be better prepared."

Stories from The Field Afar

(160 Pages - 17 Illustrations)

Field Afar Tales

(170 Pages - 16 Illustrations)

Each 50 Cents Postage Extra

This dear old apostle told me that he was among those who met Théophane Vénard when the young martyr, then fresh from the seminary, arrived in Hongkong.

That evening Fr. Souvey—one of Fr. Robert's assistants—and I took the night boat for Canton, where, as planned months before at Maryknoll, I hoped to spend Christmas.

The boat was Chinese and the atmosphere was genuinely Oriental. Our cabin was not inviting. The berths rested within two inches of the floor and were sheetless; the door would not lock, and there was no water in the tank of the washstand. We were paying, however, in coin and experience, so we turned in with the clothes that carried our valuables, pulled somewhat gingerly a much-used blanket towards our shoulders, and listened to the noise of a small Chinatown in the next cabin until eleven P.M.

We were steaming slowly towards the city of Canton as I went out on deck on dawn. Red lights floated here and there, marking the channel, and faintly outlined against the still dark sky were the twin towers of the Canton Cathedral—the most beautiful building of its kind in all China.

Two priests were waiting for us—Fr. Fourquet, the vicar-general, whom I had met some years before in Paris, and Fr. Pradel, the procurator. We soon clasped hands on the dock and passed our satchels to the domestic just as we were caught in a Chinese wedge that tried to force a passage by the custom inspection. As we swung in front of these two worthies, I looked up and faced two brawny red-headed Irishmen. We had just time to exchange what might have been winks, and I joined my companions, marvelling again at the wanderlust winds that drive the sons of Erin over the face of the earth.

It was the day before Christmas, and even as we vested for Mass preparations had begun for the great festival.

That morning, in company with Bishop de Guébriant, I saw the principal works of the compound: the school of catechumens, the orphanage, the seminary, and the Sacred Heart

MARYKNOLL

MISSION

IN CHINA.

IN the Bishop's house at Canton, China, under the shadow of the stately Cathedral, a document in which every reader of THE FIELD AFAR will be interested was drawn up last Christmas.

From that document we quote:

M.E.

Catholic Mission,
Canton, China.

J. M. J.

In the name of the Father and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

The new American Foreign Mission Society, having at its disposal a certain number of priests ready to devote themselves to the missions and desiring to find a field, preferably in China, for their activities; and the Foreign Mission Society of Paris, solicitous only for the interest of Holy Church, regarding it as a duty and an honor to facilitate this new apostolic undertaking; united in a spirit of zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, and in submission to the directions of the Holy See; subject, moreover, to the approbation of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda to which will be submitted the present agreement between his Lordship, Bishop de Guebriant of the Society of the Foreign Missions, Paris, Vicar-Apostolic of Canton, on the one side and the Very Reverend Father Walsh, Superior of the Foreign Mission Society of America, on the other, hereby agree, etc. (Here follows in detail a description of the territory set aside, and the special terms of the agreement.)

The above agreement was forwarded in duplicate to Rome, one copy directly, the other, for extra signature, by way of Maryknoll, and that day a cable went over the Pacific to Ossining, bearing these words:

FIELD FOUND.

The thrill swept away to Maryknoll-in-Scranton, and over to Maryknoll-in-San-Francisco; and there it stopped, because it was necessary before making a definite and certain announcement to await the indispensable word from Rome.

AND NOW—

Dated at Rome, on the feast of St. Mark the Apostle, and arrived at Maryknoll on that of the great doctor of the Church, St. Augustine, we have before our eyes as we write the longed-for word of approbation from the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, signed by His Eminence, Cardinal Van Rossum, Prefect, and his Secretary, Monsignor Laurenti.



BENEDICT XV, THE VICAR OF JESUS CHRIST.

This blessed word came to Maryknoll before the evening meal, and by a happy co-incidence two of Maryknoll's best friends, Monsignor Mooney, Vicar-General of New York, and Monsignor Dunn, Chancellor, had dropped in on one of their occasional welcome visits. The announcement, made immediately after the prayer before supper, almost took the breath away from everybody, including the visitors. (The Procurator remarked afterwards that it did not take away any appetites). There was joy supreme and all shared in it.

Maryknoll, then, seems to be no longer merely a *hope*. It is a force ready for action, in a field properly assigned.

But where is the field you will naturally ask. And what kind of a ranch is it some Western friend will add.

We do not wish to burden our readers with too many fantastic names or sink them too deeply in geography, but we are anxious to prove that the land which the Maryknoll Mission will occupy is recognized by map-makers.

Look, then, at the map of China and note the well-known English city of Hongkong. Just to the west is the province of Kwangtung, one of the eighteen provinces of the Chinese empire. The Maryknoll Mission will occupy for the present a small slice of that province and its place on the map is indicated by "X" and "P" in monogram, the first two letters (in Greek) of the name of Christ.

The Maryknoll Mission will run from the South China Sea to the West River. It is not large, perhaps not more than one hundred and fifty miles in its longest measurement, and it does not count within its limits more than one of the four hundred millions of pagans in China.

Nor does it glory in the possession of any considerable city, its principal centers being a small city called Yeong-kong, near the coast, and a smaller one called Lo-ting, up towards the West River. But Maryknoll missionaries will be content with lesser responsibilities at the start than those carried by the European mission societies, because Maryknoll men are strangers to actual mission life and they wish first of all to learn.

It is possible that later they will have something to teach.

Fr. John M. Fraser has been released by the Bishop of East

Chekiang to attach himself to the Maryknoll Mission and at this moment he is on the new field, looking over the ground with Fr. Gauthier, a priest of the Canton vicariate.

A teacher and one catechist have been secured and already the first catechist has been installed in Lo-ting.

Two boys have been chosen to make their studies in Canton with the hope that both will go on for the priesthood; if not, for some other occupation by which they can serve the missions.

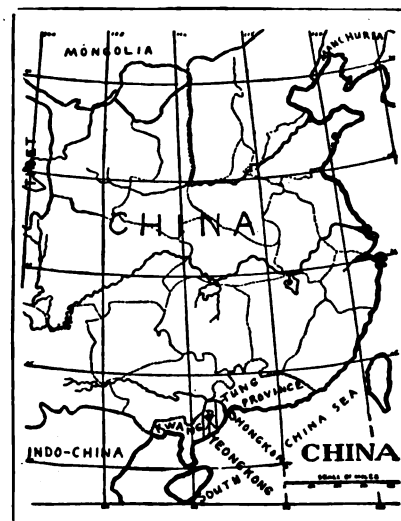
Towards the middle of September—only three months from now—the first departure will in all probability take place, and on that memorable occasion three or four Maryknoll priests will leave New York for Hongkong—America for China. *Do you wish to back them?*

Fr. Fraser on the Field.

FR. FRASER, whose bishop has kindly released him for special service to Maryknoll, is at present down in that portion of the Kwang-tung province which Maryknoll hopes some day to occupy. There, over by the West River, in a city called Lo-ting, he has placed a catechist named T. P. Chan, whom the Maryknoll Superior met when in Canton.

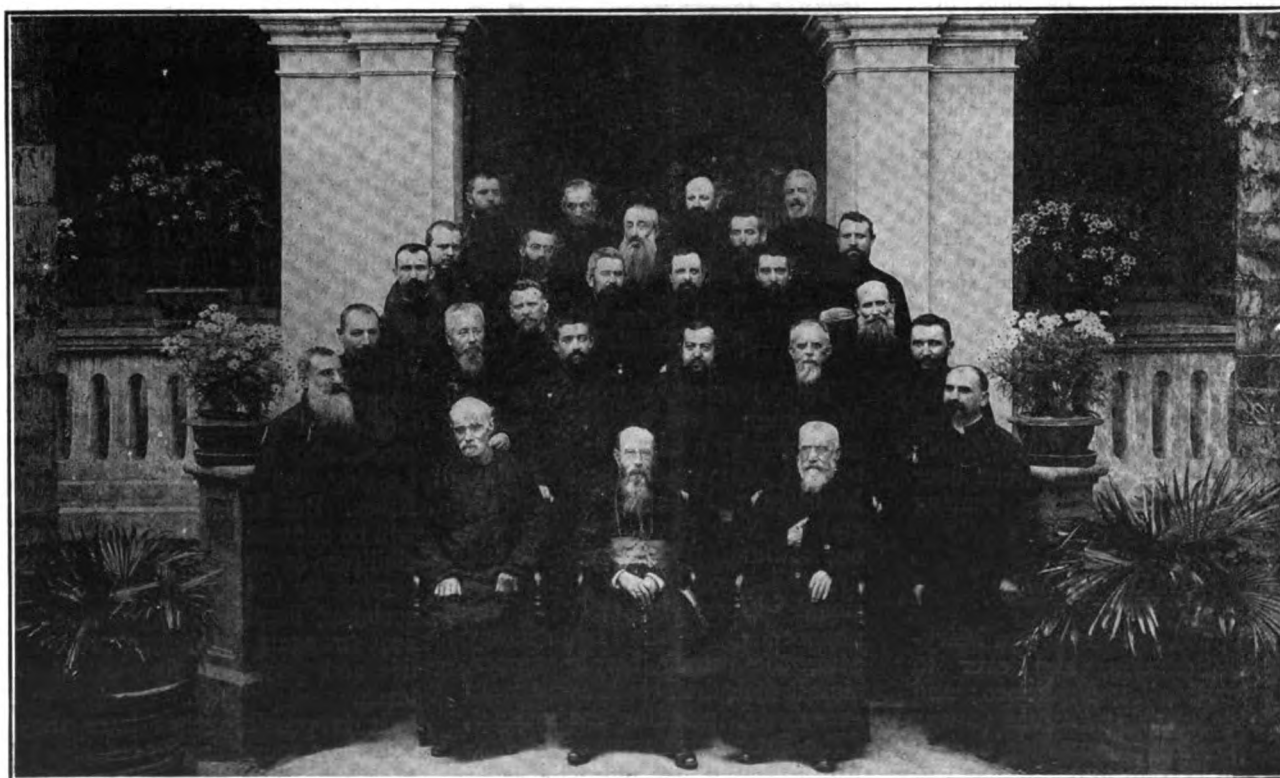
Fr. Fraser has also under his eyes a Chinese professor, to whom we are indebted for the following translation of the first report from T. P. Chan, up at Lo-ting:

I beg to inform you that your letter of last month and the sum you sent me from Canton were received on the second. After arriving at Lo-ting I was very busy in seeking the building; but owing to the huge sum charged by some of the landlords as a guarantee, or many not being in the large streets, I have selected one



which is the sixty-second of the Chew Haw Street, inside the Southern Gate.

The said building contains two big rooms. We shall take the front room as our assembly hall, while the back one is being divided into two chambers and a kitchen. It has been agreed that all the expenses for repairing will be



BISHOP DE GUEBRIANT OF CANTON WITH HIS PRIESTS.
(These apostolic men await with brotherly interest the arrival of Maryknoll's first band of missionaries.)

SCENES ON THE MARYKNOLL MISSION



*CORMORANT FISHERS ALONG
THE ROUTE*



*THE MARYKNOLL SUPERIOR
AT A DOUBTFUL MOUNTAIN PASS*



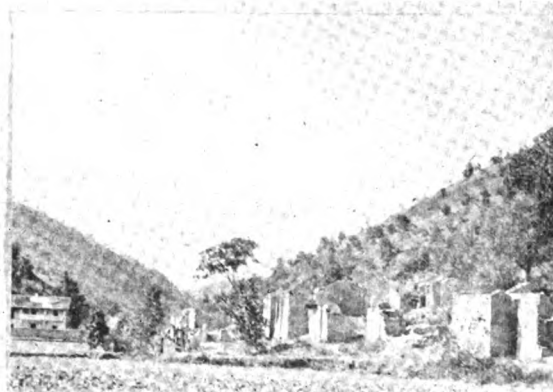
*FATHER GAUTHIER GUIDING
THE PROCESSION*



*FOLLOWING THE TRAIL WITH
BED AND BAGGAGE*



*AHMAN, A CONFESSOR OF
THE FAITH*



A BURNED CHRISTIAN VILLAGE

taken up by the landlord and the rent is \$6.00 for a month. According to the custom here, the rent has to be paid quarterly in advance, that is, we have to pay \$18.00 every three months. All the repairing work will be finished in no less than or even a little more than a week.

The other day I called in honor of your letter on the Magistrate here, who has the delight to know us and to do his best to protect our church. As to his proclamation that we are to put up at the door, I think we can have it when all is in order; but whether we can succeed is still uncertain.

I am now going to furnish the furniture as you told me. Please let me know beforehand when you and Fr. N—— will come, that I may have preparations for your welcome. As far as I can know, only several Christians have been found living near the city, but we have now many non-Christians who have registered their names to join the church. I hope by and by more Christians will be found in Lo-ting than we expect.

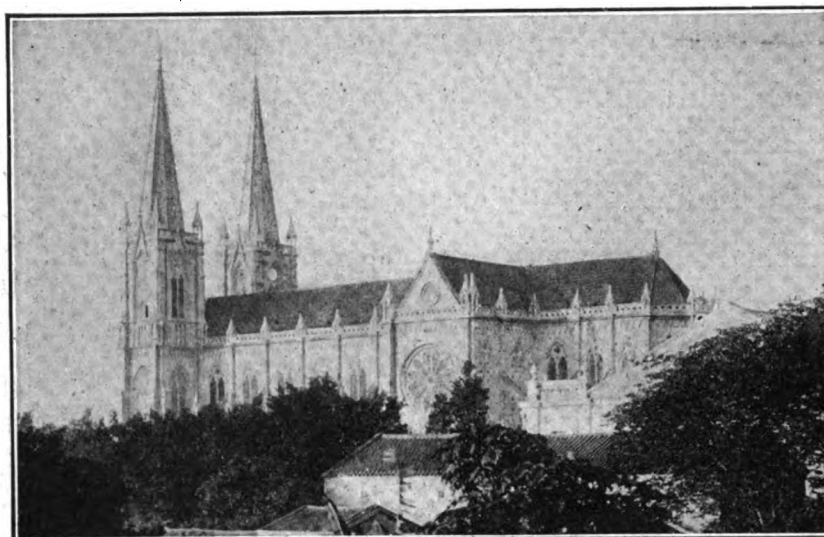
Maryknoll in San Francisco.

RETURNING from Japan, the Superior of Maryknoll landed at Victoria, B. C., and went down to San Francisco to take a look at the Procuration which had been opened on the eve of his departure from San Francisco.

He found it on the same street—Van Ness Avenue—as when he left, and in about the same condition. This first Procuration is, as our readers have already been told, a small hired house, and at present a better one is not needed, although if the right kind of place were offered to us as a gift we should not hesitate to accept it and save the rent.

The furniture in the present establishment consists principally of double beds, which our Procurator is trying to exchange for something that will not compel the occupants of rooms there to dress as if on a sleeping car.

There is also a square grand or grand square piano, which in its prime must have been the family pride, but which is at present rather obtrusive, though occasionally useful. Then there are other



THE CATHEDRAL OF CANTON.
(Before the end of the present year Maryknoll pioneers will offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in this stately church.)

things that are really too good for a foreign mission procuration, but which a priest friend with a large heart brought as his pet contribution.

Judged from visible, and, therefore, substantial results, the San Francisco Procuration has not yet proved its worth, and has, in fact, been obliged to call on its parents at Maryknoll for necessary spending money. This does not mean that no one in San Francisco has been good to us. Anyone who has met San Franciscans knows that if this were true it would be a reflection on our own lack of activity.

The Archbishop himself; the "Captain"—a real Maryknoll booster—who, without a murmur, has prevented the landlord from evicting our solitary representative a score of times; the Auxiliary, a select body of interested Catholics who were on hand for the opening night and were satisfied to return for another charge when the Maryknoll Superior passed through San Francisco on his way back—all these are witness to the fact that a Maryknoll beginning has really been made at the City of the Golden Gate.

The Superior spent only a few days in and around San Francisco, but opportunities were provided for him to give travel talks in several establishments and to preach on Sunday at the Cathedral.

Young men who desire to enter Maryknoll, as candidates for the Seminary or for the Vénard Apostolic School (our preparatory course), or as Auxiliary Brothers, should make application now.

Maryknoll is arranging to place four priests in China before the close of this year. Do you wish to back them? You can do so by a simple prayer. And if your means allow you can do more. Here are the first and immediate needs:

Passage and outfit for each missionary	\$500
Personal support (food, clothing and service) for each missionary for one year	200
Catechist for one year ..	180
Yearly education of one student for the priesthood	100

College—all very promising, especially the well-housed seminary and the large college, to both of which we shall make allusion later.

It was nearing midnight on Christmas Eve. The arousing signals had been given, and as there was yet time I went out to the balcony, on which my room opened.

The calm light of the moon fell on the splendid church, whose buttressed apse and west transept were discernible now, even in their details. Between the church and the Bishop's house the path was outlined by a wealth of flowers in bloom, all ready in their own settings to contribute their beauty to the great feast.

Looking at the church, I wondered here, as I had so often, at the skill and courage of pioneer missionaries. The Cathedral, which is a monument to the generosity of the French people, including Napoleon III, was designed and its erection supervised by a former bishop of this vicariate. The rearing of the structure in a strange land, by hands trained exclusively to things Oriental, at a period when Catholics—still few—were practically without representation in the city, was nothing short of boldness.

High in one of the tall and graceful spires the deep-toned bell began to ring joyously, and through the trees beyond the gateway I could see the Chinese Christians already flocking to Mass.

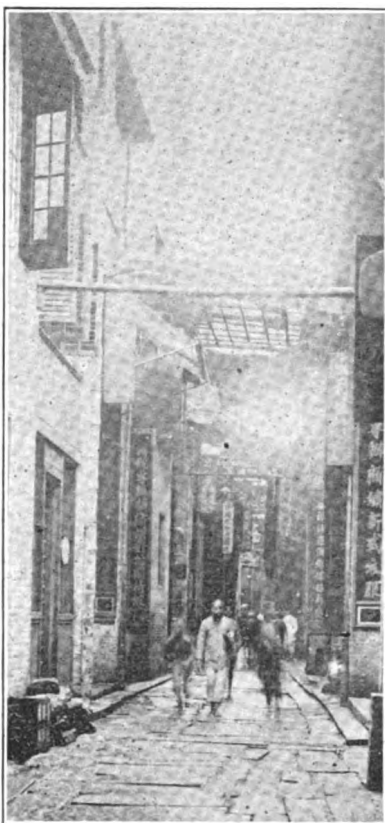
We of the Bishop's household were to be somewhat scattered that holy night. Bishop de Guébriant himself had elected to offer his own Mass in the chapel of the Little Sisters of the Poor, a few minutes walk from the compound. Fr. Fourquet was due at the convent, also outside the mission enclosure; Fr. Pradel, the general procurator, was expected at Shameen, the island concession where Europeans and Americans live in greater safety and comparative isolation. The Cathedral Mass was my assignment, and I went in to vest.

The church was aglow with life and light. Great lanterns, gorgeous in color, swung in their places the whole length of the nave. The usual scant supply of electricity was supplemented by some especially strong light produced by gasoline, or possibly acetylene, that were sizzling an accompaniment to the vocal prayers of the assembled Christians.

The lower half of the Church was already well filled with pantalooned mothers and their daughters, while the upper portion, habitually reserved for men and youths, was being occupied by these lords of the universe, who, clad in their best dresses, sauntered in through the transept doors.

As the great bell rang out again in wild joy it was followed by an explosion of fire-crackers, and I wondered what the tens of thousands of Chinese pagans who had been sleeping within ear-shot knew or thought of this anniversary, so precious to every Christian. Would any of them hasten that night with the Shepherds to Bethlehem?

Around me were standing, in a quiet dignity, a half-dozen priests,



A TYPICAL STREET IN CANTON.

mostly Chinese, and a score of well-trained, neatly-dressed altar boys. How strong the contrast between their lively faith and the deadening superstitions that abounded outside this sacred enclosure! How near is Christ to these millions who know Him not!

The signal was given and we moved slowly to the altar. From an organ outside and near the sanctuary came a sweet prelude, well played—and in a few moments Mass, a simple low Mass, had begun.

There was music during the service, and I recall hearing the familiar strains of *Noel*, which I afterwards learned had been sung by the seminarians.

I also recall, immediately after the Consecration, an explosion of fire-crackers, that ran merrily for a few minutes and finished as if a bomb had exploded in the church vestibule. It was not startling, however. On the contrary, as I realized the motive, it was as solemn as the "present arms" of a company of soldiers before the Blessed Sacrament.

But best of all, that night, was the picture of Chinese men, women, and children, who, not content with seeing and adoring the Divine Babe swaddled in the accidents of bread, came to tabernacle Him in their own bodies.

Two priests gave Holy Communion steadily until after a second Mass had been finished.

At ten o'clock Christmas morning there were more fire-crackers, ushering in the Pontifical Mass, at which Bishop de Guébriant officiated, assisted by some of his priests and the native seminarians. The church was again well-filled, the ceremony was quite perfect in detail, and the choir added to a well-rendered Mass the indispensable and home-calling *Adeste Fideles*.

After Mass many people were waiting to salute "Monseigneur," and among them we found a returned San Franciscan, Mr. Lo Tai Ching, who had reared his family of seven in the United States, and whose daughter knows English, as the proud father remarked, better than any other Chinese girl in Canton. Mr. Lo was pleased to learn that on the way over I had met Fr. Bradley, of San Francisco, for whom the Chinese of that city have a high regard.

My third Mass of Christmas Day was celebrated at seven o'clock in the convent chapel, outside the mission compound. In planning to arrive at Canton for Christmas I had included the intention of saying this Mass, because for several reasons I had become interested in the community of Sisters at Canton. In the first place, I had known personally their founder, the late Abbé Bourassa, of Montreal. Again, although not from the States, the Sisters are American, and a new congregation trying out their apostolic zeal for the first time on the soil of China. Finally, one of the first members of THE FIELD AFAR

Candidates for Maryknoll or for the Vénard Apostolic School should make application now for admission in September. Each application should be accompanied by a reference to the student's pastor or to some priest who knows him well.

clerical staff, Miss Mary Donovan, had joined this community and is actually Sr. Mary Angeline of Canton.

I managed with some difficulty to get into the right alley that led to the large grounds occupied by the Sisters. A few of the convent school boarders, who had come from their homes for the midnight Mass and feared to return, represented one branch of the Sisters' activities here. At Mass there were also the orphans and the native nuns.

There are Little Sisters of the Poor at Canton—not many yet, because their present house is small and they are waiting and praying for something larger. They will certainly get what they want—and their eyes are already on the desired property. Doubtless they have managed to stow away a few statues of their favorite saints in some corner of the place, so as to make sure that no one else will get it—for of such is the faith of Little Sisters—the faith of children—and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

And the Chinese themselves, Catholics and pagans, will pay for the new property, because these little Sisters of Canton—among whom, by the way, are two Irish nuns—know that city, in some respects at least, better than General Leong of the army or the chief of the Kwangtung bandits. Not that Little Sisters should be classed with military leaders or robbers, but they certainly have a way of finding out "who's who" when it is a question of getting something for God—and "for the old people."

An after-Christmas excursion was planned for Thursday, the twenty-seventh. It was designed to give me a glimpse of a small Christian settlement—also, to try out my skill again in the manipulation of chopsticks.

The mission, so far as I could learn, bore only the cheerful name of *Cemetery*. One of our party, Fr. Pradel, had established this mission and was until the war in charge of it—and his heart, in fact, is still there. Cemetery jokes have no effect on the genial Father, and proximity to a City of the Dead seems only to have added to his own life and liveliness.

There was a stir as we approached the settlement, and from various corners human life began to appear.

In spite of its name and its nearness to graveyards, this little hamlet is quite attractive, with its score of homes flanked by a large pond and guarded by the missionary's house, which serves at the same time as the House of God.

Into the chapel we entered with the people, all of whom, after the Angelus and a few other prayers had been recited, followed us outside again. They

were curious to know where such a freakish-looking individual as I came in—with a cassock and no beard. *America* meant nothing to these countrymen, but they were satisfied when they learned that I was a priest.

While mutual observations were in progress a woman who seemed to be queen of the hive put in an appearance, and after reverently saluting Fr. Pradel raised her voice to a pitch that silenced even the babies and poured out in an indignant tone large volumes of Chinese until I began to fear for my host. Later I understood that some local authority had been trying to clip this queen bee's wings by some injustice and that she was anxious to let Fr. Pradel know how matters stood.

The dinner that day was Chinese, up to and including the chopsticks. The menu had been carefully painted by the catechist's brush and faithfully executed by the cook. The parishioners looked in from time to time to enjoy the spectacle, and the Chinese curate was the silent hero of the occasion.

I recall what struck me as a practical arrangement in this little Christian settlement—the combination of chapel and missionary's house. The chapel was on the ground-floor, as were also the reception and dining rooms of the priest. Above were two bedrooms and a living-room, and from the living room the priest could enter the gallery of the chapel. This gave him easy access to the Blessed Sacrament and an almost constant guard over it.

"And they shall bring all your brethren out of all nations for a gift to the Lord . . . saith the Lord."—Isa. lxxvi. 20.

Your Liberty Bond will be safe in Maryknoll's keeping, and will serve you as an investment "for God and Country."

Keep in mind that at Maryknoll Thrift Stamps and War Savings Stamps are quite acceptable, not only as gifts, but in payment of dues, or for books, etc.

In making remittances, we suggest that our friends use Thrift Stamps, and thus give a push, small though it be, to the Government. The strength of the Nation, like that of the Church and its many works, depends upon the co-operation of the many.



DODGING submarines or carried quietly across the Pacific, recent mails have brought from:

AFRICA—Letters: Fr. Kerkhoff, Nagalama; Fr. Rottgering, Budaka.

CHINA—Letters: Fr. Lepers, Tientai; Fr. Tour, Pokfulum; Fr. Nugent; Ninghai; Sr. Clare, Chenting-fu. Promise of four Masses: Fr. Mullin, Hankow.

INDIA—Letters: Bp. Legrand, Dacca; Fr. D'Souza, Fajir, Promise of Mass: Fr. Niard, Akyab; Fr. Schipper, Alur.

FIJI ISLANDS—Letter: Fr. Guinard, Namosi.

From Along the Line.

THE Vicar-General of Pondichery, Fr. J. Darras, died recently at eighty-two years of age, after an apostolate of fifty-three years.

A ripe old age does not seem to be altogether uncommon on the mission field. An old French priest, Fr. Bonin of Cochin China, and two native priests all celebrated recently their golden jubilees in the priesthood.

The report of the "Union of Christian Education (Protestant) in Western China" announces 508 schools, with 15,539 pupils.

The figures supplied from Catholic sources in the province of Szechuan give 1,054 schools, with 18,442 pupils.

We are pleased to record the gift of a bursar for the seminary of Nagasaki, Japan. This gift was inspired by a suggestion found in the log of Maryknoll's Superior, and has already been forwarded to Bishop Combaz. It will make possible an increase in the native clergy of the Island Empire.

Priests in the United States or Canada who baptize an Asiatic should give to the newly-baptized a certificate, for which the missionaries in the Far East habitually look.

We had almost given up Uganda as separated from the world, and we were beginning to think that old friends of Maryknoll, like Bishop Biermans, Fr. McCabe, Mother Paul, and a host of others—not to speak of the "poet,"—were isolated, when a letter arrived. We are assured, but we are certain that the Uganda mission must be in straits.

One General Lung (not General One Lung) is the prominent war figure of China to-day. When last heard from he was still busy in the South, trying to quiet the followers of Dr. Sim, who do not like to be called Revolutionists.

For months this doughty general, a really commanding figure and very intelligent leader, was occupied in and about *Yeong-kong*. (Remember that name. You will hear it often.)

Fr. Cavaignac, of the Nagasaki diocese, Japan, who for several years was in touch with Maryknoll, was killed at the battle of Arras, while ministering as chaplain to a wounded soldier. He had been cited for bravery four times and had been decorated with the Cross of War.

When the news of Fr. Cavaignac's death reached his mission, forty prominent Japanese (non-Catholics) gathered to do him honor, and six of these, including Dr. Taman, Director of the High School, spoke.

We ask prayers for Fr. Cavaignac's soul.

Why not think of *A Maryknoll Annuity*? The plan could not be simpler. Here it is:

You give to Maryknoll (i. e., to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, which is incorporated by the State of New York) a sum of money, in the hundreds or thousands as you decide.

Our Society draws up a written agreement, accepting your money and binding itself legally to pay interest to you regularly until your death. In this way much trouble is avoided.

While the Maryknoll Superior was on the China Sea—safe from harm—an earthquake of great force hit Swatow, affecting Hong-kong and other places not far away.

Hundreds of houses fell and hundreds of people were buried in their ruins.

And now, as in San Francisco, rebuilding is going on. Bishop Rayssac would welcome the help of some coolies to remove the debris from his cabin and let him start housekeeping again. If you cannot offer your services, recall that the Bishop can secure coolies at the rate of about thirty cents a day.

He writes:

The first and most dangerous shock was felt on February 13, at 2 P.M. Hundreds of houses collapsed and hundreds of people were killed and a greater number injured. Our little buildings are severely damaged and we had to prop them up. Our church threatens ruin. Since then we have had many other shocks, and even now we feel little ones from time to time.

It is a great trial to us, in addition to the bad times in which we live. There has been more fighting between Southerners and Northerners. Swatow was taken by the former, and the latter, retreating, are now forty miles away. Will they come again? We pray God to spare us a new trial—we have had enough for the present.

NEW POST-CARDS.

Are you interested in post-cards? We have a new stock that includes views of Maryknoll, China, India, Japan, Africa, and Oceania,—more than forty subjects in all.

The price is low—perhaps too low—but you may have as many as we can supply at fifty cents a hundred. Selected subjects in albums, 50c. and 75c.

The bishop who receives such a letter of request as this can hardly be blamed if his promises turn out to be only so much wind: To His LORDSHIP,

Rt. REV. BISHOP VUYLSTEKE.

LORDSHIP:

I send you this letter as a sign of joy that I could write you. I remember you the fine football that you have promised us when we shall write Your Lordship a English letter.

We pray every day for you that God shall give you strength to work for us. Lordship, it must be a fine football. Wishing you in good health and God's blessing over us,

Your most obedient servant,

P. S.—We need not only an outer ball, but an inner ball with a pump, etc.

We are told in the inspired word of God that it is His will that all be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth. The mission field in the world, then, is a great one. There are about a billion unbelievers, for whom the Savior shed His Precious Blood just as for us.—Rev. P. C. Danner.



WHEN THE BISHOP WOKE UP.

Tae Brither Sandy.

(At Maryknoll.)

A T news o' Scot, wha's blessed lot
Is similar tae mine,
The mem'ry bounds an' hairt re-
sounds
Wi' music hushed lang syne.

Impulses auld, forgotten, cauld,
Laup oot in youthfu' prime,
And mem'ry's haze o' bairnie days
Expression seeks in rhyme.

I sees the lums, the reek that comes
An' hangs o'er Clyde obscurin',
The hillsides kissed by daybreak's mist,
Their stern crags veiled allurin'.

I sense the breeze o' western seas,
I see the Firth once more,
Dumbarton's rock—Auld Nature's lock
On Vale o' Leven's door.

Loch Lomond's sheen, the summer's
green,
Ben's white broo towering high,
The distant hue o' heather blue,
The fields wi' flocks o' kye.

These an' the rest—the unexpressed
O' recollection's store—
Surge through ma heed like floodgates
freed
By thochts o' Scotia's shore.
Washington, D. C.

The Difference.

A TELEPHONE call came re-
cently with the request for
our legal title, as a Catholic gen-
tleman, A, was about to remem-
ber us in his will to the extent of
a thousand dollars. We answered
thankfully:

**Catholic Foreign Mission Society
of America, Incorporated.**

On the Superior's desk was a
check for one thousand dollars
from B, with the request for an
Annuity agreement by which the
Society would bind itself to for-
ward to the donor during his life-
time fifty dollars every six months
—or five per cent annual interest.

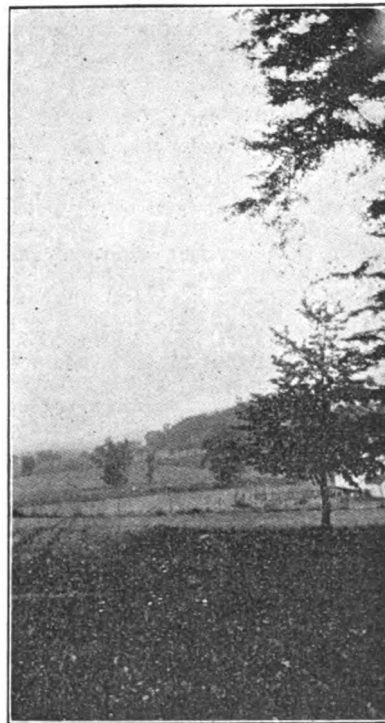
The Society may never benefit
by the good-will of A, but it is
certain of B's gift—and B in turn
is assured of his continued in-
come.

The Annuity idea is well worth
a thought.

**If the Annuity idea appeals to you,
note the paragraph on page 55.**

Maryknoll Happenings.

THE manufacturer of the fabrics
that appeared in these col-
umns during the absence of the
Maryknoll Superior gave an im-
pression to our readers that he
was going to resign his position,
and that habitually the crazy-
quilt had been produced, and
should be produced, by the Super-
ior himself—who could "do it so
much better," make it so much
the crazier, etc., etc.



THE FIELDS OF MARYKNOLL.

The truth of the matter is that
no one among the many scribes at
Maryknoll is bold enough to ac-
knowledge his responsibility for
the material that finds its way in-
to this section. May our readers
grin and bear it; unmindful of
who's who behind the typewriter
keys!

Ordinations the week before
Pentecost, at St. Joseph's Semina-
ry, Dunwoodie, were shared in

by the following Maryknoll as-
pirants:

Robert J. Cairns—Priesthood.
Anthony P. Hodgins—Deaconship.
George F. Wiseman—Sub-deacon-
ship.
Joseph A. Hunt—Exorcist and
Acolyte.
Raymond A. Lane—Exorcist and
Acolyte.
Joseph A. Sweeney—Exorcist and
Acolyte.
John H. Murray—Tonsure and Lec-
tor.
Joseph C. Stack—Tonsure and Lec-
tor.
Philip A. Taggart—Tonsure and
Lector.
Frederick J. Gregory—Tonsure and
Lector.

Fr. Cairns is an alumnus of
Holy Cross College, and is known
to some of our readers as
"Brither Sandy." The mere
mention of Scotch heather used
to agitate this young levite, but
now he is more affected by the
vision of poppy-fields in Chinese
prospect.

Fr. Cairns celebrated his first
Mass at Maryknoll, of course,
and he was privileged to have his
mother near him on the solemn
occasion. We ask for him, as for
those others who have recently
advanced towards the altar,
prayers that all may correspond
to the graces they have received.

The announcement has already
been made that the Superior of
Maryknoll, after finishing a twenty-
five thousand mile dash to and
through Eastern Asia, has turned
up and is sitting still (more or
less) at his desk in Ossining,
New York. He was so pleased
with the progress made along all
lines during his absence that he
is inclined now to the policy of
leaving the place when things do
not run well.

He found the property yet in
the name of the Society over
which he presides; all the build-
ings intact, and the grounds ready
to burst forth vegetables, grain,
grass and flowers; and last, but
not least, a larger family than
when he left.

The seminary and St. Michael's

appeared as when he went away, although the coats of each had grown a trifle shabby; Saint Teresa's, where the women-toilers dwell and pray, was attaching to itself a new shed, which, when painted, will make its mother long for a new fall coat; the laundry was a "dream" in field-stone that would meet the heart's desire of the most fastidious Chinaman; but the new Saint Joseph's—about which he had read down in Indo-China—was staggering to the wanderer, who rubbed his eyes and pinched his arm in an effort to recall what it looked like when it was a barn.

The transportation service, too, was a surprise.

When the Superior left the Knoll in September, 1917, a hired Ford, followed by the home truck *Elizabeth*, enabled him and his belongings to reach the railway station. When he returned, a real machine—the gift of a New York benefactor—puffed down to meet him, and although it did not arrive in time it eventually was credited with the feat of landing him in the arms of his expectant flock.

But the Superior missed *Elizabeth*, and when the following day she was pushed out to greet him, whose baggage she had once so gloriously carried, his face lengthened as the tears fell—from her radiator.

"Poor old Liz!" was all that he could say as he turned from the shrivelled, battered thing, and—his worries began.

The Procurator watched the golden opportunity and sighed out his *imperative need* for a "new truck of some kind," because "the hill is long," and "there are at least two trips a day," and "we must have the mules on the farm," and besides, "we lost time on THE FIELD AFAR and in other departments," etc., etc.

"Back to China in a hurry," the Superior whispered to him-

self, but he decided to face the music and to call for prayers that someone with means might save the situation by steering a modest truck into the Maryknoll compound. (Imagine Saint Paul asking one of his Corinthian friends for an auto-truck!—and we believe that he would do it if he lived here and in our day.)

Then for consolation and relief he visited the porkers—no one of whom recognized him. He passed on to the barn where the mules, which he had so successfully extracted from the stable of a Brooklyn contractor, and the Pennsylvania horse, for which he had grudgingly paid \$250 some years ago, all turned away their heads as he entered.

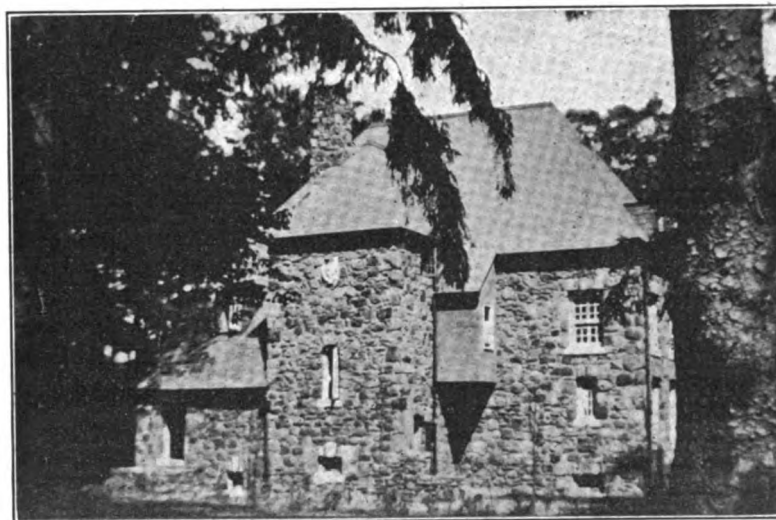
The hens ran away as he approached; and even Collie clung frightened to a group of his particular friends, the Teresians.

It was a little discouraging, but the human welcome was the thing, and it was pleasant to feel that the home-coming meant a joy to the family as well as to the father.

We have mentioned "joy," "Procurator," and "motor-cars" in the above paragraphs, and the combination suggests a word

about the Procurator at Maryknoll. The title for Procurator in French establishments is *Econome*, and we are anxious to find a word that would embody the two-fold idea of economy and provisions, but we cannot. If we could, one would surely apply it to the Maryknoll Procurator. He has the requisites of a bountiful provider—a good appetite and a generous heart; but he does not lack other essentials, such as hatred of waste, the sense of time, love for order—and an eagle eye.

"Joy." Anyone who attempts a joy-ride with the Maryknoll auto pays the Procurator at the rate of ten cents a mile. This may seem to our readers a small thing to write about, and as a matter of fact there is not much joy-riding at Maryknoll, but the Procurator's regulation is an index of his interest in the financial side of his holy enterprise, and the Superior himself, being under the law, and at present cashless, must breathe fresh air at a window or on *Shank's mare*. The doings of the Maryknoll Procurator, however, would fill a volume, and the story would not then be complete. In the meantime, his eagle eye is a light to the treasurer and a consolation to the Corporation.



THE FIELD AFAR OFFICE. IT DAILY GROWS MORE BEAUTIFUL.

"We could not help it." This was the answer to the Maryknoll treasurer when, after a week's campaign, he returned to Maryknoll and met a new truck hauling THE FIELD AFAR to the Ossining railway station.

Elizabeth had fallen in her tracks, and there was nothing to do but turn her in and get another—a cool one-thousand-dollar proposition, which made the treasurer's spirits sink low and stay down until he reasoned out the following:

Maryknoll is no longer small—the family on this hill counts more than three score and ten; the railway station and boat landing are two miles away, some five hundred feet below us, and the carting of all kinds of merchandise, including almost fifty thousand copies of THE FIELD AFAR, and an occasional load of black diamonds, requires an average of two trips a day; our light truck is now at times overloaded, and the extra cost of a more solid machine can be compensated by proper care; finally, BROTHER CHAUF is no joy-rider and takes a laudable pride in keeping up to the mark whatever he uses.

Gradually, then, the Maryknoll treasurer reasoned away his wrath, and now he is wondering if anyone with an appreciation of time and money savers will share with him the duty of paying for Carry.

There was a time, not so long ago, when a visitor to Maryknoll was such an event that if THE FIELD AFAR social reporter happened to be away he would receive a letter about it.

Now the reporter is often embarrassed in meeting elsewhere visitors whose kindly presence at the Knoll, though recorded, had not been reported to him. This oversight is due to the fact that every guest-master at Maryknoll is so much interested as to imagine himself the proprietor of the place, with no further obligation to discharge towards visitors than to make them feel at home and to send them away happy, though sober.

Fr. Scialdone, a Lazarist mis-

sioner from East Kiang-si, China, was listed on the Maryknoll guest-book in May. Fr. Scialdone's visit to America is one of passage to Italy.

Other clerical visitors during the month included: Rev. John J. Mitty, D.D., N. Y.; Rev. Paul Koch, C.S.S.R., Puerta de Tierra, P.R.; Rev. Paul Francis, S.A., Graymoor, N. Y.; Rev. Francis Kiniry, N. Y. C.

There were lay visitors, too, among whom we are tempted to mention the President of Costa Rica, who came over one Sunday in the company of a neighbor and a well-known New York journalist. The guest rooms were all working that afternoon, and His Excellency graciously occupied a seat on the front stoop, remarking as he did so that the United States is a very democratic country. The President is a big man in his own land, just the same, and we were happy to greet him.

The suggestion that some of our benefactors would gladly be sponsors for rooms at St. Joseph's has been met, and at fifty dollars each the following rooms have been taken:

St. Joseph.
St. Catherine.
St. John Nepomucene.
Sts. Philip and James.
Bernadette.

In memory of Mary Josephine Nolan.

In memory of Hannah Maguire.
St. Francis of Assisi.
St. Krescentia.
St. Benedict.
St. John the Evangelist.
St. Vincent de Paul.

Other rooms await sponsors.

A Perpetual Associate Subscription costs, as usual, fifty dollars.

THE CHI RHO RING!



Order now
Three weeks required

Sterling silver.....\$3.00
10-karat gold..... 5.00
14-karat gold..... 6.00

Field Afar Office, Ossining, N. Y.



GOD was good to us during the past school year, and we think it was not profitless. In fact, we believe it put much into our lives that will contribute to furthering the great motive back of it all—the extension of Christ's

Kingdom. But the end crowns the work and so, as we are about to fold our tents—literally in some instances—and steal away, the thought uppermost here is to append a grandstand finish to our successful year. Which, freely translated, means a bang-up Shower. For the uninitiated let it be said that a Shower is a racket, shindig, jamboree, lawn party, or what you will—anything but what the name itself indicates, because that would spoil it all.

The purpose of this gathering is to relieve our friends of those encumbrances known as Mite Boxes, or at least the contents thereof, and at the same time to get a chance to tell them point blank how much their help means to us. Some speech-making—not too much—can be looked for, because the Vénard Director will have to say something and the Superior of the Society will have something to say. Furthermore, although it is not the menu but the men you sit beside that make the banquet, it seems that the ladies in charge are going to be true to the feminine instinct and provide something to cheer the inner man. The day will close with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The only requisite for being present is that you are not sick in bed on the afternoon of Saturday, June 22, so that if your eye falls on this notice be advised by these presents that you are distinctly wanted. Stretch a point and yourself, take this hint, a day off, and the Northern Electric Street car, and join the "We have with us tonight" Club at the Vénard.

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of baseball. We were all crazy to play, but had no ball field. Only one thing occurred to us to do, namely, to make one, so every effort was made and every expense was spared to obviate the difficulty. The diamond gradually took shape under the combined efforts of the entire personnel, aided by the exertions of a pair of mules lately wished upon us. We are learning that God helps those who help themselves, and those ball games were doubly enjoyable in the knowledge that the pleasure was purchased by our own toil.

If it were not for the farm and the generous stores of provisions it brings to us, the Procurator would fall off the water wagon or do something equally desperate. We have no middle-men to deal with of course, but there is many a slip between the farm and the dinner table. Did you ever see food go to waste because there was no way of preserving it? You can see it on any farm where the produce is not immediately sold and there is no provision for canning. On a farm everything has a way of getting ripe about the same time, and as you can't eat it all, what you can't eat you can. We shall easily use a thousand cans this year—that is if we have them, or to put it in another way, if you want to help feed a hungry bunch of missionaries. You will think we want the earth. We do, to be perfectly frank, but not yet a while. Just now we aspire to the fruits thereof, and to only a modest portion of those.

The Month of the Sacred Heart is always a beautiful one here in the hills of Pennsylvania. Then come the roses, symbolizing perhaps the love of that Heart which broke for all mankind. Then come the perfect days, making earth a beautiful habitation, an earnest of that Heaven, it may be, to which the Sacred Heart of our Redeemer wishes to lead every son of man. Now, when God's love is poured about on the visible face of nature it seems easier to realize the inwardness of the great truth that that love is universal; that even as He covers the barren earth in every land and clime with the fairy forms of flowers and growing things, so He would cover the sins of all with the robe of His Redemption, and make to blossom in the soul of every creature the sweet flowers of His grace and love. May it inspire us all to greater zeal in the prosecution of our life's work, to do more and to pray more, that in God's good time, this blessed consummation may come to pass!



VÉNARD STUDENTS PREPARING FOR THE SUMMER DRIVE.

The first individual burse for Maryknoll's Apostolic School—the Vénard—will be credited to the good will of the Scranton diocese. A generous friend, whose name is withheld, has made a first payment of two hundred and fifty dollars, and will continue regular offerings until the burse—in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus—shall be completed. May God reward this benefactor!

If the maintenance of an aspirant for the priesthood at Maryknoll or The Vénard appeals to you, you may satisfy this holy desire by the offering of two hundred and fifty dollars for one year.

The Teresians are no strangers to Red Cross work these days. Not that they have much free time for this service, but they are lovers of their country, and feel that they must give something special in addition to their daily offering of prayers and consecrated labor. The gray veil, red-crossed, on each forehead, is quite impressive, though rarely seen by any except themselves, but better than this is the overflowing basket of bandages, etc., which occupies the table at the end of their recreation hour two evenings a week.

There is not much noise from our Teresians but when it is a question of something to be done—they are doers of the word and not hearers only. A blessing on them!

NUGGETS.

Among the larger nuggets unearthed during the month is one of five hundred dollars from the Catholic Women's Benevolent Legion, for their Burse at Maryknoll. The others, aggregating six thousand five hundred dollars, are from eight priests—our most prized, and actually the most generous, benefactors of the work from its beginning.

Thirty-eight hundred dollars of this amount is from the will of the late Fr. Boucher of Haverhill

(Mass.) and is destined for work in China.

Two thousand have been given to Maryknoll in the form of an annuity—a very acceptable kind of help, although it will not benefit the work until after the death of the benefactor.

We note with special interest that these priestly gifts represent several States of the Union, from Maine to Minnesota; also, that they include one for Maryknoll's Daily Bread, a need which is so common that it is rarely in the minds of our benefactors.



ENTERPRISES OF THE MARYKNOLL MARIA CIRCLES.

"WHAT we cannot do in money we shall try to do by our Communions and prayers," writes the St. Dominic Circle of Central Falls, (R. I.).

We are always grateful for such co-operation, which is indispensable to the success of our work.

A New Bedford (Mass.) Circle offers this suggestion: "For first prize at our Whist Party we gave a subscription to THE FIELD AFAR (the winner passed it on to a friend), and for second, *Thoughts From Modern Martyrs*."

A check for the goodly sum of \$14 accompanied the letter.

The Father Fraser Circle is the new title of our Toronto group of helpers. It is especially appropriate, since the efforts of this Circle have been from the beginning marked by the same energetic zeal that characterizes that well-known Apostle whose name they bear. The latest returns are as follows:

Mite Box offerings.....	\$13.15
Dues	10.30
Gift	5.00
	<hr/>
	\$28.45

START A CIRCLE.



"Give Us This Day Our Daily Bread!"

FROM YOUR STATE AND OTHERS.

STATE	GIFT	SUBSCRIBERS
Alabama		2
Arizona		1
Arkansas	\$3.00	2
California	33.90	20
Colorado		3
Connecticut	118.35	50
Delaware	1.00	8
District of Columbia	6.00	22
Florida	5.50	4
Georgia		1
Idaho	9.60	2
Illinois	89.07	29
Indiana	2.50	7
Iowa	3.25	10
Kansas	2.17	7
Kentucky	2.00	8
Louisiana		5
Maine	57.25	8
Maryland	38.99	7
Massachusetts	* 6,785.63	100
Michigan	24.00	16
Minnesota	103.50	8
Mississippi		1
Missouri	89.40	18
Montana		1
Nebraska	3.40	4
New Hampshire	28.75	6
New Jersey	102.68	79
New Mexico	1.00	3
New York	969.42	263
North Carolina		1
North Dakota		1
Ohio	2,011.85	15
Oklahoma		3
Oregon	1.00	1
Pennsylvania	493.45	923
Rhode Island	172.95	39
South Carolina	10.00	2
South Dakota	3.08	11
Texas	21.63	3
Utah		1
Vermont	22.31	7
Virginia	5.80	2
West Virginia	2.25	4
Wisconsin	6.00	12
Wyoming	2.20	
FROM BEYOND THE BORDERS.		
Canada		16
Hawaii	7.75	1
Newfoundland		1
New Brunswick	2.00	
Nova Scotia	11.00	

Total of new subscribers 1,723

* \$2,000 annuity.

From the will of the late Margaret McDonald of Boston the "Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America (Incorporated), with headquarters at Maryknoll, Ossining, in the State of New York, is scheduled to receive five hundred dollars."

May God reward the soul of this thoughtful friend!

RECEIVED AT MARYKNOLL.

Clothing; books; slide; used vestments; silver dish and cup; surplice; vestments; medals; cancelled stamps, tinfoil, etc., from N. Y., Pa., N. J., Mass., Conn., Minn., D. C., Calif., Vt., Tex., R. I., Ky., Ontario, Nova Scotia; old coins, jewelry, etc., from R. I., Ill., N. Y., Conn., Mass., O.

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Deceased: Rev. William P. Smith; Annie Delaney; Mrs. T. Sullivan; Walter J. Rieckelman; James McGaharan; Thomas Moore; Mary Moore; Ellen Casey; Andrew Foley; Mrs. B. Foley; Mrs. M. Moran; James Moran; Margaret H. Holloran.

We have no paid agents working on a commission basis.

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A Burse or Foundation is a sum of money, the interest of which will support and educate, continuously, one of our students for the priesthood.

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Blessed Sacrament Burse	5,000
St. Willibrord Burse	5,000
Providence Diocese Burse	5,000
Fr. Elias Younan Burse	5,000
Mary, Queen of Apostles, Burse	5,000
O. L. of Miraculous Medal Burse	5,000
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Burse	5,000
Holy Trinity Burse	5,000
Father B. Burse	*\$6,273.31
Bishop Doran Memorial Burse	5,000
St. Charles Borromeo Burse	5,000
St. Teresa Burse	15,006

MARYKNOLL BURSES (Incomplete).

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All Souls Burse	3,264.14
Cheverus Centennial School Burse	3,199.12
Holy Ghost Burse	2,322.19
St. Columba Burse	2,092.00
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse	12,034.89
Our Sunday Visitor Burse	2,000.00
St. Patrick Burse	1,857.50
Curé of Ars Burse	1,818.41
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Fall River Diocese Burse	1,107.15
St. Dominic Burse	1,084.07
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O. L. of the Sacred Heart Burse	900.86
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A new burse cannot be listed until it has reached one hundred dollars.

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Little Flower Burse	\$2,646.49
Bl. Théophane Vénard Burse	1,422.00
Blessed Sacrament Burse	675.50
C. Burse	650.00
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Abb. Williams Catechist Fund	*\$10,500.00
Foreign Mission Educational Fund	5,000.00
Vénard Student Fund	1,660.30
Anonymous Catechist Fund	2,200.00
Bread Fund	706.05
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Fund	91.00

TO the kindly prayers of our readers we commend the souls of:

Rev. J. A. Crowe	Mary Conaty
Sr. Emma	Mrs. J. Casey
Sr. M. O'Keefe	Frank McDonald
Sr. Austin	Mrs. W. Boyle
Sr. Sylvalia	Mrs. Buckley
Sr. Euphrasia	Mary McGrath
Sr. Joseph Mary	Mrs. Belle McAtee
Sr. Vitalis	Frank Gormley
Daniel McGonagle	Mrs. M. Engle
Rose Barry	Patrick McAdams
Mrs. M. A. Baker	George Salloway
James Griffin	M. V. Dwyer
Mrs. R. Zeckwer	E. A. Gallagher
Veronica Mann	W. D. Richards

* On hand but not operative.

† \$1,000 on hand but not operative.

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NOTICE TO READERS:—When you finish reading this magazine place a one-cent stamp on this notice, hand it to any postal employee, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors at the front. No wrapper: no address.—A. S. BURLESON, Postmaster General.

THE FIELD AFAR



FISHING IN THE WATERS OF JAPAN.

VOL. XII. No. 7 + JULY, 1918 + PRICE 10 CENTS



A MID-SUMMER SCENE AT MARYKNOLL.

THE Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America is located on a slightly hill overlooking the Hudson River, about thirty miles north of New York City. The place is called, in honor of the Blessed Virgin, *Maryknoll*. The Seminary is under the direction of secular priests who have been organized as the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. Their object is to train priests for missions to the heathen and to help arouse the Catholics of our country to a clearer appreciation of their duty towards this particular need. The Seminary has at present a faculty of ten priests, twenty-five students of Philosophy and Theology, and ten auxiliary-brothers.

The movement was set on foot by Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, and the then Apostolic Delegate, Cardinal Falconio. It was approved by the Council of Archbishops at Washington, April 27, 1911, and authorized by Pope Pius X. at Rome, on the Feast of the Apostles SS. Peter and Paul, June 29, of the same year.

On July 15, 1915, the young Society received from Rome the decree of Praise, and was placed directly under the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. It is incorporated in New York State and is under the spiritual jurisdiction of His Eminence John Cardinal Farley, who is Honorary President of the Corporation. The corporate name of the Society is: Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

In September, 1916, it opened at Clark's Green, Pa., in the diocese of Scranton, a preparatory house of studies with the corporate title of the Vénard Apostolic School. Here thirty-seven youths are following high school and college courses under the direction of six professors, five of whom are priests.

In September, 1917, the Maryknoll Procurator of San Francisco was opened. This will serve as a half-way house for our missionaries on their way to the Far East, and will be the center of C. F. M. S. activities on the Pacific Coast.

VOCATIONS TO THE PRIESTHOOD

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ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

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COOPERANTVR IN BONVM



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

ENTERED AT POST-OFFICE, OSSINING, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Volume Twelve
Number Seven

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President and Treasurer : V. REV. JAMES A. WALSH.
Secretary : V. REV. JOHN J. DUNN.

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Communions and rosaries every Friday from our two communities.
From Benefactors here and abroad—
Several thousand Communions offered monthly and as many rosaries offered each week for all members of the Society.
From Missioners in the Field—
Several hundred Masses yearly;
Frequent Communions and prayers of faithful converts.

OFFICES OF THE SOCIETY MARYKNOLL - - OSSINING P. O., N. Y.

THE FIELD AFAR is the official organ of the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary. Checks and other payments may be forwarded to the Very Rev. James A. Walsh. Advertising rates will be sent upon application.

JULY—Month of the Precious Blood.

Blood—the earth is dripping with it, and the hands of millions are red, and God alone knows upon whose heads it will be found in the final reckoning.

But under the drippings that stain the earth is other Blood—Precious Blood—that makes Earth glow like a ruby in the firmament, a living sanctuary lamp among the planets of the universe.

Hail, Precious Blood of Jesus the Christ! May Thy beauty soon appear to the nations and this earth become more worthy of Thee!

* *

HEROISM in these war days seems almost commonplace, and exiles for the fatherland are already counted by the hundreds of thousands.

The spirit of sacrifice has surprised this nation, that seemed to be running down luxurious banks towards waters deep and dangerous; and the thought of leaving home to cross the seas with a small chance of returning hardly frightens to-day.

Will not this attitude of mind make for a plentiful harvest of vocations to the foreign missions to-morrow?

Who can with reason discourage a Catholic young man from volunteering as an apostle to China, to fight for Christ and souls, when the country has applauded his companions (and perhaps he was among them) as they crossed the gang-plank to the transports for the carnage fields of Europe.

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If fighters for God come out of the now thoroughly aroused spirit of self-forgetting patriotism the world-war may indeed prove a blessing.

* *

WHILE we are thinking on the subject of outfits for the Maryknoll missionaries, the first group of whom will soon leave for the Far East, along comes this clipping:

HOW CHAPLAINS ARE EQUIPPED FOR MILITARY SERVICE.

The following supplies are furnished by the Episcopal Diocese of Massachusetts to its chaplains in military service: Communion set, recreation tent, motion-picture machine with screen, two fiber trunks for carrying motion-picture outfit, portable altar, cross and candlesticks, stationery with name of regiment, talking machine with attachment to play any record, Underwood typewriter, Corona typewriter, and autotruck for motion-picture equipment. These articles total a cost of \$1,644.52, as stated in a report from the joint commission on social service of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

It is a satisfaction to realize that our boys in the army are being provided for by the thoughtfulness of the stay-at-homes, but some one asks as he

MARYKNOLL WILL PUSH WAR SAVING STAMPS.

reads the list what effect it will have on our young missionaries, whose outfit, including passage across America and over the Pacific, is limited to \$500.

These soldiers of Christ will be well satisfied with the smaller amount and are glad to know that the soldiers of their beloved country are in the hands of generous friends.

+ +

Do not for the present go to the expense of buying chalices for Maryknoll.

Several priest-friends have given us their extra ones for our new Mission and we have received others from the estates of deceased priests.

+ +

DOES it occur to us that perhaps every Chinese father is not bent on initiating his sons into the laundry business? It would be truer to say that China is a nation of farmers. But the citizens of the Celestial Republic also practice many handicrafts. There are carpenters and masons, carriage-makers and firecracker manufacturers, boatmen and railway conductors. Landlords may feel envious on learning that China has no plumbers.

All these matters, however, are of minor importance to Maryknoll. She will send her sons to China, not because the people there are honest and industrious, not because they can raise tea and rice, not because their soil conceals treasures of coal and iron, but because they have souls capable of knowing, serving, and praising God.

+ +

THE average American likes to try his mettle against big odds. He is openhanded and prefers to "rough it" than otherwise to enjoy the goods of life. His favorite sports are trials of strength rather than of skill or luck and he takes more pleasure in self-exertion such as boxing than in watching two roosters scrap.

As a people, we are practical. Our wealthy men are engaged in

business; our finishing academies for young ladies graduate business women who think it no disgrace to use their mental faculties. Our taste for the fine arts is developed only in the few; as inventors of machinery we rank high.

It is a pity, however, to waste on sport or business alone this God-given interest in the practical issues of life. Used for the greater good of pagan countries, this American characteristic would set things humming. Put enough American push behind a campaign for mission funds and on the mission field itself and the "yellow peril" would soon become a gold mine to pave the courts of the Heavenly Jerusalem.

+ +

If you wish not to be bothered with annual payments, send, within the space of two years, fifty dollars and you will receive The Field Afar during your life.

+ +

PEOPLE are beginning to remark that the foreign mission spirit has developed considerably in the United States during the past decade. We are happy to admit this progress, but when we realize the swift march of architecture, engineering, electricity, capital and labor organizations, and the yet more marvellous formation of an armed host with all that accompanies it, we are not inclined to enthuse much. Personally, whenever we met a stranger—even though he be a Catholic—we always presume that he is as much a stranger to the foreign mission idea as he is to ourselves.

When this presumption is correct—and it is so very often—an interesting study follows the first foreign mission volley.

In some (shall we call them victims?) curiosity is aroused immediately, as if they heard for the first time something that they had longed to know. Others, with minds open to conviction, listen well, but cautiously, storing away some sympathy for the next occasion.

On others, however, the idea

falls and drops off, and in this class are some really good people with poor sight.

But we are never surprised, and as a consequence our disappointments are not serious. On the other hand, we experience daily the unexpected and find friends where we never for a moment believed that they existed.

This is God's work and He is touching Catholic hearts.

+ +

With reasonable economy enough could be saved from the expense account of an ordinary funeral to enroll in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society, as a Perpetual Associate, the deceased relative or friend.

+ +

REPORTS from the Far East remark the number of traveling salesmen, Standard Oil men, and other Americans resident throughout China. We may confidently rely on the many Catholics amongst them to break down little by little any prejudice of the natives, both against Americans as desirables, and then against Catholic Americans.

The pity of it is that we must leave to such inadequate means the first step in the leavening process. If an organization, similar to the K. of C., or indeed the K. of C. itself, were to begin active work in the East by establishing headquarters in the principal cities, where American Catholic salesmen could meet to work in unison along Catholic propaganda lines, they would provide invaluable aid to the missionaries now on the field and prove of even greater service to the American priest of the near future.

The Y. M. C. A. has its establishments in every big city in the East and its club members are important auxiliaries in the furtherance of Protestant effort. The evangelization of the millions of the East is not a work for a handful of forgotten missionaries. The united backing of many American Catholics must be enlisted before appreciable results will follow.

T H O U G H C A T H O L I C W E A R E A M E R I C A N S .

Maryknoll Pioneers.

THERE is as yet no moving-picture machine at Maryknoll, but the place is treated to an occasional thrill just the same. One arrived on a certain Sunday in June, when for the first time in the history of this still young Society the *Assignment of Missioners* was made.

The stillness was awful as the Superior read out the names of those who are privileged to be the pioneers. For weeks and months there had been conjectures and every possible candidate had been trying to convince himself that he would be in that first group. Some, however, were bound to be disappointed, and all knew that only four out of Maryknoll's priests could be spared from the home establishments in New York, Pennsylvania, and California.

The four named are:

- Rev. Thomas Frederick Price**
of North Carolina,
Archdiocese of Baltimore.
- Rev. James Edward Walsh**
of Cumberland, Maryland,
Archdiocese of Baltimore.
- Rev. Bernard Francis Meyer**
of Stuart, Iowa,
Diocese of Des Moines.
- Rev. Francis Xavier Ford**
of Brooklyn, New York,
Archdiocese of New York.

Of the four, Fr. Price, the Superior of the group, is well known to many of our readers, and better to thousands of others in this country who are not on our lists.

Fr. Price has been associated with the work of Maryknoll from the beginning and is in fact one of its two organizers. At his repeated and urgent request—not to say threat—we have until now done our best to satisfy him by keeping his name and his photograph out of *THE FIELD AFAR*, but we feel that once he has turned his back on this land of his birth he will not object, certainly not so strenuously, to the appearance of both, at least oc-



"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, and that preacheth peace: of him that showeth forth good, that preacheth salvation."—Isaiah lii., 7.

asionally. As one so closely connected with *THE FIELD AFAR*, his modesty will not allow the paper to refer any longer to itself as Priceless.

All at Maryknoll rejoice that this zealous and apostolic priest will lead the little band across the seas and into China; and his companions, no one of whom is more than a few years old in the priesthood, are glad to feel that they have so well-seasoned a staff upon which to lean as they walk over untried paths in a foreign land.

Fr. James E. Walsh has been for the past two years Director of the Maryknoll preparatory school—the Vénard—at Scranton, Pennsylvania. He is an M. A. graduate of Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Maryland, having followed in the footsteps of his father and grandfather, both of whom were alumni of the same college.

Fr. Meyer is an alumnus of St. Ambrose College, Davenport, Iowa, and was ordained at Mary-

knoll in December, 1916, by his own Bishop, Rt. Rev. Austin Dowling—who on that occasion made an address which went out over the country and across the seas, carrying these precious words which have been widely quoted:

The beginning of the foreign mission movement should be a sacrifice from the whole American Church. The work is not diocesan, it is not provincial. Great and glorious, it concerns all the dioceses of the country, and it is a witness and a challenge to the spirit of sacrifice in our young men. This new priest shall be a prayer for us. May God bless his life and the lives of his companions!

Fr. Ford was the first student received at Maryknoll-in-Hawthorne (our original temporary home) six years ago. He is the son of a well-known New York journalist and a graduate of the Cathedral College, New York City.

Following the thrill of assignments came the further announcement that four reservations have been made on the *Equador*, of the Pacific S. S. Co., booked to leave San Francisco *Saturday, September 21.*

The Maryknoll missionaries will sail for Hongkong, but if their purses allow them they will make a stop-over to follow a portion of the Superior's trail and "size up" a few future possibilities.

At Hongkong they look forward to meeting Fr. John Fraser, who is actually a Maryknoll aspirant representing the American Foreign Mission in its sector of the Kwangtung province.

At this writing the air is filled with the Departure Hymn, with which we know that some of our readers will wish to be familiar.

**A MODERN MARTYR
BLESSED THEOPHANE VÉNARD'S LIFE AND LETTERS**
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THE BETTER CATHOLIC, THE STRONGER PATRIOT.

A Loss to the Cause.

MORE than once in these pages we have printed cordial and brotherly letters from a young Italian priest, Fr. Costa of Turin. One of the Maryknoll organizers met Fr. Costa in Turin, where he had the spiritual direction of a new foreign mission seminary, *La Consolata*, and was deeply impressed on that occasion with the delightful openness and evident zeal of the apostolic young priest.

Since then *La Consolata* and Maryknoll have been in regular correspondence, so that it is with genuine regret we have recently learned of Fr. Costa's death. The news came to us through his Excellency our much esteemed Apostolic Delegate, who is a warm friend of *La Consolata*.

We recall the last letter received from Fr. Costa, who had made unusual progress in English.

We are in the din of war, with its consequent distress and strain on missions and mission seminaries. We have now in the army twenty young men and five priests, all in the medical corps except one. Yet I shall not fail to send you our best and heartiest wishes, intending them to be, first, an expression of the unquenchable apostolic love that unites our works and of the ever-increasing material and spiritual prosperity we wish for your Society, and, secondly, a cry of the soul for the speedy return of the kingdom of peace, which may bring all the world under the sweet yoke of the Prince of Peace. Heartiest congratulations for the prospering Seminary and the Vénard School, and for the ever cheery FIELD AFAR!

We ask the prayers of our readers for the soul of this apostolic priest.

"Thy Kingdom Come" is a prayer brief yet all-embracing. With man's weariness of war comes the thought that a better world should have been, and a prayerful petition that a better may be. To spread Christ's Kingdom by enlightening and winning pagan souls, this is the fullest meaning of "Thy Kingdom Come."—V.F.K., O.P.

Hymn of Departure.

Go forth, ye heralds of God's tender mercy,
The day has come at last, the day of joy.
Your burning zeal is by no fetters shackled,
Go forth, O brothers, happy you! go forth.
How beautiful the feet of God's apostles!
We kiss those feet with holy loving awe.
How beautiful are they on hills and valleys,
Where error's darkness reigns with death.

*Go forth, farewell for life, O dearest brothers;
Proclaim afar the sweetest name of God.
We meet again one day in heaven's land of blessings,
Farewell, brothers, farewell.*

The winds will howl, and tear the sails asunder,
The waves will form and dash against the ship.
But go in Jesus' name to preach His Gospel,
And "fear not," "Him the winds and seas obey."
When Jesus seems to sleep, and nights are stormy,
Gaze on yon guiding star and hark,
Your brothers sing the "Ave Maris Stella,"
That you may reach the distant shore.
Go forth, farewell, &c.

Dear brothers, hasten then to save the heathen,
He is immersed in death's cold dark abyss.
Without true God, without a hope to soothe him—
Shall he forever be a child of wrath?
Brave soldiers, rise, destroy the throne of Satan,
Deliver from his grasp the groaning slave;
Bring him the freedom which by Christ was given,
And plant the Cross in every land.
Go forth, farewell, &c.

If you have an extra prayer book send it directly to the Canossian Sisters, Catholic Mission, Hankow, China. A few Catholic story-books would also be welcome at the hospital there. (Do not send these to Maryknoll. We have no time for stories.)

A Visitor from France.

NO missionary body has been closer to Maryknoll than that of the *Paris Foreign Missions*, until now the largest of its kind in the world. This famous organization has from the beginning of Maryknoll been its inspiration, and the names of the Paris Seminary martyrs, especially those of Vénard, Dorie, and Bretenières, have been household words here. In his recent journey to the Far



FR. PAUL SIBERS, WHO IS RECRUITING SUBJECTS IN AMERICA.

East the Superior of Maryknoll met unfailing courtesy from all Catholic missionaries, but in the apostolic men of the Paris Seminary—as in his compatriots of the Philippines—he found brothers.

It was a keen satisfaction, therefore, to receive lately as a guest at Maryknoll Fr. Paul Sibers, who had just arrived from his Alma Mater with a greeting to this small Society that has big aims, and with a special mission to find among French-speaking youths of Canada and the United States' new apostles to fill the ranks that have been decimated by war.

We wish Fr. Sibers success, and if any French-speaking youths who read these lines wish further information we will gladly give it.

MARYKNOLL HAS INVESTED IN LIBERTY BONDS.

Observations.

SOME day we hope to see in New York City, with branches elsewhere, a *Mission Shop*, where some of the many beautiful and interesting products of Catholic natives in the various mission fields can be exhibited and sold.

A Franciscan priest, preaching a diocesan retreat in the Middle West, took occasion to speak a good word for Maryknoll and the Cause. If he reads these lines let him know that his words have already borne fruit.

The diocese of St. Paul has a zealous worker for the foreign mission cause in the person of the Rev. James A. Byrne who, though occupied as Spiritual Director of St. Paul's Seminary, also directs the diocesan work for the Propagation of the Faith.

Fr. Byrne is so good to THE FIELD AFAR as to give its name a ride on the back of every envelope he sends out.

Fr. Browne, S.J., of Dublin, writes asking prayers for Mrs. O. M. Taafe, one of the founders of St. Joseph's Young Priests' Society—an organization which for some years past has been preparing the soil of Catholic Ireland for a development of the world-wide spirit.

We commend the soul of Mrs. Taafe to the prayers of our readers, and we express the hope that as a result of her example and intercession many like her will arise in the English-speaking world to help push on into the wilderness of this earth the Saving Cross of Jesus the Christ.

Fr. Donnelly, S.J., whose complete works now include seven attractive little volumes, has sent to Maryknoll his latest:

Shepherd My Thoughts.

This modest inscription by our author-friend runs on the fly-leaf:

*They have no time to glance at this,
The men at Maryknoll's,
A thing that shepherds worthless
thoughts*

While there they shepherd souls.

Fr. Donnelly should know that his works are much prized at Maryknoll, where the apostolic spirit is fanned to flame by such verses as this:

*The soldier loves his tattered flag—
Shall Christ's Heart win less love
from me?*

*Bravely It bears the wounds of fight
And bleeds with love's full victory.*

Knights of Columbus are so engrossed at the present time with their excellent war work that an appreciation such as that which follows, from a Knight in New York State, is particularly welcome:

If you will send a circular to the members of our Council (directory enclosed), I will endeavor to do something to follow up your appeal—by requesting subscriptions and collecting same to forward to you.

You might send me about twenty-five more blanks so that I may have them with me to do "business on the spot." I do this simply because your work and personal sacrifices your men are making especially appeal to me.

On June 2, the Knights of Columbus, Alhambra Council No. 88, of Worcester, Mass., had a third degree, which resulted in the class of candidates sending to Maryknoll \$26.10. We questioned our Worcester Knight and several other K. of C. priests and students, but none of them would divulge whether or not the degree team feeds gold to the Casey Goat.

A priest who has been deeply interested in all that concerns Maryknoll from its beginning expresses in printed form from time to time his particular devotion to Bernadette of Lourdes as the little client of Mary Immaculate. Realizing as he does that the Immaculate Conception is the sole National Patron of America, he has aimed consistently during his priestly life to deepen love in American Catholic hearts for her who, inspired by God, exclaimed,

THE MARYKNOLL RING!



*Everything that
comes from Mary-
knoll ought to be
good. This ring will
stand under criticism.*

Sterling silver.....\$3.00
10-karat gold..... 5.00
14-karat gold..... 6.00

Field Afar Office, Ossining, N. Y.

"Behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed!"

One of this priest's books, *Bernadette of Lourdes*, has been constantly on THE FIELD AFAR table, and is known to many of our readers. Another has just taken its place there—

The Lily of Mary,

a charming little volume that contains a short life of Bernadette of Lourdes. It has ninety pages and is well printed on excellent paper, with eight duo-tone illustrations. The binding is in dark blue cloth, stamped in gold or white as preferred, the front cover bearing a colored likeness of Bernadette Soubirous in the quaint dress of her country-women. The book sells for thirty cents (postage extra).

The students at Mt. St. Mary Seminary of the West (at Cincinnati) have organized a Mission Society—under the patronage of St. Paul—and we consider the movement so important that we reproduce as suggestive the following extracts from the Constitution and By-Laws:

There shall be a common daily prayer, recited vocally by all, immediately preceding the final thanksgiving usually said after Holy Communion; and this prayer is to be varied at the discretion of the Reverend Spiritual Director.

On the first Sunday of each month members shall offer their Holy Communion for the well-being of the Missions, which offering is to be formulated vocally by the First Prefect immediately after the Pater Noster of the conventual Mass.

The first Wednesday in October shall be set aside each year as a Mission Feast-Day; and shall be celebrated with a Solemn High Mass, preferably the votive Mass of the

FRIENDS HAVE ADDED OTHERS TO THESE.

Propagation of the Faith, when possible. Other arrangements for the keeping of this day in the most fitting manner possible shall be entrusted to the Rev. Spiritual Director and the Executive Committee.

To promote as much as possible interest, and at the same time to encourage individual action in the educational program, the Society shall be divided into four groups called sections, each of which is to devote its attention to a particular mission agency.

Section No. 1—Composed of members belonging to the Second Year of Philosophy, is hereby assigned to the interests of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

Section No. 2—Composed of members belonging to the First Year of Philosophy, is hereby assigned to the interests of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Maryknoll, Ossining, N. Y.

Section No. 3—Composed of members belonging to the Second Year of Theology, is hereby assigned to the interests of the Society of the Divine Word, Techny, Ill.

Section No. 4—Composed of members belonging to the Third Year of Theology, is hereby assigned to the interests of the commissariat of the Holy Land, Washington, D. C., together with those of Home Missions in general.

The members of the First Year of Theology and of the Fourth Year of Theology are to be distributed equally among the four sections.

The officers of the Society shall be a president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, librarian, historian, lecturer, executive committee and spiritual director.

The first meeting of each year is to be held upon the evening preceding the Mission Feast-Day. Other meetings shall be as follows: on the evenings of the first Sunday in December, the second Sunday in February, the third Sunday in April, and the third Sunday in May.

The Lily of Mary.

A Short Life of Bernadette of Lourdes.

"As attractive physically as it is spiritually elevating."

This book sells for thirty cents—and to anyone who will sign a resolution to help spread the "Message of the Immaculate Conception," the price will be only twenty cents. (Postage, 5 cents.)

Address: THE FIELD AFAR Office, Maryknoll, Ossining, N. Y.

The Pioneer's Log.

(At the Leper-home in Sheklung.)

SHEKLUNG is the name of a railway station on the line from Hongkong to Canton, a run of



"The lazar sampan was waiting."

about an hour and a half from Canton, if you are lucky enough to be on the express and if there is no revolution in progress. Through Sheklung runs one of the streams of the delta, and looking eastward from the car window an interested passenger might discern, a mile away, an island with white houses standing among growing trees. It is the leper colony of Sheklung—the largest institution of its kind in China, if not in the world.

Many American Catholics—bishops, priests, nuns and laity—will remember Fr. Conrardy, the priest who founded this excellent work. Fr. Conrardy, like Fr. Damien, was a Belgian by birth. He had known Fr. Damien and had lived with him in Molokai, with the result that he became engrossed with one idea, the spiritual and material welfare of lepers.

Fr. Conrardy gathered alms in many countries, attracting friends by the breadth of his charity. He so impressed the Chinese government that the new settlement was placed under police protection and the number of its inmates ran quickly into the hundreds. A young French priest was later found to assist the veteran—and not a moment too soon, because soon after the more complete establishment of his work God accepted the sacrifice of Fr. Conrardy and called him to his reward.

Fr. Conrardy's successor met us at the station and took us to the river bank, where the lazar sampan was waiting, with three of the stronger lepers ready to row us to our destination. The lepers held the boat steady as we entered the little cabin curtained by the Sisters with cheap cloth, and we were soon out in the stream, making headway against the strong current.

I could look into the swollen faces

of two lepers rowing in the bow of the boat, and did so with more interest than repugnance, but soon turned my full attention to the animated little priest beside me. Fathers Damien and Conrardy were of Flemish stock. This young priest is French, from the Flemish border, and he appeared more Flemish than French. My heart warmed to him as he glowed over his apparently disagreeable task, eulogizing his predecessor and speaking highly of all under his care—a family that numbered more than twelve hundred.

I asked Fr. Deswazières for information about a Protestant work for lepers at Sheklung, as I had received from one of their reports an impression that it was co-extensive with his own. He told me that there is, in fact, another leper establishment in Protestant hands, about nine miles from Sheklung. It had from one hundred to one-hundred-fifty inmates, and the minister in charge, who lives six miles away from it, visits the asylum once or twice a month.

It took us fully a half-hour to reach the first landing, a separate island re-



FR. CONRARDY—THE APOSTLE OF SHEKLUNG.

served for leprous women and girls. Some soldiers were on duty near the Sisters' home. They had just arrived for the night-watch, to give a protection that is quite necessary as the river is infested with pirates. The Sisters, four in number, belong to the community of the Immaculate Conception, some of whose members I had already met at Canton. As one of the four, a former Superioress, had visited Maryknoll, and the actual Superioress is related to a well-known Sulpician priest who has from the beginning been interested in all that happens at Maryknoll, I was immediately at home.

Our stay was brief, as we planned to return in the morning for Mass and an inspection of this section, so the lepers took up their oars again and in another twenty minutes we had received the salute of the sentry on the main island and passed into the home of my guide and his assistant, a devoted Chinese priest.

It was now too dark to see anything of the lepers, and when the oil lamp was lighted we sat down to dinner and later to the luxury of Filipino cigars.

The little chaplain yielded his room to me that night. As he would not have it otherwise I was forced to accept—and I made good use of his straw mattress, red blanket, and Chinese comfortable, all serene under a mosquito net. But before turning in I went out on the balcony that runs around three sides of the house—a commodious one, but not too well-arranged for ordinary comfort.

Through the banana trees that have been planted near the house I could see the leper shacks and their chapel, only a few hundred feet away. I had heard the poor sufferers reciting their prayers after the evening meal, but now all was silent and dark. I wondered how many of those hundreds were awake, and if so what were their thoughts. The river sparkled as I looked out upon it. How clear and pure it seemed under the stars! And how striking the contrast with festering bodies so near! And yet, there were many souls among those hundreds cleaner and purer in God's sight than were those passing running waters to the eyes of man.

I heard a measured step. It was the sentry, keeping his watch. And then I marked another footfall. It was the little Father, saying his rosary on the opposite balcony.

When I went back into the room I looked about. Some books and letters on the table and a few prints on the wall, with a couple of chairs, a wardrobe, and a bed, comprised the furnishing. I felt like an intruder, but knew that I was welcome.

What was my host praying for that

night? For his lepers, doubtless. For his family, too, in all probability, because he had told me that his parents still lived—at least, he hoped that such was the case, but he did not know since the occupation of his native town by his country's enemy. Perhaps, too, he was praying for his own perseverance in this everlasting struggle between nature and grace. Earlier in the evening he had said to me, "I expect to spend my life here. For one reason, I should not be wanted elsewhere, as I am so closely identified with lepers and leprosy."

God bless and preserve this devoted young chaplain at Sheklung! And God be merciful to the apostolic founder of this truly great work!

There was one of gayety rather than sadness. Some little children played about as if their blood was pure and life had long years of joy in store for them. Others worked, even with disfigured hands, a few at silk looms, others in the ordinary housekeeping occupations.

The men were quartered in divisions, each division managing its own house and each working patient receiving for his labor in the fields or elsewhere a small remuneration, from which he was free to purchase tobacco and special articles of wear.

Many, as we passed about, were washing their own sores, some were ministering to others, and in the dispensary there was a line of men and



THE SPIRITUAL FATHERS OF TWELVE HUNDRED LEPERS.
FR. CHAO (Chinese.) FR. DESWAZIERES.

It was dark and cold when I awoke the next morning. I dressed quickly and went out onto the balcony, but the little chaplain was already ahead of me, making his meditation preparatory to Mass.

Mass on the women's island was attended by practically all of the leprous women and children, several of whom received Holy Communion. At the same hour on the principal island the Holy Sacrifice was being offered for the men by the Chinese priest.

That morning I visited in detail both branches of the lazaar. Among the women there did not seem to be many ugly cases—and the general atmos-

phere each waiting patiently his turn for an application and dressing, given under the direction of a Sister and her assistant who come over every morning to the men's settlement for this particular service.

The scene was striking, but to me again not depressing. God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb and these poor creatures are not without their consolations. A few are outcasts from well-to-do families, but the majority have never had much comfort in life before coming to this place of refuge.

On leaving, as we rowed by a long stretch of land. Fr. Deswazières told

ARE ACCEPTABLE AT MARYKNOLL.

me that five hundred bodies are buried there. "It is good to feel," he added, "that their souls were made ready for God."

I was glad to have seen Sheklung.

(Canton.)

I passed New Year's Day at Canton and spent a good part of the morning, after a formal salutation of the bishop, at Shameen, trying to get my passport vised by the Portuguese consul as I was bound for Macao. Offices were tightly closed and everybody seemed to be vying with his neighbor in extending hospitality. After dodging enough health-wishing ingredients to make a well man ill I managed to get my documents sealed;



THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AT SHAMEEN, IN CANTON.

and the next day I left by steamer for Macao, a run of about seven hours.

An ambitious young Chinese, clad in his best brocaded silk coat, looked friendly and I saluted him in English. He looked hard at me, smiled, and walked away. After three minutes he returned, his face beaming, and said, "This is a beautiful day,"—which I admitted. He then gazed at me again,

Candidates for Maryknoll or for the Vénard Apostolic School should make application now for admission in September. Each application should be accompanied by a reference to the student's pastor or to some priest who knows him well.

and took another walk. A few minutes later he came, pointed to the river, and said, "Water." I tapped gently his silken shoulders, and answered, "You're a wonder!"—which seemed to please him, although he did not understand. At "tiffin" the Chinese youth sat opposite, to watch me eat, and to try his luck at the English words for knife, fork, table-cloth, and so forth.

(Macao.)

At Macao I found on the wharf several Spanish priests, who spoke English very well. They included the vicar-general and the bishop's secretary, with a professor from the seminary, and it was arranged that I should pay my respects at once to the bishop and then spend the night at the seminary.

Macao is quite delightful, but it is rather a bit of Portugal invaded by Chinese than a pagan city in the Orient with a negligible group of Catholics in one spot. The Macaoists are descendants of Portuguese, in whom there is frequently a mixture of the Asiatic. Full-blooded Chinese also are in Macao, and the Catholics among them are administered to by Chinese priests.

Bishop de Castro, who has since died, was most gracious and showed special interest in our new mission. His own field is rather an unusual one. Besides Macao and other islands occupied by Portuguese or their descendants, he had spiritual jurisdiction over a strip of territory in China, for the cultivation of which he had been obliged to supplement his regular priests with Jesuits and Salesians. Priests from Macao also give occasional retreats to the Portuguese-speaking in the larger cities of the Far East.

"How then shall they call on Him in Whom they have not believed? Or how shall they believe Him of Whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher?"—Rom. x. 14.

The seminary at Macao is a very extensive building, that houses not only seminarians, who are few in number, but students of earlier age preparing for various walks of life. I did not meet many of the students, as they were on their holidays. The professors are bright, and as a rule comparatively young. Many of them speak English and that language is taught in the school, since it is in quite common use among Macaoists, many of whom are found all along the coast of Eastern Asia.

As my stay was to be brief the

The Field Afar will be sent for one year to <i>anyone</i> address:			
10 copies (12 issues) for \$8.00			
25	"	"	20.00
50	"	"	40.00
100	"	"	80.00

vicar-general took me under his guidance the next morning, and with the aid of rickshaws and an automobile I saw the greater part of the settlement, including several churches and the establishment of the Salesian Fathers, who are developing here an industrial school.

Two steamers run daily from Macao to Hongkong. Mine left early Thursday afternoon, the tenth, and I found a quiet corner among the groups of Macaoists and Chinese.

(Hongkong.)

I arrived at the Paris Procuration in time for the evening meal, which was interrupted by a messenger who came to tell Fr. Robert that the city of Canton was being bombarded by Gen. Yeong. The news seemed alarming, but with long experience Fr. Robert was not inclined to take it too seriously. However, there were always possibilities, and the beautiful church, with the good bishop and faithful priests, is not far from the water-line at Canton.

I too, was anxious, as my program called for a return trip to Canton on Sunday. In the meantime I was nursing a heavy cold and had to look forward to a "prayer for peace" sermon to be preached in Hongkong by royal request on Sunday itself, which coincided with the Feast of the Epiphany.

We learned by the papers the next morning that no great damage had been done at Canton, that the Cantonese had been "too proud" to return fire, and that the attacking squadron had withdrawn.

I managed to pull through at the Cathedral and St. Joseph's on Sunday, and after an Epiphany dinner at the Procuration, where I met again the bishop and his priests and the several



YOU MAY SEND YOUR SUBSCRIPTION

other Catholic mission procurators of Hongkong, I took a train for Canton—arriving a little late, but at a seasonable hour. There was no trace of the cannonading.

(The Maryknoll Field.)

Early the next morning—Monday, January the sixth—Fr. Gauthier and I, accompanied by a domestic loaded with bedding and our two bags, started out on our first missionary journey to the new Maryknoll Mission field. It was a memorable experience, at least for my poor self who during a quarter of a century had been coddled as a priest in civilized lands.

We swung into the alley streets of Canton, and I followed the long strides of Fr. Gauthier, not knowing "where or how." Suddenly we emerged into the broad street that lines the river-bank. Dodging rickshaws, chairs, coolies, and dogs, I managed to keep Fr. Gauthier in sight until he disappeared into a side alley. Then I realized that we were at the railway office, and our next move was across the crowded thoroughfare, up a gang-plank to a steamer, just as it was about to leave.

A quarter of an hour's sail took us to a very respectable railway terminal and we were soon on our way to the end of the line, a few hours distant.

This line seems to end in a wilderness, but coolies innumerable, women and girls, men and boys, at once appeared, all crying at us, each trying to gain our attention. Fr. Gauthier engaged a man to relieve our young domestic, whom we call "Chin" for short. Chin is the "last word" in his own line. He has the honorable position of Boy No. 1 in the household of a Chinese parish priest, and with his best "tire," white socks, and leather shoes, he had been loaned to us for the journey.

Chin released his load and looked down with an air of superiority on the lowly being who was arranging a bamboo pole to balance the bedding with our bags. Then in a few moments we were following a chattering crowd over a roadless waste towards a walled city, which we could see about a half-mile to the east. This was Sanshui, a not over-clean collection of alleys through which we hastened until we reached a maze of floating homes that have neither street nor number, but manage to keep on the surface of the West River.

After our baggage and ourselves had been deposited in a sampan there was a wrangle. Fr. Gauthier and a Chinese matron were the participants, and the Chink language went flying in chunks from both sides, to the delight

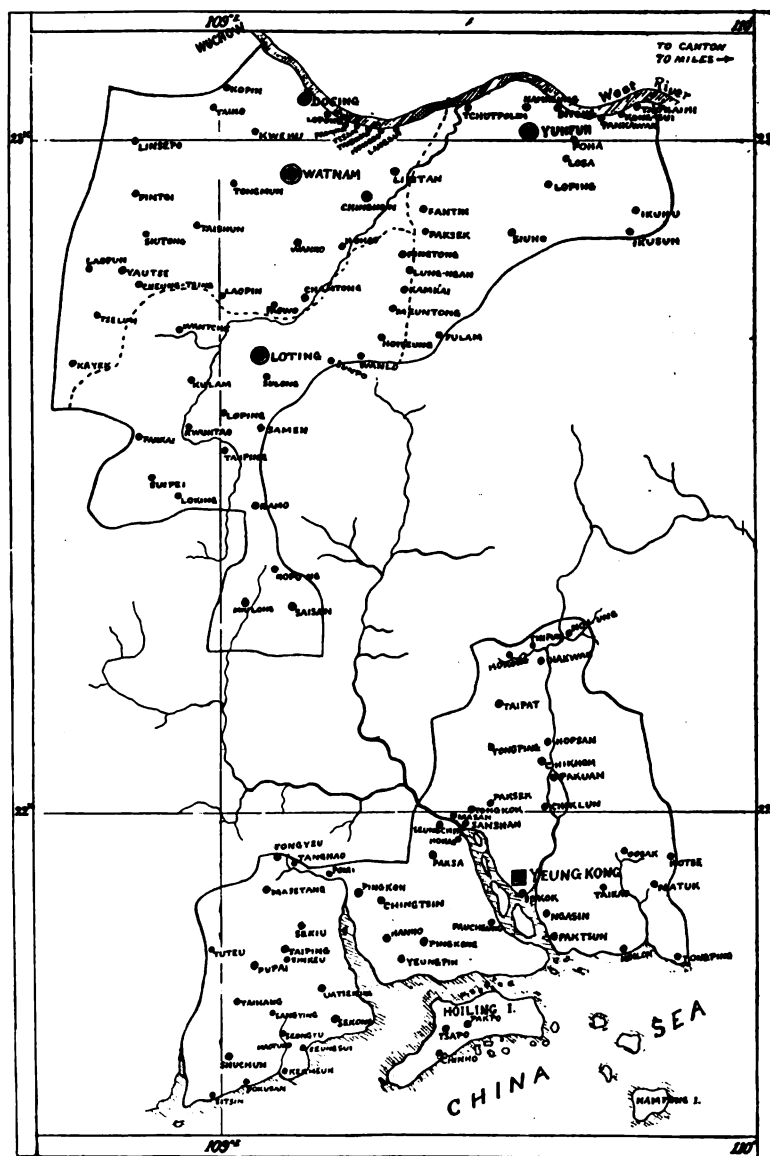
of a half-hundred sampan occupants. It was all about a couple of cents—a not unusual occurrence. My companion later assured me that neither side was angry, that he did not mind losing a few coppers, but that he wished to protect the next white man—who might be himself.

Finally we got away and were sculled into the heart of a veritable flotilla of sampans, all bound for the steamer that lay anchored awaiting the usual avalanche of passengers.

Shuihing, about fifty miles up the river from Sanshui, was our immediate

objective and we reached it towards the middle of the afternoon. A walk of fifteen minutes, through more dark, damp, and crowded alleys, brought us to the mission occupied by the Jesuits, who have recently purchased a large tract of land which will before many years be very attractive and useful. The priests here, with the exception of one Chinese—a bright young man, who has studied in Europe and speaks Italian, Portuguese, and French—and one Spaniard, are Portuguese, working under the direction of the bishop of Macao. The house is small, but hospitality was

THE MARYKNOLL MISSION FIELD—KEEP YOUR EYE ON IT.



IN THRIFT OR WAR SAVING STAMPS.

freely extended to us and we planned to spend the night at this quiet and well-ordered spot.

It was not to be, however. We were on our way to our own mission and the boat we should take might leave at any moment in the early morning. Nobody was able to give definite information and it was decided to send out a committee of inquiry.

Meanwhile, Fr. Lucas, who speaks English very well, would take me to visit the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary. At the convent we found a small group of Sisters, including two Irish nuns. They are struggling at the beginning of their work, which is hampered for lack of sufficient house accommodation. The grounds seem ample.

As we re-entered the compound we were met by a group of Chinese who had for me a very special interest. They were refugees from Tong-on, the village in our mission which we had planned to visit the next day, and the oldest of them had barely escaped death at the hands of bandits. His name is John Taam, or Ahman; the others are Simon Taam and Amo Taam.

It was arranged that all three should accompany us and Ahman, faithful and intelligent, was detailed to get a further report of the sailing-time and possible accommodations for the night. Our committee had reported that it would not be advisable to sleep at the mission, because we might lose the boat. The next choice was between a noisy hotel at the water's edge, where we could be aroused by the boat's whistle, and the boat itself which, so far as anybody knew, was not provided with state-rooms.

The prospect was hardly cheerful. I was not at all in fine fettle and did not relish sitting up all night, so that it was quite a relief when Ahman returned with the news that he had secured for Fr. Gauthier and myself a room which we were free to occupy from eight-thirty that evening. Everybody seemed to think we were very fortunate, and I had visions of a small river steamer such as I had used quite restfully on the waters of Chekiang.

At eight o'clock we left the Jesuit mission, walked with beds and bags to the boat—and found the city gate closed for the night, with a group of Chinese soldiers on guard. After a little parleying the travellers were allowed to pass, but the good Jesuit Fathers were sent home and I was soon disposed to envy them.

Ahman led us triumphantly to the boat. All we could see in the dark was something of a scow, from which

we passed to another ungraceful and formless vessel where Ahman guided us to his "find." It was a scene that remains still vivid in my memory—a saloon about twelve by twelve, a table literally piled up with dominoes, some twenty Chinamen engaged in watching the game. An oil lamp over the table and the burning joss-sticks of a pagan shrine in one corner vied with water-pipes and cigarettes in keeping the place dense with smoke.

Fr. Gauthier and I were the only gentlemen of our complexion on the boat, but Chin by this time had assumed an air of importance and as we elbowed our way through the crowd he held open the door of the state-room, which was directly off the

ables we carried, the more so as there was no lock on the door.

Just outside was Ahman, and I knew that he was watching, but about an hour after we had buried ourselves in the Chinese comfortable I felt a hand at my head. It was only Chin, who had come in to occupy the floor berth.

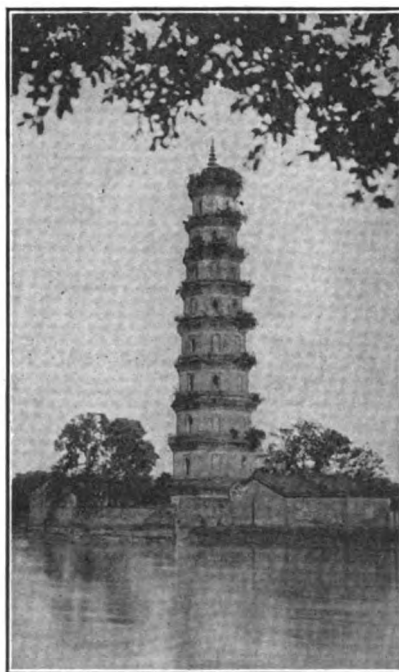
The gamblers continued until midnight and the steamer appeared to be still anchored. At six in the morning I perceived that we were moving, but very gently, without vibration, and as it was dawn I got up to reconnoitre. We were being towed, and the "steamer" which we were occupying was a great gaudily-painted barge such as I had laughed at in Canton with never a suspicion that something similar would serve me as a hotel.

In a few hours we were opposite our landing place, a village called Ut-sing. Just what was to happen next I did not know, because even from friends over here exact information is hard to obtain. "A short distance" may mean half a mile, or it may mean ten miles; "alongside" may mean hours away; "soon" often means a day. I had got into the mood that I must see it through, but I was curious enough as we stepped into a sampan to ask why we should go to Ut-sing on the west side of the river when we were to travel by land on the east side.

Père Gauthier looked astonished at my stupidity and answered that of course we must go to the west side so as to take another sampan to the east side. So there you are, and there we were losing time with a long tramp ahead of us. I discovered another reason, however, on landing. We were on our way to a foodless town, none of us had breakfasted, and we should require some food after Mass.

Crossing the river against the stream was slow work, but at last we arrived and I was charmed as we set out at a brisk walk in the cool air of the morning and plunged into the hills. The valleys were rich in rice-paddies and the green of a spring day at home made me feel that there are compensations even natural in this remote country. I knew, however, that I was not experiencing the heat that would fall on the white-helmeted heads of our young apostles, about whom I thought much as we made that first journey.

We passed several small settlements in the course of the morning but met no Catholics until shortly before noon, when we came to the village into which several of our Catholics had fled after the burning of their houses. They were evidently glad to see Fr.



This pagoda now dominates the new Maryknoll Mission and symbolizes the power of paganism.

saloon. There were four wide shelves in it, and a small window tightly closed. An oil lamp completed the furnishings. After everybody got busy on the window, which finally yielded, we withdrew to the saloon so that Chin could distribute the blankets. By this time we had distracted the gamblers, who resumed operations after Fr. Gauthier spun a little home-made Chinese for their benefit.

I climbed onto the upper shelf that night, hoping to live through it even if I could not sleep. Recollections of bandit attacks did not worry me, but we took precautions with the few val-

Gauthier, but they looked sad because they had suffered much and were even then in want.

We could not halt, however, as we were anxious to begin Mass before noon—and we went on briskly to Tong-on. As we followed a path around the mountain we suddenly came on a scene of desolation. A long row of houses—some thirty or forty—were standing roofless and in ruins, looking down on the rice-fields that had been the treasures of their occupants. At right angles was another ruin—the source of spiritual life for these villagers, all of whom were Christians. It was a combination of church and priest's house, a pretty little building surmounted by a cross which yet stood on the ruined roof.

Into the chapel we went first and hastily brushed the fragments of brick and plaster from the altar. It was damp and cold and we were perspiring. By this time my throat was in a rather painful condition, and as I felt feverish I went out into the sun until everything was prepared; when, with overcoat on, I vested and offered the Holy Sacrifice for these suffering Christians and for our future missionaries.

A score or more had followed us from the neighboring village and several attended our Masses, while others busied themselves, like Martha, preparing breakfast for the travellers. I recall especially two little children with hands clasped, kneeling quite close to the altar on the broken floor of concrete.

Breakfast was welcome and I managed to have it served *al fresco* in the sun, in preference to the ruined dining-room which was dark and damp. This move was appreciated by the people, who could watch us eat. My appetite was not too good, but I consoled myself with the reflection that there would be a little more left for some of the hungry by-standers—who I noticed, managed to come in occasionally for a bowl of rice.

When it was time to start on the next leg of the journey the Christians gathered silently about us to say good-bye. We were to have chairs, the only possible means of conveyance, and two bearers stood beside a faded chair into which I entered. Two pairs of sturdy shoulders bent to get under the long bamboo rods—and something happened! I was lifted two or three inches from the ground—and deposited again, and my bearers took the perpendicular without me. They looked calm, but Fr. Gauthier, quite disgusted, said, "They won't go. You are too heavy."

The blow was a sad one, for we had

yet a four-hours' tramp ahead; and it was something of a surprise, too, as my cincture had been getting loose for some time. Later, however, I was disposed to congratulate the youths on their prudence.

There was nothing to do but "hit the trail," and with Ahman in the lead, and always smiling under his load, we started off at a good pace. Fortunately, the air was bracing and the path was fairly level for at least half the distance.

We passed through two large villages full of pagans, who looked at us with curiosity and whose dogs barked at our heels until we were well out of the settlements. Temples dedicated to ancestors stood guard over these villages, and long stretches of rice fields on either side of a winding river made the valley a pleasing and peaceful scene. A little river at least seemed friendly and we crossed it a dozen times, losing it often.

Whenever it was necessary to cross on a single log Chin guided me with his hand on my shoulder, and in one or two crossings, as I realized that "the middle of the bridge is only half-way over," I felt none too safe. At other moments the splash of clear torrents recalled restful days in America and the Tyrol, until I thirsted after running waters and longed for a plunge. On inquiry I found that the water would be safe enough to drink, but I must find a way to lap it as our baggage carried no drinking utensils. After that, at every opportunity I scooped a handful of this gift of God and cooled my throat.

We were now climbing into the heart of the mountains, bare but majestic. The path led along unprotected cliffs and at times was decidedly rough, so much so that I completely forgave the chair-bearers who had refused to carry me.

It was growing dusk and the way seemed endless. As usual, I was wondering what was ahead of us, but all I knew was that we were to spend the night in the house of a Christian. At one point we lost Fr. Gauthier and Ahman, and there was a hesitation between two paths, but our choice was right, and shortly after six o'clock we sighted a small group of buildings about a quarter of a mile away. When we arrived Fr. Gauthier was already there, smiling a welcome.

The poor Christians—and they were evidently poor, the children being actually in rags—were glad to see us although utterly unprepared for our coming. A fire of fagots had been started in the courtyard and I sat down for a few moments on a bench under the skies and watched the preparations. Fortunately there was



WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED IN CHINA.

light enough left to finish the breviary.

In a loft two plank beds were installed and there, after a supper of rice and some side dishes, we wrapped ourselves in comfortables and fell asleep. It was cold, the loft had no window protection, and the chinks were many and large.

We were to rise the next morning at five, so as to say Mass and have breakfast before starting on our return walk. Fr. Gauthier, veteran missionary that he is, is a walking alarm-clock and at five to the second was awake and calling names—"Ahman!"—"Chin!"—and so forth.

Gradually the dark cold place came to life and something of light, and when I went down the ladder later Fr. Gauthier was hearing the confessions of those who had not been at the hamlet the night before. I vested for Mass in the chapel, which, except for the poor altar and a pious chromo, resembled an unoccupied cellar. By the time the second Mass began a small congregation had gathered, many of whom received Holy Communion.

As we were leaving the courtyard a half-hour later Fr. Gauthier showed me a gate which had been broken not many months before by some bandits, who had come around to take from the poverty of these peasants whatever was of value.

Poor China! Full of simple kindly people who are pestered by crews of bandits because the present Government is too weak, or rather, because China is practically without a Government!

When sending your subscription, either new or renewal, do not hesitate to request a Chi-Rho pin. We shall be glad to let you have one "gratis," especially if we can be assured that it will be worn.

Little Andy.

HIS name is *Andrew Chung*, and he is not very big, but *oh, me, oh, my!* They say—we don't know how many or who they are—that he is a wonder, but "we



MARYKNOLL'S FIRST ASPIRANT NOW IN SCHOOL AT CANTON.

can tell better later." In any event, *Andrew*, chosen by the trained eye of Fr. Fraser, has made his debut in the preparatory seminary of Canton as the *first Maryknoll student*.

No, you cannot have the privilege of paying for him. Some one is ahead of you with *Andrew*,—but at the cost of one hundred dollars a year we can find another, possibly a more wonderful, one for you.

Through Monsignor Dunn of New York, Secretary of the Maryknoll Corporation, a zealous priest has placed in our hands for the new mission a *starter* that makes us feel anew the wondrous Providence of God behind this movement for the souls of heathens. It came in the shape of four bonds which will enable our pioneers to prepare immediately for certain necessary activities of which we shall speak later.

To the Benedictines of Beatty, Pa., belongs the credit of being the first among several religious

orders interested in Maryknoll to send a gift over the Pacific to Maryknoll-in-China.

A Word for Other Flocks.

Unlike such societies as those of the *Propagation of the Faith* and the *Holy Childhood*, Maryknoll is not professedly a collecting agency for missionaries throughout the world.

Maryknoll, however, believes that when the opportunity offers it should gladly help others who are as poor as itself—and perhaps much poorer. A society in the Church that confines its sympathy and interest to itself is hardly *Catholic*.

These observations will enable our readers to understand why from time to time we exhibit the wares of some stranger like Fr. Merkes, who writes to us with a pen dipped in the ink of holy envy mixed with tact:

The account of Burses for Maryknoll clearly shows that the generous American Catholics, both clergy and laity, take a keen interest in the American Seminary for Foreign Missions. Your wants are very great, but American Catholics supply them.

To compare big things and small you know that I also am running two schools with more than three hundred children. Happily, very little, comparatively, is necessary to run an Indian elementary school, but that little is more than I can gather. The Government gives a yearly grant which covers one-third of the expenses; the rest I have to find. This deficit works out at \$2.00 per child per year. \$50.00 will found a scholarship in perpetuity. The money will be carefully invested and only the interest used. Annually a Holy Mass will be said for the founders and they will have also the grateful prayers of the children in the school which they endow. Benefactors—even children—may club together to make up a scholarship, and it may be paid in installments.

Our struggle is very acute. The Protestant sects, assisted by American money, have every material means to attract the children. Our poor Tamil Catholics are faithful, but we simply must provide them with good schools for their little ones.

Fr. Merkes is the vicar-general of Madras, India, and a few years ago was a guest at Maryknoll, where he is most kindly remembered. A gift to him will bring back to Maryknoll some special grace—but we hope that too many of our missionary friends will not as a result make similar demands, because our family is growing.



FATHER HENNESSY AND HIS BOYS.
He is English-speaking born. What is his nationality?

FIFTY FRIENDS HAVE GIVEN

FROM ALONG THE WORLD LINE.

Fr. Hennessy, of Holy Cross High School, Hashnabad, India, is a busy man, but he finds time to keep in touch with American affairs and to send us this thoughtful message:

I hope the enthusiastic response to the call of the Stars and Stripes will react on the call of the Cross and that when the khaki need no longer be donned you will have no vacancy at Maryknoll.

Missioners in Japan need English books—religious, classical and reference—including a good supply of penny catechisms and of Monsignor Oechtering's small volume of Church History. Medals and small metal crucifixes are also most welcome, as these goods are not manufactured there.

Anybody interested is kindly requested to communicate with Maryknoll before sending.

We do not expect money from our missioners but we are deeply grateful for such coöperation as this, that comes from a nun in the Philippines:

As a nun and an exile in a foreign land I cannot do much for your work except by my prayers, which I gladly give with a big Irish heart. I shall do my best, also, to get subscribers for you, and if I fail it will not be for want of good will. Here are two addresses that may be of use.

Those who have already reached the whitened harvest fields are sending back the call for more reapers:

THE FIELD AFAR arrives regularly and we are very pleased to know what is going on in the New World. I am praying hard that you may get subscribers in great numbers and that we may one day see some of your priests in the far-away Philippines. At present these Islands need many zealous and fearless priests to revive the grand old Catholic spirit of by-gone days.—Manila, P. I.

To you who are anxious to help and regret you cannot do so, we suggest prayer co-operation. Send for Apostles' Aid leaflets.

Several years ago we were astonished to learn that the Mohammedans, especially in Africa, were pushing the propaganda of their religion with greater energy and more numerical successes than any other religious body. We are not now surprised, therefore, at this letter—although no lover of his Faith can read it without regret—written lately to Monsignor Frèri of New York, by Bishop Jalabert of Senegambia (on the west coast of Africa):

I have a much greater cause for anxiety; it is the progress Islamism is making daily, and which nothing seems able to stay. The apostles of Mohammed are making numerous recruits among the pagans of Senegambia. I do not know where they get the money, but they are building mosques everywhere. At present European architects are erecting one in the capital, which is to cost \$100,000, or, to be accurate, \$103,000. Their great chief, Amadan Baniba, who resides in the Province of Maal (Senegal), has an influence that cannot be imagined by Europeans.

I have said it, and I repeat it, unless we receive soon considerable assistance the population of Senegambia will be enrolled under the banner of Mohammed. Poor souls, they are being seduced by the evil spirit, and we are powerless to check the torrent which carries them to the abyss.

It is quite true that the foreign missions are being hard hit by this world war, especially through the withdrawal of priests from the mission fields and of aspirants from the seminaries, but there is a silver, even a golden, lining to the cloud.

Catholics like other people are getting into the habit of giving to far-away needs. They realize that if we send an army of soldier boys to the front we must support them, and a little reasoning convinces us that this is likewise true of the apostolic army sent into pagan lands to fight against the hosts of Satan. We urge our faithful missioners to be patient a little longer, in the hope that Catholic gifts to the missions will be vastly greater after the war.

With millions daily expended

for the preservation of nations surely we cannot grudge a few millions yearly for the constructive work of the Church of Christ.

Note the letter that follows. May the writer have a gleam of hope now, and later some glitter of gold!

I was reading THE FIELD AFAR of July and I found this: "A New York Holy Name man writes: 'I have an idea that when we are about to send our priests to the 'front' provision should be made in advance for taking care of them. . . .'"

Now that is the very idea I have been trying to push for some time. I know some Protestant parishes in Europe which provide for the missionaries who go to fields afar from those parishes. I know also a Catholic missionary, a friend of mine, who comes from a small village and the people of that village clubbed together, got a piece of land, cultivated it, sold the produce, and sent the proceeds to the missionary.

If the writer of the piece I quote could accomplish his idea he would be proclaimed the redeemer of missioners, for the life of the missionary is hard enough in itself, but it is made infinitely more so through lack of funds. He has to do everything. He must get the money for church, school-house, and so forth, and practically build them with his own hands. Day and night he is in dread and fear, not knowing if he will be able to pay his bills. He sees many things he ought to do, but cannot for lack of money.

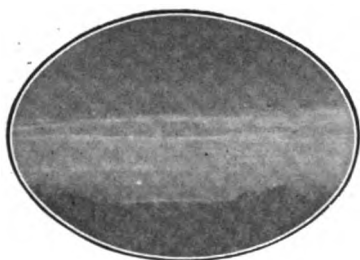
It is always a hard thing for me to see our antagonists better equipped than we; although I never could see why they should be, for things can be done cheaper by Catholics than Protestants. Take for example the salary of a Protestant missionary. For a single man it is \$500; if he is married his wife also gets her salary, and for each child they receive \$250 a year. Everything they need is liberally paid for. They never have to worry about schools, churches, houses, and so forth—all this is taken care of for them.

It would take too long for more details here, but if the writer of that note wishes fuller information, I shall be glad to give it to him.

Yours sincerely in Christ,
J. KERKHAFF,
Nagalama.

A Maryknoll Pin—the Chi Rho—is yours for the asking if, when sending a new subscription or renewal, you add: "Send me a pin."

At Sunset Hill.



THE HUDSON FROM MARYKNOLL.

THE Maryknoll Superior could hardly catch his breath after looking at improvements on the property, when the Teresian accounting squad brought to his attention the excellent financial report which has already appeared in these pages and which had been discovered by the Maryknoll head, when on his way across the continent.

Details, however, had not reached him and he was especially pleased to learn that during the past fiscal year one hundred and thirty Perpetual Associates—of whom some were living, others dead—had been listed on the Maryknoll books. A Perpetual Membership expresses confidence in our work and is a distinct mark of encouragement.

Another discovery was that no fewer than eighteen Annuity gifts had been received. These amounted in all to \$39,262.50; which, carefully invested for the benefit of the donors, is securing Maryknoll for the years to come after the donors shall have passed away.

Liberty Bonds, too, were a pleasant surprise, thirty of these patriotic and substantial securities having been passed over to the Society as gifts.

Money comes to Maryknoll every day, with each mail, from all directions, and from several countries—and *it goes out*—but after all that is the reason why it comes in. In the meantime we are getting values for what God allows to pass through our hands.

Most people, however—and we say this with due respect for the brains of our readers—have not the slightest idea of what it costs to run any institution outside of their own homes. Johnny's new suit and Annie's hat, plus the rent, or mortgage interest, or taxes, plus food, doctor's bills, and other incidentals, these equal the sum of the average person's knowledge. The next step would be to divide the year's expenses by the number of members in the family, then multiply by one hundred—and a friend of Maryknoll would begin to get some light; but this operation, like a cooking recipe, would not appeal to many.

We may mention, however, in passing, that at the present time for every issue of *THE FIELD AFAR*, Maryknoll is paying over a thousand dollars to the printers alone, not to speak of postage, labor, and so forth.

The monthly bread bill, too, is something more than \$100, and the chicken feed bill which the treasurer recently paid would, if it could have been overlooked, have laid low the bread bill.

All these are only "a few items" used for illustration. Please don't think that we are

complaining. Divine Providence is kind and Maryknoll's friends are constantly generous. Besides, new ones are coming daily, thanks to the good words that older "standbys" say about our young work.

Agronomy—Did you ever hear of the word? Many a man has been versed in the science of agronomy who would shy, and perhaps become angered, if he was called an agronomist; and doubtless many who can define the word know nothing of the science that is back of it.

To be versed in the science of agronomy means simply to be a good farmer, and if you ever meet a Maryknoll student who, anxious to impress you with polysyllabic words, glibly tells you that he has profited by the class in agronomy, you have simply to say: *How are the crops, old man?*

The Master of Agronomy at Maryknoll is the Rev. Fr. Procurator, M. A., who took a course last summer in New York and has been living and making everybody around him live on it ever since.

Fortunately for him and for us,



THE ORDINATION CEREMONY AT ST. JOSEPH'S SEMINARY, DUNWOODIE, IN WHICH OUR LATEST PRIEST PARTICIPATED.

YOU WILL NOT LOSE THAT WAR SAVING STAMP

this worthy gentleman knew "not so little" about farming before he climbed Sunset Hill that leads to Maryknoll, so that we have produced the necessities of life in such measure as to arouse the envy of our neighboring landowners, and to win the commendation of all the food-saving officials who know us.

In occasional spare moments our Master of Agronomy has even directed his attention to the gardens that surround Saint Teresa's, down by the highway, but here, of course, his task is not so easy because women students of agronomy have their own ideas about the fitness of things. To them sweet peas look better than onions and a rotation of crops should not compel the abandonment of some particularly loved corner where pansy blossoms look lovely and geraniums keep in blossom for the season.

Maryknoll, if we must confess it, always looked shabby until this year. We saw beauty in it, of course, as a mother does in the dirty little face of her darling just in from making mud-pies, and we tried not to exaggerate, but probably failed.

To-day, however, we are getting near the truth, as you will realize when some day you come over the top of Sunset Hill yourself.

Dear Mr. Expressman:

Please handle us with care. Above all things keep us away from the hot steam pipes. Don't crowd other packages around us. We must have air—but—keep us from all drafts.

Great things depend upon our future and in many cases our future depends on how you handle us. This is our first trip—but with your kind care we will be O. K.

Yours for a pleasant journey,

This was the label on each of several large parcels received at Maryknoll last month. The 600 chicks were just learning to toddle. But the little darlings were so dear. And we had to pay for them ourselves.

AFTER FIVE YEARS.

I saw thee sixty moons ago.
How art thou strong and stalwart grown!

Oh, I was glad to see thee so,
And to have known.

Thou wast then yet a prophecy;
Now thy fulfillment breaks abroad.
Oh, I was glad thee so to see,
Chosen of God!

Now any day o'er land and brine
Thine fare them forth with messages,
All Christendom shall yet divine
Thy vast success.

To me it seems but yesterday
That last I rambled through thy
wold,
And morrow is thy crowning day
As was foretold.

This eventide I dream it o'er,
What thou wast sixty moons ago.
O fledgeling, once so weak and poor,
How thou didst grow!

—A Priest Visitor.

The early summer brought a fine setting for two outdoor ceremonies which have come to be yearly events in the Maryknoll calendar: the blessing of the fields and the Corpus Christi procession. The days for both were ideal and the two communities shared in the graces that such occasions bring.

It is getting to be an unwritten tradition that no Maryknoller shall return to his home on the hill without something, and we were not surprised when our aspirants came back from Yonkers with a phonograph and records. It was reported as the gift of a Dunwoodie student.

Daily Masses at Maryknoll now run in number from ten to fifteen, sometimes more; of altars, permanent and temporary, there are six and vestments, which seemed to have been generously supplied, are scarce. The sacristan reports the need of two sets in green, of a red veil and a green veil, and also of some altar linen.

The sacristan's view is limited, however. He has tasked for too little because he has not seen far

enough. We need other vestments for the missions—our own and that of our special protector, the Bishop of Canton. Other sacristy and sanctuary furnishings (not necessarily new) such as candlesticks, sanctuary lamps, missals, ostensoria and ciboria, cruets, and altar cards, will also be welcome.

Auxiliary-brothers connected with Maryknoll now number twelve, and they bid fair to crowd out of St. Joseph's the dozen and a half philosophers now installed there.

As it is, the auxiliaries are practically in possession, as the two most important rooms, the chapel and the recreation hall, are for their exclusive use. The recreation room contains, alongside of the reading table, a sewing machine—a *Singer*, at that. We fear at any moment that these worthy members of our flock will ask for a phonograph to accompany the *Singer*.

We have not told our readers much about the Maryknoll auxiliaries, because we could say nothing but what was good of them and we feared to spoil them. But now that they are getting numerous this fear is giving way to the reflection that if they cannot stand a little flattering and keep their feet on the ground they will not make good Maryknollers—because every Maryknoller must be ready to be flattered or flattened and to take either impression as unconcernedly as possible.

This much being said, we are inclined to add that if any young man feels stirring within him a desire to consecrate his life to our work as an auxiliary he will find himself in good company—with plenty of occupation. If we had to make a choice we should give the preference to a carpenter or a printer, but the important qualifications are good health and good will. God will do the rest.

IF YOU SEND IT TO MARYKNOLL.

VISITING CARDS.

Maryknoll visitors are usually of the choice variety. The hill climb is too much for merely loquacious people, who get out of breath on the way up and are inclined to turn back or never try again. This eliminates many undesirables with goods to sell.

It can be said, therefore, that any visitor to Maryknoll, even if he is classed as a climber, has already arrived. Among such we could record more than fifty for the past month, but we dare mention only a few groups.

The Maryknoll Women's Auxiliary of New York City, together with the Aumnæ of the Manhattan Academy of the Sacred Heart, made the trip along the Hudson's banks to Ossining in early June. They arrived towards three o'clock, passed two pleasant hours about the Knoll, and after Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament returned, none the worse for wear, though slightly poorer, to their respective villages in the great metropolis.

The Auxiliary has been mothering some of our students during the scholastic year, and the Manhattanville Alumnæ in spite of war conditions have been building up their Maryknoll Burse—works which we hope and believe will bring back to their coöperators many a blessing.

Aviators have been making huge circles around New York, and although none have dropped on us there probably have been some circling over the Knoll.

Other "circlers," however, have actually landed on the premises. These were from Brewster and Tarrytown, N. Y., the Brewsterites coming down the line in automobiles, directed by their pastor, Rev. T. P. Phelan, LL.D., who is the Church History Professor at Maryknoll; and the Tarrytown contingent arriving two weeks later in auto

busses that woke up Sleepy Hollow as they passed.

It looks as if we would establish a *Circle Day* next year.

And we might have to throw open our woods yet to the growing number of New York school pupils whose eyes and hearts, directed by zealous nuns, are opening to the Cause for which Maryknoll stands.

A group of girls from Our Lady of Lourdes School in New York City, who came with some of their Sisters, including the Superioress, kept the Teresians busy and happy for the greater part of one fine June day.



FR. ROUSSEAU AND FR. CHAN.
(Fr. Chan is a Chinese Jesuit.)

The two foreigners might have been spies—at least the way they were pounced upon by five husky Americans seemed to give evidence of the fact. With unrelenting harshness they were dragged out from the dark place in which they were found, and put in a standing position. The three captors walked several paces, faced the prisoners, prepared the ammunition, received the command: "Ready! Aim! Shoot!"—several clicks—and all was over!

Who were the unfortunates? They were Fr. Rousseau and Fr. Chan, two kindly disposed Jesuits

who happened to get into the Maryknoll darkroom while the photography class was in progress. Nor did they suffer any worse result than what appears in the above photograph.

Brother Foto, who contributes this item to our columns, says incidentally that the secret of securing a good expression on your victim is to say:

Watch the Birdie, or Kay dough lo-e tie chun gee (which is Chinese for "Look Pleasant").

Maryknoll-at-Scranton.

From the Vénard this eleventh-hour message arrived at Maryknoll: "*Everything doing—time escaped us—sorry we must lose the chance to appear in the July issue.*"

This gives the recorder at Maryknoll a chance to note a few items and it allows the Editor some much-needed extra space.

Here are the items covering the month:

A decoy fire set behind the barn after dark produced a very successful fire drill.

The following day there was a noise of escaping pigs and the causes of the trouble were later found in the woods.

Eight students moved their beds into the barn for the month. (This may be a sufficient vacation for them.)

Ten priests of the Scranton diocese, with malice aforethought, selected Wednesday afternoon for their visit to the Vénard and played a winning game of baseball, to the discomfiture of our would-be stars.

Rain was scarce during June, but the *Shower*—the Mite Box Shower—was in the air constantly. Although July makes the Shower seem like past history those who participated in the event insist that *FIELD AFAR* readers shall be made to realize that the Catholics of Scranton are pleased and proud—and show it in a practical way—to have Maryknoll's first-born among them.

I N V E S T

I N

W A R

S T A M P S .

The Favors Received.



THE FLAP-JACK TWINS.

RECEIVED AT MARYKNOLL.

Books; 2 gold watches; lace; old coins and jewelry from Mass., N. Y., R. I., Cal.; cancelled stamps and tin-foil from Pa., Mass., Cal., N. Y., Conn., N. J., N. D., O., Mo., D. C., Ark.

Two "scraps of paper" dropped out of an envelope in the morning mail recently. One bore these words: *For the Little Flower of Jesus Burse*. The other was a check for \$25.00.

RECEIVED AT THE VÉNARD.

Pictures, flowers, curtains and rain-coat; altar linen; clothing; baseball suits; baseball and gloves; sanctuary oil; 2 Liberty Bonds; books; dictionary, cassock; records; cigars; cancelled stamps and tin-foil.

Newfoundland has representatives at Maryknoll and at Maryknoll's preparatory school, the Vénard, and it looks from the following as if it will yet have more:

Your paper is now in every Catholic Hall in the city, and I think that you may soon expect to receive more subscriptions from Newfoundland. I shall do my best to further your interests, and with this end in view will mail you shortly the names of a few good Catholic men to whom you could send sample copies.

MARYKNOLL LAND.

Total area at Maryknoll, 4,450,000 ft.
Sold up to July 1, 1918, 2,751,476 "
For sale at 1 cent a foot, 1,698,524 "

VÉNARD LAND.

Total area at The Vénard, 6,000,000 ft.
Sold up to July 1, 1918, 1,154,436 "
For sale at ½ cent a foot, 4,845,564 "

Six league baseballs, sent a short time ago under a name that is dear to every American "fan," brought smiles of pleasure to Maryknollers and the star hitter has almost batted himself out of breath. One of these balls will be—or should be—kept intact for the first practice game in China.

NEW PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES.

Living: A. T.; T. F.; Mrs. M. E. H.; Mrs. M. A. G.; Mrs. M. E. J.; M. L. C.; Mrs. M. F.; D. C.; M. J.; T. A. C.; Rev. Friend; T. M. C.; Rev. Friend and family; E. M.; P. J. F.; Mr. and Mrs. O'C.; H. E. D.; M. J. D.; A. D.

Deceased: John T. Roche; John J. Neeson; Mrs. Anna Kelly; Mrs. Mary Davenport; Elizabeth Pierce; Agnes P. Murphy; Mrs. Mary Thorpe; Edmund Whitty; Simon Doran; Mrs. Mary Doran; Mary Doran; Rev. Michael O'Hare; William Conlon; Patrick Conlon; Joseph Conlon; Catherine Conlon; Anne Conlon; C. P. Conlon; Mrs. Mary Keating; John R. Harris; Gustav Thayer; Mother Mary James Ottis.

KINDLY pray for these benefactors:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Jos. A. Cummings	
O'Keefe Grace Griffen	
Sr. M. Euphrasia D. J. O'Connor	
Sr. M. Pancratius Margaret Taylor	
Sr. M. Richard Teresa Kelly	
Sr. Mary of the Sacred Heart Joseph Cummings	
Sr. M. Baptista Mr. Bralen	
Sr. M. Ignatius Catherine Craig	
Catherine Clarkson William T. Connolly	
Mrs. J. J. Barton Mrs. P. Hoffman	
Mrs. C. Rogers Mrs. M. Golden	
Catherine O'Brien Rose McGill	
Mrs. E. McNamara T. Driscoll	
M. G. Loomey L. Duffy	
Mrs. B. Schimtz Mr. Le Puelle	
Michael Conway Theresa Smith	

From a Sister of the Precious Blood—a lover of all apostolic work—come these edifying words:

Who could fail to understand the misery of the poor idolaters? The realization of their sad state was impressed upon me several years ago by the visit of two of Cardinal Lavigerie's Sisters of Notre Dame d'Afrique, who passed some days at our monastery. They were living at Carthage and had had a great deal to go through. One of them asked one of our young Sisters if she would go to Africa—for some were willing to go—but the Sister said no. The visitor laughed and said, "Well then, I hope you will be sent to China."

Oh, I never forgot that visit and I think I never shall forget it!

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN.

STATE	GIFT	NEW SUBSCRIBERS
Alabama	\$75.00	2
Arizona	1.00	1
Arkansas	2.00	2
California	136.00	56
Colorado	1.00	1
Connecticut	203.25	45
Delaware		6
District of Columbia	83.00	4
Florida	6.00	
Georgia	13.00	1
Idaho	5.50	
Illinois	34.92	29
Indiana	20.25	
Iowa	3.00	7
Kansas	5.00	
Kentucky		3
Maine	63.40	1
Maryland	22.56	9
Massachusetts	1,338.28	149
Michigan	77.50	10
Minnesota	2.40	6
Missouri	117.30	4
Montana	1.00	2
Nebraska	6.70	2
New Hampshire	6.23	7
New Jersey	129.60	278
New York	*2,282.44	359
North Dakota		3
Ohio	191.50	16
Pennsylvania	487.28	2,874
Rhode Island	365.10	59
South Carolina	.25	1
South Dakota	4.00	5
Texas	78.87	6
Utah		1
Vermont	10.90	4
Virginia	100.00	2
Washington		5
West Virginia	84.50	5
Wisconsin	11.00	8
Wyoming		1
FROM BEYOND THE BORDERS.		
Africa		1
Canada	62.95	3
Central America		1
Hawaii		1
Newfoundland	4.00	2
Ireland		2
Philippine Islands	14.00	

Total of New Subscribers...3,984

It is good to be allowed to share in the joy of thanksgiving, and such was our privilege recently when the following letter from a New York business man was received:

Some time ago I promised Our Lord and Saviour that if he would cure my father without an operation I would gladly donate \$100.00 to Maryknoll. He has granted my wish and I am sending check. May our Heavenly Father guide you and make your holy Society the greatest ever!

* \$1,000 annuity.

I N V E S T

I N

T H R I F T

S T A M P S .

A precious package that lately arrived revealed relics of St. Francis of Assisi and St. Anne, in dainty silver reliquaries. Several episcopal ornaments, including a bishop's ring, were also enclosed. The ring is ready for the right kind of finger and applications are in order.

While on the subject of bishop's rings—

Some years ago the Bishop of Hongkong lost from his ring a precious stone that was brought back to him soon afterwards by an observant and honest Chinaman.

It looks like the return of bread cast on the waters. We scraped up surplus funds at Maryknoll for every appeal to buy Bonds, and now Bonds are coming to us as gifts for our work. Every week brings at least one. Some are for Perpetual Memberships, some for the education of our students, some for our most pressing needs. One donor writes:

I bought this as a patriot, and I shall feel better for sending it to Maryknoll. These are my reasons:

I can help the cause of God's universal Church and that of my country at the same time.

What I give to the spread of the Catholic Faith will help to establish peace on this earth.

And besides, I have no safe for this bit of paper, which you can guard more securely and use to better advantage.

A Red Crosser.

THE FIELD AFAR gets into the hands of missionaries by the hundreds, and we are glad that it does, even if the expense at this end is a growing one. We know from their letters that it brings to our missionaries a message of cheer and that, although often in real poverty themselves, they rejoice at the growing list of Maryknoll benefactors.

These men think as they observe, and one of them recently expressed the idea common to all when he said to us:

I notice that American Catholics, priests and laymen, are giving you a splendid backing, and of course I contrast sometimes my position with yours, so much nearer the base of supplies; but I know, too, that Maryknoll-in-America has mighty things ahead—final buildings for the seminary, for the preparatory school, for those efficient women workers, the Teresians—and that Maryknoll-in-China will soon be drawing on you heavily. *Intende, prospere, et regna*, and may God bless and prosper your benefactors!

We looked back over the month's receipts after reading these generous words, and as we noted the number of priests and Sisters in the widened circle of benefactors from New England to California, the interest of students in colleges and seminaries, and the confidence of the laity, we uttered a prayer of thanks and renewed a resolution to try to make the best possible use of every benefaction.

Don't long for luxuries. Every luxury brings its own troubles. The simple life is the best one—and the safest for eternity.

From Priestly Pens.

"THE interest of priests in this American Foreign Mission Seminary is remarkable," writes an observant friend.

No, it is not remarkable, but it is extremely gratifying and we consider it our best asset. Here are some recent extracts from priests' pens and type-writing machines:

I would never be without THE FIELD AFAR. To have it is to have a bit of sunshine in my room at all times.

To avoid the calamity of being cut off your visiting list I am sending ten years' subscription. The rest is for the *Pius X.* Burse.

Enclosed find check to help pay for the war bread of the Maryknollers and Vénarders. I send it to fulfill a promise. Please in return say a few prayers for the Marist Fathers and their friends and parishioners.

I have found THE FIELD AFAR so easy and ready a cure for melancholy

that I am prepared to believe without hesitation what you say it will do for lumbago. If it succeeds as well in curing aches and pains as it does in dispelling mental gloom and despondency it will be an elixir indeed!

I am going to become a Maryknoll landowner to the extent of \$10.00. I am sorry I cannot add another "o" to the \$10.00, but perhaps some day I may be able to do so. Send me a Land Slip properly filled out and I will have it framed and hung over my desk to remind me of that possible "o."

I greatly appreciate THE FIELD AFAR, regarding it as a providential inspiration to Catholics to awaken within them a holy zeal for the conversion of the multitudes still in the darkness of unbelief. At last Christ's Precious Blood is about to yield harvest in the Empire of the East, and THE FIELD AFAR will be the medium.

Mrs. W—— bought a \$50.00 Liberty Bond, and now she is anxious to give it to Maryknoll for subscriptions to your splendid FIELD AFAR. The good woman is by no means wealthy, but she is full of true genuine zeal for God's glory and the salvation of China. She works hard every day and earns every cent she gets. The selection of the names she left to me and I chose those who are in good circumstances and can afford to keep up the subscriptions—and perhaps do more.

Assuring you of our genuine interest in the Maryknoll enterprise, and wishing you every grace and blessing, I am,

Respectfully yours,
O. M. CAP.

While at one of my missions I was given a package from Maryknoll, addressed to the Rev. Fr. S——, O.S.B. I inquired of the old "standbys" if ever a priest by that name had been there, but they knew him not. I saw that the package contained a book, so I opened it and read the book myself. I always take a book of light religious reading on my missions, and "A Modern Martyr" was just the thing for long train rides. Théophile Vénard is the right person to revive the spirits of a priest in the sand hills of Nebraska. To-day I made an 85-mile drive over terrible roads to give some families a chance to make their Easter duty.

You can send Fr. S—— another book when you locate him. I enclose \$2 and please send me a year's subscription to THE FIELD AFAR. I read and enjoyed that journal in the Seminary, but lost track of it since.



A Circle Page.

A MARYKNOLL Circler in Tarrytown (and although she lives near Sleepy Hollow she is a live one) has chronicled a series of Circle events which would be printed in this column if our page designers had more space at their command. If, however, any Circle organizer, present or prospective, wishes some advice as to how to make a Circle interesting our Circle Director at Maryknoll will reveal the unpublished chronicle.

A good idea—and not the first—from the St. Dominic Circle, of Central Falls, R. I., is this of establishing closer relations among Circles in neighboring parishes:

We attended a whist in St. Joseph's parish last month and found the meeting with these people who are interested in the same great cause as we are very enjoyable. The Circle members there think it is a good plan for Circles to get together and know one another. We have heard of a new Circle being formed in St. M—— parish and are planning a social event next month to which all such Circles may come and get acquainted.

There are more thoughtful people on this battered earth than is generally believed and the daily mail at Maryknoll gives constant proof of this. Here, for example, is a Circle letter that came into the Superior's hand after his return from the Far East and gratified him not a little:

Our Circle had a Mass said for the continued interest of our members in foreign missions, and in particular for Fr. Walsh, that he may enjoy the best of health, and that his mission to China may be crowned with success. We all attended the Mass and received Holy Communion. Several members came from different parts of Brooklyn, East New York, and Bay

Ridge. It was splendid of them to come such a distance and in such weather as we had this morning.

The St. Joseph Circle, of Pawtucket, R. I., has this enviable record for its first year's work:

To-morrow marks the first anniversary of the organization of our Circle. During the year we have sent at different times offerings amounting to a total of \$159. In the last ten weeks we have given three successful whist parties, and the proceeds from them, together with dues, make up the enclosed check for \$80. Our membership has increased from fifteen to fifty-four, so that we hope next year to send a correspondingly larger contribution towards the carrying on of your great apostolate.

We are glad to send our humble offering to your treasury, and to it we add fervent prayers for the continued and greatest success of Maryknoll's mission.

Trusting that one or more of us may have the pleasure of visiting the Knoll this summer, and promising our best endeavors for the next year and every year, we are

The Maria Mission Circles of Pittsburgh send the following suggestive report:

Fr. Price of Maryknoll addressed the Pittsburgh Maria Circles in Synod Hall on the occasion of their last general meeting for the season of 1917-18. Fr. Price's graphic description of conditions in heathen countries, particularly the condition of heathen women, and his terse statement of the work which American women could and should do for Catholic missions, gave a new spur to the already very active interest of the Circles of the city.

At this meeting the Circles unanimously voted to renew this year their efforts to make Christmas a day of great mission energy among Catholics. Further, they raised the standard of their endeavors in this line a big notch by more clearly defining their Christmas resolution, which now reads: "As a Christmas gift to the Christ Child, I will donate to the missions a sum greater than any one of my other Christmas gifts."

Two-thirds of the members present adopted this resolution literally. Others unprepared for its literal adoption were invited to join in the spirit of the work according to their ability.

The Pittsburgh Circles have established a "stocking factory," where on stated evenings during early summer

members will meet to make the "Little Red Stocking" for the Christmas gift. We suggest the desirability of Circles elsewhere doing likewise, since the autumn is too short for both making and distributing the stockings.

This letter from Texas ought to prove stimulating and enlightening to those whose vision is still parish-bound:

The mite-boxes are a powerful reminder and collecting agency. Everything we send to you comes through them. Please send us fifty.

You will be glad to know that, as the outcome of the work being done here for the foreign missions, a splendid vocation has developed. One of the most gifted of our Texas girls, a graduate of our State University, left us last June to enter a missionary order of Sisters. Through us she heard for the first time of foreign missions in such a way as to interest her. We all feel very proud and very much encouraged, for it is only a little more than two years ago that we first decided to help foreign missions.

We are a very small and poor parish, and are established at the gate of the State University to look after the spiritual interest of the Catholic students there. These students have their own Catholic organization, the Newman Club, and they helped to make up the dowry for their sister-member—not that she needed it, but just to share in the merit of her great sacrifice.

It is interesting to note that one of the determining influences in this vocation was the mingled edification and mortification which the young woman felt at the sight of the devoted work which the Protestant girls in the State University were doing for their foreign missions.

This shows what rich fruits follow even a little effort for the foreign mission work. We have not put any special burden on ourselves either in giving or doing, for we are burdened with a very big and heavy task in this home missionary work. God has blessed us out of all proportion to our expenditure. Just keeping the work in mind, a sermon now and then, mite-boxes always in evidence, a few words spoken, or a little extract read from THE FIELD AFAR at the Altar Society Meeting, that is all.

If every parish in the United States would do its bit in this small way what a wonderful result our country would soon roll up in money and vocations for the foreign missions!

A R E W E L C O M E A T M A R Y K N O L L .

THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR.



A CELEBRATION IN JAPAN. PERHAPS IT IS IN HONOR OF THE FIELD AFAR'S ELEVENTH BIRTHDAY.

WHEN THE FIELD AFAR made its bow to the world eleven years ago it left a page vacant for the younger readers, and a very pleasant white-haired priest named *Father Ignatius* made good use of the blank space by writing letters to his young apostles. Then *Father Ignatius* had to join the army of invalids, and big things gradually crowded out his special page.

Now in spite of the high cost of paper and printing, THE FIELD AFAR is going to adopt four more pages and it will insist on making the grown-up articles "shinny on their own side."

The page will always be found under the title, *The Maryknoll Junior*—and if the Juniors insist upon it more than one page will be set aside for them.

Some children in New Hampshire are being taught to be faithful to the home needs and at the same time to aid the missions. This letter from the Sisters of the Holy Cross may point out the way for others:

We are having a money contest in the school for the benefit of the church and we want two Maryknoll pins as prizes. We intend ordering a Chi Rho ring also, but will have to wait until the contest closes in order to get the right size. Please pray that the contest will be a great success. If we can afford it, there will be a small donation for Maryknoll from the pupils.

"Johnny, is there any way to know the true Church?"

Bright Johnny: "The Church has four marks by which it may be known. It is one, it is holy, it is Catholic, it is apostolic."

"But, Johnny, how do you know that the Church is Catholic?"

Bright Johnny: "The Church is Catholic or universal because it subsists in all ages, teaches all nations and maintains all truth."

"But, Johnny, do you really think any one in this country cares about 'all nations?'"

Bright Johnny: "No sir, I don't have to think. Pa takes the FIELD AFAR, and Sis belongs to a Maria Mission Circle, and Ma's always runnin' 'round with mite-boxes, and when I get big I'm goin' to Maryknoll and help some myself. We're all Catholics at my house."

A priest at Maryknoll seems to be quite well pleased with the following lines from a parish recently visited by him:

DEAR FATHER:

We would like to see you in our parish soon again. We enjoy your stories about the Chinese as well as reading THE FIELD AFAR. We would like to see the twin calves you have at Maryknoll. I think one of my little brothers will be a missionary. He takes the laundry to the Chinaman. He did his first missionary work by giving the Chinaman a medal of Our Blessed Mother. Good luck to Maryknoll.

A little secretary in far-off Nebraska writes:

We gave our Penny Fair in behalf of the Holy Childhood, and besides all the fun we had we made enough to buy two Chinese babies and had something left over to send to Maryknoll. Please put \$1 towards the Blessed Sacrament Burse, with another buy one hundred square feet of Maryknoll land, and use the \$3.32 which we made by selling tinfoil as you think best. We ask your blessing for all the pupils and for the Sisters.

Every Junior will after a little while, if not immediately, say to himself—or herself—"I wonder if any one as young as I am can do any good for Maryknoll."

And here is the answer—"Prayers do most good, so add to your daily prayers these words—*Queen of Apostles, pray for Maryknoll.*"

Here, too, are a few other suggestions:

Keep a Maryknoll Mite-Box in sight. Place it, if you will near other silent beggars and let it run its chance. The Maryknoll Mite-Box believes in pushing over and making room.

Carry some copies of THE FIELD AFAR to your friends—and be a Maryknoll Router.

Here is what you should do:

1. For each copy you will pay six cents.
2. Sell each copy for ten cents.
3. You require no permission to sell to your relatives and friends—but
4. Secure your pastor's permission if you wish to sell to strangers.
5. For every twenty papers you sell we will send you a Maryknoll Pin (if you already have one you may sell or give this to some one else).
6. You must ask for this pin when you write.
7. As soon as possible after the delivery of your papers send your returns in postage stamps (any denomination) at our expense.
8. If you have any papers left tell us how many, and *Fr. Chin* will instruct you what to do with them.

NEW POST-CARDS.

Are you interested in post-cards? We have a new stock that includes views of Maryknoll, China, India, Japan, Africa, and Oceania,—more than forty subjects in all.

The price is low—perhaps too low—but you may have as many as we can supply at fifty cents a hundred.

S U P P L Y

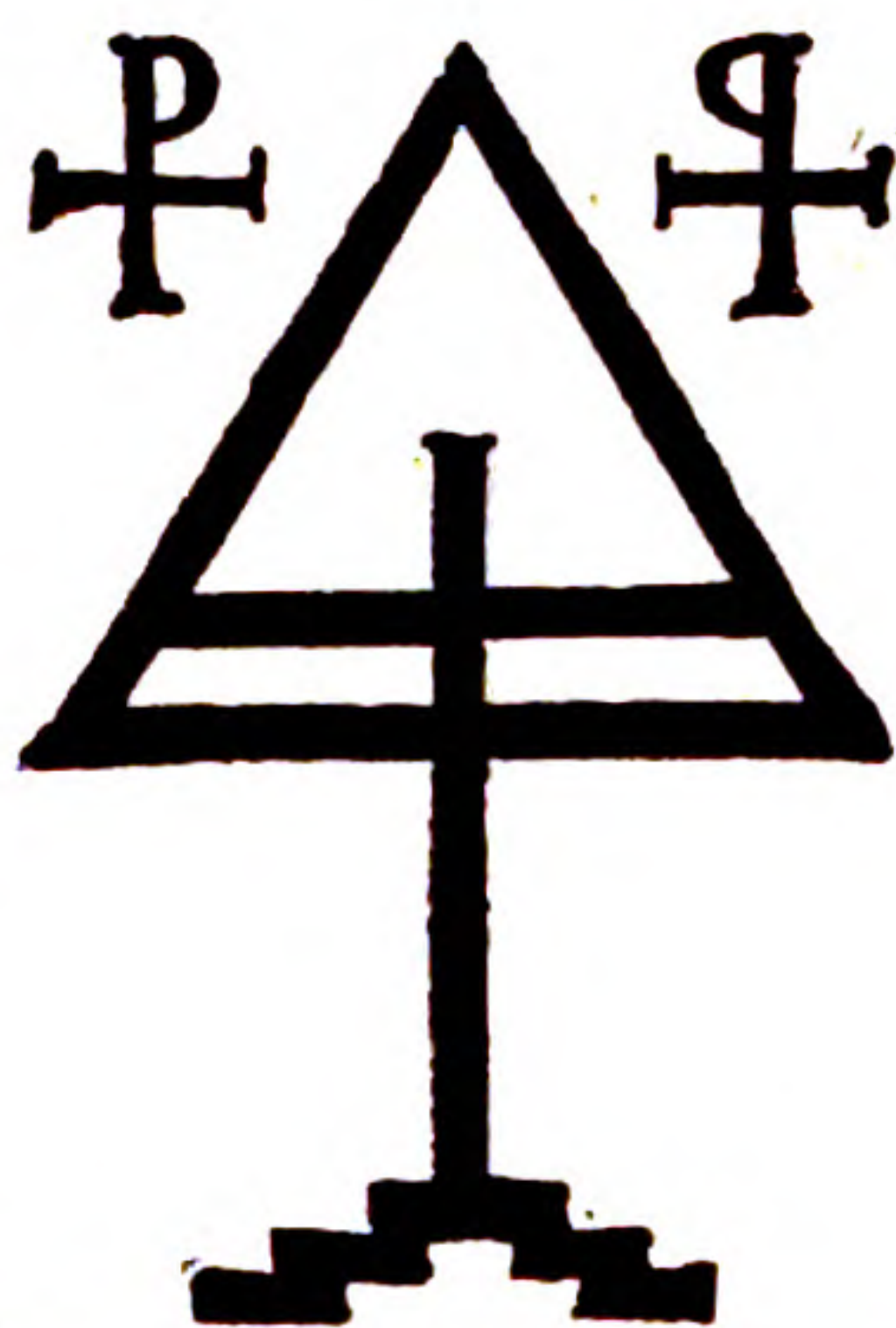
T H E

S I N E W S .

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NOTICE TO READERS:—When you finish reading this magazine place a one-cent stamp on this notice, hand it to any postal employee, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors at the front. No wrapper: no address.—A. S. BURLISON, Postmaster General.

THE FIELD AFAR



AT A PAGAN SHRINE IN JAPAN.
"That they may know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ Whom Thou hast sent."
—John xvii. 3.

VOL. XII. No. 8 ✠ AUGUST, 1918 ✠ PRICE 10 CENTS



REAPING A MID-SUMMER HARVEST AT MARYKNOLL.

THE Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America overlooks the Hudson River about thirty miles north of New York City. The place is called, in honor of the Blessed Virgin, *Maryknoll*.

The Seminary is under the direction of secular priests who have been organized as the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. Their object is to train priests for missions to the heathen and to help arouse the Catholics of our country to a clearer appreciation of their duty towards this particular need. The Seminary has at present a faculty of ten priests, twenty-five students of Philosophy and Theology, and ten auxiliary-brothers.

The movement was set on foot by Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, and the then Apostolic Delegate, Cardinal Falconio. It was approved by the Council of Archbishops at Washington, April 27, 1911, and authorized by Pope Pius X. at Rome, on the Feast of the Apostles SS. Peter and Paul, June 29, of the same year.

On July 15, 1915, the young Society received from Rome the Decree of Praise, and was placed directly under the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. It is incorporated in New York State and is under the spiritual jurisdiction of His Eminence John Cardinal Farley, who is Honorary President of the Corporation. The corporate name of the Society is: Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

In September, 1916, it opened at Clark's Green, Pa., in the diocese of Scranton, a preparatory house of studies with the corporate title of the Vénard Apostolic School. Here thirty-seven youths are following high school and college courses under the direction of six professors, five of whom are priests.

In September, 1917, the Maryknoll Procure of San Francisco was opened. This will serve as a halfway house for our missionaries on their way to the Far East, and will be the center of C. F. M. S. activities on the Pacific Coast.

The Society received its first assignment—a field in the Province of Kwang-tung, China—in April, 1918.

TRINITY COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C.—A Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women. Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur. For particulars address **THE SECRETARY.**

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BROTHER DIRECTOR, DANVERS, MASS.

THE FIELD AFAR

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

DILIGENTIBVS DEVVM OMNIA
COOPERANTVR IN BONVM



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

ENTERED AT POST-OFFICE, OSSINING, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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President and Treasurer : V. REV. JAMES A. WALSH.
Secretary : V. REV. JOHN J. DUNN.

TERMS FOR SUBSCRIPTION

One Associate Subscription (entitling the Subscriber to privileges of Membership in the Society)—to any address, home or foreign\$1.00 a year.
Ten Subscriptions to one address 8.00 " "
Fifty Subscriptions to one address40.00 " "

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Yearly Associate, for the living or the dead (if THE FIELD AFAR is not desired) Fifty cents.
Perpetual Associate, for the living, to continue after death. Fifty dollars
Perpetual Memorial Associate, for the dead Fifty dollars.

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SPIRITUAL BENEFITS FOR MEMBERS

From Maryknoll and The Vénard—
Six hundred Masses a year;
A share in the daily prayers, Communions, sacrifices, and labors of all engaged in the work;
Communions and rosaries every Friday from our two communities.
From Benefactors here and abroad—
Several thousand Communions offered monthly and as many rosaries offered each week for all members of the Society.
From Missioners in the Field—
Several hundred Masses yearly;
Frequent Communions and prayers of faithful converts.

OFFICES OF THE SOCIETY

MARYKNOLL - - OSSINING P. O., N. Y.

THE FIELD AFAR is the official organ of the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary. Checks and other payments may be forwarded to the Very Rev. James A. Walsh. Advertising rates will be sent upon application.

SCORES of subscribers to this paper, including several young men who had looked forward to joining the Maryknoll Mission, are now at the fighting lines in France. We commend these soldiers in a special manner to the prayers of our readers. May God bring them all back safely and strengthen the vocations of those whose holy ambition is to battle for the souls of heathen!

* *

THE word of God, as recorded in the Gospels and as taught by the divinely founded Catholic Church, has never reached a large proportion of all the human dwellers on this earth. Why? Because men have not brought it to them. How strange that God should wait for the word of man. Yet He does so, and the opportunities that lie at the doors of some men—and women—to lead His blessed Feet into untrodden wildernesses where millions would welcome Him are not far to seek.

* *

THE appeal of the American Cardinals has gone out over the country and over the world. Its truly Catholic note is strongly emphasized in the splendid lines which follow:

Our President has clearly defined the high principles upon which the sacred cause rests—they are as universal as they are unselfish. We battle for the welfare of men of every nation, asking no special indemnities for our sacrifices other than those which all free men al-

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ways seek. Surely this raises our aims and purposes up to the noblest standard of action, and sets the soul of the nation above the meanness and pettiness of selfish conquest or unchristian hate.

* *

WE notice by the daily papers that China is finding it difficult to raise money.

American bankers have been approached on the idea of floating a loan of fifty million dollars, but they very frankly declare that they must have the assurance of help and co-operation from the American State Department.

The root of the trouble lies in the fact that China is today practically without government.

If her people could overcome human respect they might be induced to call outsiders to their aid, to show them how to run a republican machine. But to "lose face" is an awful misfortune in the eyes of the sensitive Chinese.

In the meantime, mines of wealth lie idle, railroad enterprises are held up, people starve for lack of work, and bandits multiply over the land while pirates infest the China Sea.

MARYKNOLL WILL PUSH WAR SAVING STAMPS.

* *
Maryknoll is arranging to place four priests in China before the close of this year. Do you wish to back them? You can do so by a simple prayer. And if your means allow you can do more. Here are the first and immediate needs:

Passage and outfit for each missionary \$500*
Personal support (food, clothing and service) for each missionary for one year 200
Catechist for one year.. 180
Yearly education of one student for the priesthood 100

* *
GUM—we have been asking ourselves if our tax-gatherers are not overlooking a great source of revenue, by omitting to control that popular jaw-exerciser of the American people. When our two Chinese boys, Francis and Ignatius, landed in Seattle they were struck by this "peculiar custom" and apologies were made on the ground that life is so strenuous here that the nerves require this diversion, which can be had at any and all times except during sleep.

We urge those of our readers who may be affected, however, to take a warning. GUM—like parlor-car travel—might disappear, at least for the nonce. Why not anticipate this demand and let the fruit of your preparation go as a sacrifice-gift to the missions?

* *
IT is told of St. Francis Xavier that he paced the shore of Sanctian Island, looking longingly on Canton. He was eager to enter on the conquest of China.

It is a happy omen that St. Francis gazed on the very field assigned to the Maryknoll missionaries. His intercession will be a power in winning to God the Chinese souls he loved.

* One has been received. See p. 134.

Soon, please God, our young American priests will stand where Xavier stood and the same thought of thanks will urge them to repeat the words which St. Francis Xavier wrote to his benefactors:

"If I should be so fortunate as to succeed in preaching the Gospel to the Chinese, next to God it will be owing to you! You will have the honor of it, both in heaven and on earth, in the sight of God and men."

To American prayers and money backing our American priests, next to God, will our advance in China be due and credit will be given the Catholics of the United States who have seconded the American missionaries.

* *
FROM the report of the United States branch of the Propagation of the Faith Society we note that its fiscal year's receipts were \$805,546.70, of which amount \$464,562.01 went to the general fund which is distributed from the center in France. The full sum gathered is gratifyingly larger than usual, but small in comparison with what this country is able to do. On the general fund of the Propagation of the Faith is hanging the very existence of some missions, where special gifts never reach; and if in these days America does not strengthen this fund, it is hard to see from what source the more destitute among our missionaries can draw their sustenance.

The Society for the Propagation of the Faith, as its Director announced, "does not concern itself with the fostering of vocations for the foreign missions or the training of those who have received the divine call, or the appointing of priests to their field of labor." Its aim is to gather alms, spiritual and temporal, and while it cannot be said to be the main support of all foreign missions it is certainly their greatest organized support and deserves a wider recognition in this country.

The Maryknoll Annuity Idea.

"Lay not up to yourselves treasures on earth: where the rust and moth consume, and where thieves break through and steal."
—Matt. vi. 19.

AN Italian fruit vender was found dead some time ago in New York and when his wife appeared on the scene she immediately searched in the socks her husband was wearing for \$1,200 which he had concealed there that morning.

We are sure that friends of Maryknoll do not keep their money in their stockings, but invested, so that it can gain at least three or four per cent each year.

The Italian's family doubtless needed this man's money; and perhaps you, too, have dependents, but if not—we suggest that you think of a *Maryknoll Annuity*: Give five hundred or a thousand dollars to Maryknoll, where it will be guaranteed against moths, rust, or thieves, and in return Maryknoll will send to you, as regularly as the time comes around, *as long as you live*, interest at five per cent.

This is the *Maryknoll Annuity* idea, which already has caught the attention of several friends,—priests as well as laymen.

* * WHAT THEY SAY.

I do enjoy THE FIELD AFAR! It's a tonic!

I always look forward to an evening's entertainment when it comes.

I couldn't keep house without THE FIELD AFAR, and the children all love it.

Every time I read THE FIELD AFAR it makes me feel like "loosening up"—and the more I loosen up the more I seem able to do so.

(A lawyer, N. Haven.)

We had some "torrid" weather this week, so I took a rest from labor and one afternoon obtained a delightful series of "breezes" from several back numbers of the best paper I have ever read.

THOUGH CATHOLIC WE ARE AMERICANS.

The Late Bishop Cusack.

THE saintly and apostolic Bishop of Albany, Right Rev. Thomas F. Cusack, twice visited Maryknoll, remaining over night on both occasions. The last time was in December, 1917, when three young priests—among them one of the Bishop's former altar-boys—received sacred orders from his hands.

No one knew Bishop Cusack except to admire him as the ideal type of Catholic bishop, "strong as a diamond, gentle as a woman," a lover of justice and a close follower of his Divine Master. We ask prayers for the soul of this beloved prelate.

The C. W. B. L. Burse.

THE Catholic Women's Benevolent Legion Burse has been completed, with good measure and overflowing. The Catholic Women's Benevolent Legion stands as the first fraternal organization to discover Maryknoll on the horizon, and its promoters deserve much credit for their good sight. The Legion has by this act stamped its own varied and useful record with the seal of Catholicity. It had given an example that undoubtedly will be followed sooner or later by other Catholic organizations and will redound not only to the advantage of the missions but also to the honor of the Church in this country.

Maryknoll expresses to the C. W. B. L. its sincere thanks and the assurance that the line—a long one, we may well believe—of apostolic priests who will go forth from Maryknoll as C. W. B. L. beneficiaries will always keep the Legion and its members in prayerful remembrance.

The Holland Provincial of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart writes that in his little country the number of vocations is constantly increasing and at the present moment the Society numbers one hundred and fifty aspirants.



COME TO ME, ALL.

TAKE UP THY CROSS AND FOLLOW ME.

(To a Maryknoll friend, on his Ordination Day.)

With kindling soul I glimpse the field afar,

Nor shrink from sight of waiting grief and pain;

When priceless souls the fruit of crosses are

Full glad I'll walk Christ's weary way again.

O Jesus dear, I hasten at Thy call,
Nor purse nor scrip, I carry for the way;

In joy, in pain, whatever may befall,
For Thee I toil, be Thou my guide and stay.

Lord, bless Thy priest! Make strong thy shepherd's soul,
That in Thy steps my feet may fearless tread!

I follow Thee, O peerless gladsome goal!

Sweet field afar—the Cross where Thou hast bled!

—Fr. Melvin, C.S.S.R.

A group of nuns—Franciscan Missionaries of Mary—left in the month of June for the Far East. They went from New York, but no one of them had been born in this country. Canada claimed most of them, and the remainder—one, if we are not mistaken—is a daughter of Ireland.

One will leave the boat at Japan, six at China, and three at Colombo, Ceylon. Good for Canada! And Ireland! America will not be far behind them in time, and may yet overtake both.

The post-office address for Maryknoll is

OSSINING, N. Y.

Two Classes.

WHATEVER success has come so far to Maryknoll is due, under God, largely to the co-operation of many who have given little, rather than of few who have given much.

Co-operation, however, should not be measured in terms of money, since prayer and earnest effort may produce far more than what money can purchase.

A Maryknoll roster of *Founders* and *Benefactors* will naturally be embodied in the history of this work for souls, and names of *Founders* and *Benefactors* will be carefully preserved on written records and probably in enduring bronze.

Founders we can locate easily enough, since it is settled that one who gives five thousand dollars becomes a *Maryknoll Founder*. *Benefactors*—those who actually give one thousand dollars to Maryknoll—can also be recognized; but we fear that others, whose service to the Cause means more than thousands of dollars, may some day be overlooked.

Fortunately, it is our experience that those who give to foreign missions never desire publicity; and fortunately, too, God never overlooks the good deeds of men.

Have you remarked that THE FIELD AFAR has now, counting its cover, *twenty-four pages*? We hesitated to increase its size, because paper is scarce and therefore dear, but good copy was overflowing and our readers deserve all we can give them. We shall be amply repaid if the few extra pages are read.

Stories From The Field Afar

Fifteen Short Stories that breathe the Foreign Mission Spirit. 160 Pages, with 17 Illustrations. Price: Sixty Cents, postpaid.

THE BETTER CATHOLIC, THE STRONGER PATRIOT.

Chinese Catholics in America.

[This column is reserved for items of interest from priests of the United States or Canada who are in touch with Asiatic converts.]

From Montreal.

December 23, 1917:

Nine Chinese adults were received into the Church by Archbishop Bruchesi and made their First Communion on Christmas Day.



I G N A T I U S .

March 17, 1918:

A notable religious demonstration occurred in Chinatown, at which Bishop Gauthier and Fr. Chan, S.J., assisted with Fr. Caillé, the Director of the *Mission Catholique Chinoise*.

Fr. Chan was born in China and made his studies in Spain. During his stay here he has given Lenten instructions to the Chinese and visited many of his countrymen, with whose dispositions he is well satisfied. On this occasion Fr. Chan gave a short instruction, which was immediately followed by the baptism of two young Chinamen and the confirmation of twenty-six others. Bishop Gauthier officiated at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

March 24, 1918:

Fr. Chan gave a "great lecture." Three hundred Chinese were present and so heartily enjoyed the talk and the stereopticon views that they cheered their fellow-countryman when he was leaving them. Fr. Chan left a few days later for the Jesuit novitiate at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., after a visit that was of much benefit to the Montreal Mission.

A second Chinese priest now in America resides at Montreal. His name is Joseph Zi, and our young Chinese correspondents at the Maryknoll bureau in San Francisco know him and write:

Fr. Zi was born near Shanghai, and his ancestor, Sukwank'i, a minister of the Men dynasty about three hundred years ago, was a very good Catholic and a very learned man. Sukwank'i was baptized by the famous Jesuit, Matthew Ricci.

Our Twins.

THE Tsu boys are coming.
Who? What? Why? you ask.

The Tsu boys, Francis Xavier and Ignatius, two names that tell their own story, were formerly students of the Jesuit School in Shanghai, and came to the United States with the Maryknoll Superior, to see, know, and be impressed by what a growing number of people believe to be the best country in the world.

At this writing they are over in San Francisco, under the tutelage of Maryknoll's representative in that city, but they are looking forward to a trip East, and are expected shortly at Maryknoll.

The Tsu boys have a brother a priest, an uncle a priest (both Jesuits); a sister a nun, an aunt a nun (both Helpers of the Holy Souls); and a brother an aviator in France. Their own future work has not yet been settled, but they bid fair to be worth the considerable expense which their father is willing to meet for their education, and Maryknoll is

pleased to see in them the beginning of a procession of Catholic Chinese youth to this country. Later, American missionaries in China will find that bread cast upon the waters returns.

But I hear some one say: "Our diocese is well supplied with earnest laborers; we have no need of more priests." No need of more



F R A N C I S X A V I E R .

priests? look beyond the confines of your own diocese. Behold the countless multitudes that are still groping in darkness and in the shadows of death. The imperative need of the hour is that we cultivate the missionary spirit among the youths entrusted to our care. Among the boys confided to your charge there may be a future St. Francis Xavier who is destined to convert millions.

—Rev. F. X. Steinbrecher.

In the July issue THE FIELD AFAR published a photograph of Fr. Peter Chan, S.J., who is on his way to his native land. He will remain in New York, at 44th Street and Second Avenue, for five months, to pick up English—and a few stray dollars.

M A R Y K N O L L H A S I N V E S T E D I N L I B E R T Y B O N D S .

The Pioneer's Log.

(Up the West River.)

WE were due to reach the West River by noon and it was eight o'clock when we left the hamlet. The thought of the consequences if we should miss the boat spurred us on, and we arrived at the river bank a few moments before the appointed time—only to wait another hour for the steamer.

This ark, propelled by its own power, had no guard-rail on its main deck and gave every opportunity to its passengers to walk overboard. A deck promenade was out of the question, even had we been so inclined, and besides it was time for lunch. So we climbed a few steps and entered the saloon.

There are two classes on these boats, first or third class and steerage. This was a first or third class saloon, where Chinese men in stuffed cotton or embroidered silks could find room for their legs and their baggage—usually a no inconsiderable space-filler. Fr. Gauthier and I took our places on the reclining-bench nearest the serving-table and gave an exhibition of food-transportation for the benefit of a large circle of interested spectators. I knew that my companion was ashamed of my efforts, and that I was "losing face" as well as eatables, but I could not help it. My fingers were weak from illness, and with chop-sticks thin and slippery I cut a sorry figure as a model of Chinese table etiquette.

"What are they thinking about?" I asked at one point, as I laid aside the instruments of torture, and looked at the sphinxes about me. "They are laughing in their sleeves," my companion replied, "at your awkwardness."

And I smiled as I thought how the tables turn in this life.

The Jesuit Fathers welcomed us again at Shihing, where we had an opportunity to take off several days' growth of beard, and we went into a consultation about the next move.

It was Wednesday night, and I had engaged passage for the Philippines on the weekly boat sailing Friday from Hongkong. I could sleep that night at the mission and leave early the next morning; or I could take the "Great Steamer" from Wuchow, due to stop that night at Shihing on its way to Hongkong. This latter arrangement seemed easy, especially since there was at the water's edge a large sampan expressly reserved for waiting passengers. It was decided that I should go on at once to Hongkong, leaving Fr. Gauthier to rest at the mission and return the next morning to Canton.

Again that night I was held up at the city gate, but when the guards had assured themselves about my passport they let me squeeze through with Ahman, who had been thoughtfully assigned to stay with me until the "Great Steamer" should arrive.

The waiting sampan was unusually large and the family had evidently retired for the night in its protected quarters, leaving the open deck for a group of expected travellers, Chinese men and boys, some of whom were smoking their water-pipes and others dozing at full length on the boards.

Ahman spread a blanket for me on the only space left, and covering my knees with its folds I backed up against the family partition and settled down to wait for the whistle that might be heard in an hour. It was nine p. m., and the steamer arrived at three a. m. By that time I was at full length on the deck and half awake, while Ahman was "snug as a bug in a rug," and evidently in deep slumber. But the master of the barge had only one word to utter and Ahman was at my side, folding the blanket, which had served its purpose well.

As our barge left its moorings another bark bumped into us with a crash that appeared serious, and then to my surprise I noticed that no fewer than a dozen boats, all full of passengers, were moving with us. We all made for the center of the river, where the "Great Steamer" was anchored, and ten minutes later confusion was at its height, with a couple of hundred Chinese trying to get down the swinging steps and a couple of hundred more attempting to climb them.

Why more people are not drowned over here is a mystery to me, and how Ahman landed back on the barge after getting my bag safely to the deck I cannot explain. All that I recall is being swept up the swinging stairway and landing almost in the arms of a turbaned Indian policeman who, recognizing the only European passenger, directed me to a gangway leading to the upper deck. There an iron gate was opened and another dusky Indian with a rifle in his hand beckoned me to follow him. The steps were steep, and suddenly as I looked up I noticed that the muzzle of the Indian's gun was pointed directly at my head. Now that member of my body is fairly thick, and the Indian had, I am certain, no designs on me, but I drew back and waited prudently until conditions were more favorable.

After some searching in the dark, a stateroom was opened and I had privacy at least—also one sheet, a pillow, and a blanket. I caught sleep in

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such snatches as an assertive cough would allow until morning.

We were scheduled to be in Hongkong at noon, but it was six in the evening before we reached the harbor. I arrived at the Procuracion before dinner was well-advanced, looking, I was told, quite the worse for wear, but glad to get to what felt so much like home.

The next morning was a busy one, and early in the afternoon I sailed on the Loong-sang for Manila.

(Manila.)

When inspections were over in the bay of Manila, and the Loong-sang moved towards its dock, I began to ask myself about the next move. Bp. Foley had telegraphed "Come," but I knew that he was yet far away from Manila and I had no friends at the capital.

It was a pleasant surprise, therefore, to note in the dock line of expectants a flash of purple, which I knew could hardly be there except for myself,—and my joy was considerable when I recognized Bp. MacGinley of Nueva Caceras, a constant friend of Maryknoll from its beginning. My arrival in Manila was about to coincide with the annual meeting of all the bishops of the Philippine Islands, and Bp. MacGinley, reaching the city a few days in advance, had been made acquainted with my message to Bp. Foley. The Archbishop was out of town, but had kindly left word for me to take quarters at his residence, so that in a few moments my lines had fallen in goodly places and the Loong-sang, with other memories of uneasy moments, disappeared like a nightmare.

Manila was clean, white, odorless, and peaceful, and as I looked up at the Stars and Stripes I felt that I was home again.

We motored quickly along the new American boulevard, and in a few minutes after entering the walled city were in the Archbishop's palace, a simple unimposing structure from outside but dignified and spacious within.

There are few rooms in the palace, but they are all large, and the room into which I was ushered was almost frightening. It was rather a dormitory, with two beds and a partition

FRIENDS HAVE ADDED OTHERS TO THESE.

between them, and a half-dozen more could easily have been set up with ample accommodations for all. I tried to figure out how much of our pro-seminary building at Maryknoll would fit into this apartment, and I came to the conclusion that about two-thirds would be a good guess.

My stay here was a continued holiday, such as I had not experienced in years. The Archbishop, returning the evening after my arrival, gave unquestionable assurance of welcome; Bp. Foley came on the third day; and the companionship of three English-speaking prelates, their genial humor and simple recreations, combined with balmy air and other health-giving influences to put me back into excellent physical condition in a short time.

When I called at Buffalo, N. Y., on my way to the Far East, Bp. Dougherty,* formerly of Jaro in the Philippines, sighed a desire to see the East again, and I have since met many who said they had learned to love the Orient so much that they could not live away from it. I am certain that my memory of the Philippines will be a bright one,—though I realize, too, that my stay was under the most favorable conditions. I had the perfect weather of January, a winter month with no chill in the air and no insects to sing me awake. I had friends to plan for me and to carry out the program with neither hitch nor inconvenience; and, more or less gracefully, I fell into the habit of letting somebody else do it—a habit not unknown in the Philippines.

Our government has cleaned Manila and made it odorless, but it has not taken away the Spanish atmosphere. The streets, houses, people, churches, the cries of vendors, the deep-toned bells, the abundance of music lovers, and a hundred other details, keep Manila the adopted child of old Spain. Although it was January in Manila I could recall the June heat of Spain. Not that Manila was really hot—I even met people who asked if I did not feel cold—but as a fact we wore, even when riding in the open, the thinnest garments, and in the house white cassocks. I had discarded a woolen vest, also a rain-coat, both of which had been for months my constant companions, and occasionally as I looked at them in contempt I wondered how I could have borne their weight.

Bp. MacGinley took me, at an early moment, to visit His Excellency, Mgr. Petrelli, the Apostolic Delegate, in whose footsteps I had been walking, rather awkwardly, through Japan and Korea.

His photograph, which has appeared

* Now Archbishop of Philadelphia.



TAKEN IN MANILA.
(This is not President Wilson.)

more than once in *THE FIELD AFAR*, was so familiar to me, and his greetings so simple and genuine, that I felt as if I had always known him, and this feeling was deepened by several occasions when again I met His Excellency at his own pleasant home and elsewhere.

We visited also that day the Redemptorist Fathers and the Convent of the Assumption Sisters.

The Redemptorist Fathers came directly, by way of Australia, from the "old country," but in Manila they are a new institution and a very useful one. They have been assigned to the parish of Malate, a section of Manila, and in the past few years they have built a substantial school,—not a day too soon.

The American public school system, applied to the Philippine Islands, is working such havoc as must delight those in the Islands and elsewhere who have neither love nor respect for the Church of Christ, and I found an object lesson at Malate.

The school over which Fr. Browne presides contains 500 pupils. In the public schools of his district there are at least 1,000 more whose character development is confined to this influence, supplementing what direction parents, indifferent to religion, will give. Most of the boys and girls who attend the Malate Catholic School are the children of parents anxious to have their Faith preserved, and these parents are willing, like their fellow-Catholics in the United States, to make a sacrifice to the great end.

The proportion between Catholic and public school children in the Philippines generally is, I understand, hardly better than and in many instances not so good as at Malate, so that one cannot help fearing for the future under such conditions. Religious instruction is not allowed in the public schools, and the children will not go to the church to secure it.

On the other hand, Protestantism cannot affect many of the Filipinos and it is, to say the least, doubtful if it can strongly hold any.

This means an irreligious generation for the future, unless the Government, realizing the temperament of the Filipino people, shall make it a point to encourage in the public schools the teaching of the Catholic Faith to those whose parents are willing to have them receive it. Wise legislators, who look ahead and are truly patriotic, would not hesitate to bring about this condition. Will they do so?

Our visit to the Assumption Academy gave me an insight into educational advantages for Catholic young women in the Philippines. This is one of several similar schools, all of which compare favorably with convent schools in the large cities of the United States.

The Assumptionist Sisters impressed me as being particularly well-equipped. The Superioress is an Irish lady and there is at least one American among them. They form a happy community although at present, as all along the line in the Far East, they are seriously inconvenienced for lack of recruits from the mother-houses in Europe.

The grounds of the Assumptionist Convent are extensive and quite delightful, especially to a newly-arrived visitor who finds himself suddenly dropped into semi-tropical surroundings.

The building, with its great verandahs, its windows of shell, and its suggestion of Spanish days, is very attractive; and not less interesting is the life of the place. Our visit happened to coincide with the monthly meeting of the graduate pupils, who, after a sermon and Benediction in the Chapel, flitted about the grounds like so many butterflies, while from what sounded like a hundred pianos came the combined noise of as many young would-be "perfectly wonderful players."

On the occasion of a later visit to this convent I witnessed a little drama on the martyrdom of St. Agnes, which had been prepared for the hierarchy in whose sunlight I was basking. The play, given in a large hall, open at the sides, was well-staged, and the participants—all, as I recall, Filipino pupils—were certainly a credit to the good judgment and training of their teachers.

Thursday morning I met Bp. Foley when his boat arrived. He had been on it three days and was glad to land, but he was no better pleased than I was to greet again a friend of my youth and a brother, constant and sympathetic, in the priesthood.

Bp. Foley was dressed in his episcopal cassock, with the broad hat and the green and gold cord commonly worn by bishops in Europe.

The Philippines have seen changes since the American occupation, but

traditions are strong and among others are some that affect the hierarchy. The bishops must keep up the dignity of their state while on the Islands. They should not be seen walking in the street. It is bad form. And to appear in the street dress of an American bishop would be absolutely unpardonable, even inconceivable. As large a spread of purple as possible, a wealth of gold chain and cross, a cushioned seat behind two horses, a coachman and a foot-man, or, as is now tolerated, a respectable automobile—these are what the Filipino demands of his bishop and for his bishop although he may never give a *peso* towards their purchase or maintenance.

With Bps. MacGinley and Foley as rare companions, I was enabled to look into some of the many other religious works of Manila, including two spacious hospitals and several schools. I also managed to make visits to the University conducted by the Dominicans and to the Jesuit College.

Archbishop O'Doherty, who was busy in those days with Confirmation, left at an early hour every morning to reach some more or less remote post. I readily accepted an excellent opportunity which one of these Confirmation trips gave me to catch a glimpse of Filipino life, and after Masses at five o'clock we whirled away from the palace through the yet unawakened city towards the north.

As we plunged that morning into the country, the Archbishop gave a running comment on what we passed, revealing the pride of a native. Occasionally as he talked he would return with a blessing the salutations of the passing villagers. The air was fresh, and the palm trees seemed to wave a welcome as we speeded along in and out of the quaint settlement.

The previous day I had read of a blizzard in the States, and with closed eyes I pictured Maryknoll shrouded in a heavy blanket of snow,—the mules ploughing pathways, a cold north-western wind sweeping down the Hudson and over our hills. But here were houses, or huts, of bamboo, with thatched roofs, and windowless, with no other support than four posts. At every opening some member of the family seemed to be occupied or waiting for something to happen. Under many of these houses cattle were as much at home as their owners above.

Proud roosters crowed as we passed, and hens scattered, almost losing their heads as they did so. Half-clad little "brownies" gazed at, and probably after, us, and I longed for a moving-picture machine outfit, so arranged that it could be mounted on the rear of our automobile and run

itself. How hard it is to impress those at home with what we see abroad! And how much one longs to do so!

Before leaving the city we had called for a young Filipino priest, Fr. Cesare, who assists the Archbishop on his Confirmation tours and also as secretary. Fr. Cesare, who made his course in Rome, speaks English and supplemented the Archbishop's explanations from time to time, so that the journey was unusually instructive as well as enjoyable. We passed several sturdy looking old churches with their "conventos" (the residence of the priests) commanding the public squares, and I longed to look into them more closely, but we had no time to lose. Our chauffeur, Daniel, came suddenly to a stop at last and even our dignified little footman, the Archbishop's boy Joseph, turned in his seat.

It was not the end, nor was it an accident, but a question of how to go on, because the road seemed to lose itself at a river. There was only one thing to do and we did it. Daniel's and Joseph's purple-ribboned caps remained motionless on their heads while the automobile gracefully forded the stream, without sprinkling even a drop of water on its occupants.

Five minutes later, as we neared a large village, the sound of a brass band greeted our ears. The event of the day was on, and my rôle was a very simple one. It was: to be the whole audience.

Filipino priests in surplice met us as the automobile stopped. A holy-water sprinkler was presented to the Archbishop and we walked briskly through a large gathering of men, women, and children, into the church, the crowd

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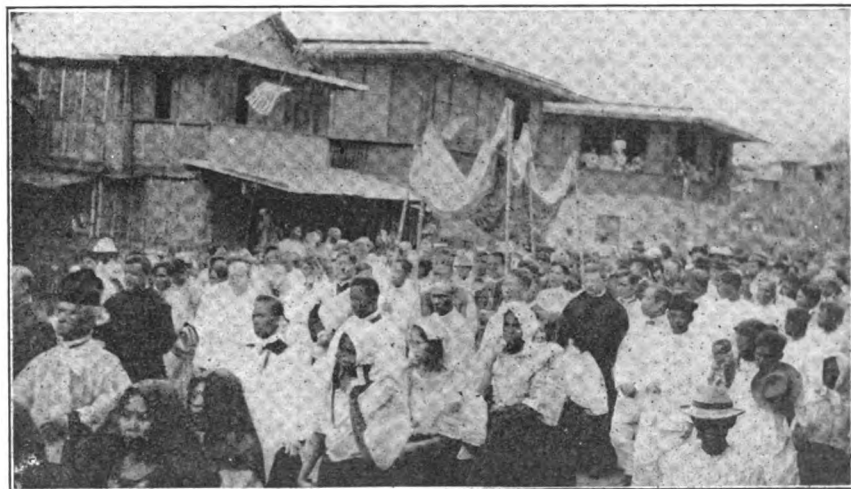
closing in as we proceeded to the sanctuary. Here prayers were said and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered by one of the native priests.

Following this, the Archbishop vested and made a formal visitation of the church, inspecting confessionals, holy water stoups, the altars, and the sacristy,—out of whose cases and cupboards many interesting vases and sacred vessels had been taken for exhibition on this occasion.

When the inspection had been completed the Archbishop spoke to the people in Spanish, and for the benefit of those who knew only the Tagalog dialect Fr. Cesare interpreted from the pulpit.

By this time I began to realize that the church was filled and that no inconsiderable proportion of those standing (there are no seats here) had babies in arms.

It has long been a custom among the Filipino Catholics to confirm children in their infancy and the American bishops have made no change. I had been prepared to witness the Confirmation of babies but, as elsewhere,



IN THE PHILIPPINES, WHERE RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS ARE FREQUENT JOYS.

ARE ACCEPTABLE AT MARYKNOLL.

I did not know what was ahead of me when, responding gladly to the Archbishop's suggestion, I accompanied him and his assistants along the line of those to be confirmed.

"Along the line" in such a case always meant to me along the sanctuary rail, but this time it was up and down the church, along an aisle defined by temporary bamboo rails, back of which was massed an army of Filipino babies.

On one side were boys and on the other girls,—each held by a god-parent who had all that he or she could do to present at the same time the infant and a card bearing its name.

As we left the sanctuary the crowd overflowed into it, and as the other end of the aisle was blocked there was no escape, even had I desired it.

The wealth of color was for a moment bewildering, with men, women, and children in countless shades, lemons, pinks and light greens predominating. Soon, however, I could center my attention on the babies, as they were presented, in more or less complete attire, to be confirmed. They were "the cutest little things imaginable," as one of our Teresians would describe them, with their wee brown faces and sparkling black eyes, but oh! the noise!

Hardly had the ceremony begun when a scream gave a signal for a chorus that started some inquisitive dogs barking and spread confusion like lighted powder through the waiting crowds. I recall baptizing infants when ten were in one small room but here, by actual count, as was afterwards reported, there were 1,020, and I hope I do not exaggerate when I say that one thousand were screaming on that occasion.

There is no window glass in these great churches of the Philippines and occasionally, through the bars that supported the openings, birds would fly in and over our heads as if to find out the trouble. Passing back toward the altar on the first turn, I noticed in a frame behind the pulpit the placid countenance of St. Thomas, of the Order of Preachers, but no Dominican could silence such a congregation as this. Some of the babes were breaking their fast munching crackers, which, in some cases, failing to pacify, made matters worse as the little faces appeared to His Grace smeared with a tear-mixed paste.

By the fifth turn the crowd had broken down the bamboo rail. Babies were being pushed into place under some temporary benches on which they were occasionally deposited—almost thrown—from above the heads of those on the inside line.

As we came again toward the altar for the seventh time I took a look toward St. Thomas back of the pulpit.

Angels without wings were hiding him. Two youngsters in pink and yellow gauze, looking for new sensations, had mounted the pulpit steps and, with arms akimbo (like Rafael's cherubs) resting on the desk, were calmly surveying the scene before them. I expected every moment to see them "called down," but no—we were in the Philippines, where everybody feels at home in the church.

I did not note the number of times we went up and down that line of babies, and I wondered if there were not some "repeating" in the crowd, but the name cards told the truth and finally the last scream was heard, the closing prayer read, and we went into the convento.

A portion of the congregation seemed to have penetrated the privacy of the house before we entered and everyone wished to kiss the Bishop's ring. The Filipinos love this little ceremony far better, I am sure, than do the bishops, who cannot very well discourage it since an indulgence is attached to the salutation.

Will you be a bearer of the Immaculate Conception's Message? Send for a copy of the formula which will explain this simple and efficient work for souls.

Living quarters in the Philippine villages seem to be all upstairs and this convento was no exception, but I felt as I reached the upper story that safety lay below. The floor beams were of thin bamboo rods, with spaces through which one would see the dirt floor below. Laid on the bamboo were matings over which I walked gingerly, with a feeling that I would surely go through at the next step, but confidence came back when I realized that the great officials of the village were trusting their illustrious personages to the bamboo and that the Archbishop himself was unconcerned.

When His Grace had gotten into cooler garments speeches were made at him and one, from a young man, seemed particularly eloquent. It touched on the independence of the Philippines, among a dozen other subjects, and was applauded heartily.

Dinner followed the speeches, and the unfeeling siesta followed dinner. In the meantime, babies who had had other engagements in the morning turned up for Confirmation in the afternoon. The patient Archbishop put on his robes again and made everybody concerned happier. Towards four o'clock we left quietly for Manila.

Manila is no small city. It boasts of a population approaching 300,000

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and it is a Mecca for aspiring lawyers, doctors, and other professional gentlemen.

The new guide book published by the Imperial Railways of Japan does not speak kindly of Religious Order domination in the Philippines, but it makes at least one favorable statement when it says that the University of St. Thomas, conducted by the Dominican Fathers, is "the oldest institution of its kind under the American flag."

This University was begun in 1611. It supplies courses in theology, canon law, civil law, philosophy, classics, civil engineering, architecture, art, medicine, physiology, pathology, organic and inorganic chemistry, and other "ologies." It has a museum that is widely known and often visited, and its students represent all sections of the Islands. I looked into St. Thomas University one morning and saw also the Dominican publication and printing establishment which is quite complete—well-enough equipped, in fact, to produce books and a daily paper.

Only a few minutes away from the Dominican properties is the Jesuit College, known as the *Ateneo*, which was founded in 1859 and has about a thousand students. Here, although I found no English-speaking priests to the language born, there are several who know and teach in English.

Besides these two large Catholic educational institutions there are others conducted by the Government, whose students, as a rule, catch hardly a breath of Christian faith during their course.

Protestant effort has been directed towards these young men and dormitories have been established to provide for their temporary homes.

The Y. M. C. A. is strong in this movement and its house is well-filled with students who pay a moderate sum for their accommodation.

A few years ago Fr. Finnegan, one of the few American Jesuits who have worked in the Philippines, opened a

Candidates for Maryknoll or for the Vénard Apostolic School should make application now for admission in September.

YOU MAY SEND YOUR SUBSCRIPTION

small dormitory. A new building and grounds called for an expenditure that sent Fr. Finnegan back to the States to find the means. He managed to gather enough for the land but was obliged to give up his dormitory work, which was then transferred to the one American Augustinian remaining in the Islands.



THE TIRELESS FR.
McERLAINE.

This Augustinian, Fr. McErlaine, although a solitary representative, is by no means lonely. Heat may excuse the Filipino for lack of initiative and perseverance but it seems never to wilt Fr. McErlaine, who is known apparently by everyone in Manila.

Archbishop O'Doherty is giving a hearty and substantial backing to Fr. McErlaine who, by means of a paper, *St. Rita's Messenger*, and circular letters, has been throwing out lines over the Islands and across the ocean, bringing back such substantial returns that the Catholic Dormitory, named after St. Rita, is already near completion and will be the most attractive and best situated building of its kind in Manila.

Fr. McErlaine lives among the students, speaks to them in English, the language of their ambitions, and has a special Mass at the Cathedral every Sunday at which an English sermon is preached and which the students attend. He needs helpers and lives in the hope that one or more of his American confrères can be spared to join him in this worthy enterprise. Among the young Filipino men now living under Catholic influences will be, doubtless, some of the future framers of laws and moulders of public opinion. Multiply the chances of securing always a goodly proportion of

such and the Church will not be hampered in the Islands.

The new dormitory will, it is hoped, be the first of several to be established in large centers through the Philippines. Less than a dozen American priests who need to speak only English and who are willing to spend themselves for the souls of young men would meet this need. The Apostolic Delegate, the Archbishop of Manila, and all the bishops—American and Filipino—are keenly anxious to see this plan realized at the earliest possible moment. (Any reader who desires more information on this subject may write to Maryknoll.)

Maryknoll-in-China.

THE Maryknoll Mission has for several years past been **NO MAN'S LAND** since for lack of priests it was abandoned. We hope to make it **GOD'S LAND.**

A priest is already at work, and following in the footsteps of Maryknoll's Superior he has penetrated still further into the interior from the West River. A recent letter reads as follows:

Tong-on, April 7, 1918.

Dear Fr. Walsh:

After a long, and I must admit a hard, journey, Fr. Gauthier and I arrived at Tong-on (alias Yun-fu), capital of the county of the same name, one of the four counties belonging to the Maryknoll Mission.

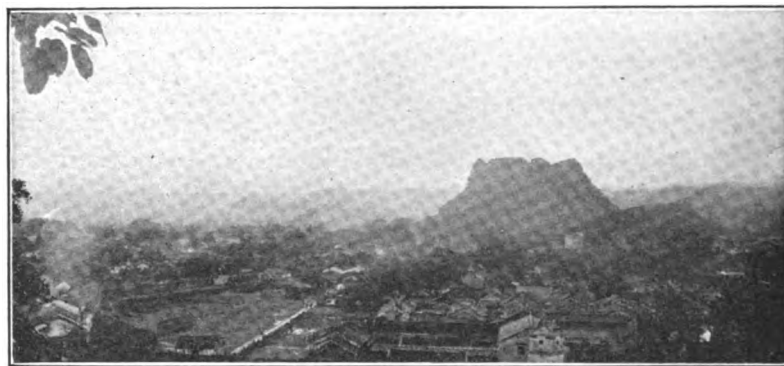
We left the bishop's house in Canton on April 4, at 8 a. m., and, following your route, took the ferry across to the railway station. The steamer was, as usual, packed with people, and when they made a rush to get off at the opposite bank I thought the tub

would capsize. The train was not half long enough to take all on board. We had bought first-class tickets as a precaution, but they swarmed up from third into second, and then filled all the standing room in the first-class. We had third-class passengers sitting on the arms of our seats. The conductor took their tickets and said nothing.

The trip through the country was pleasant enough. We saw countrymen with hats as big as umbrellas, and grass raincoats that made them look like moving haystacks, and women hoeing with babies tied on their backs. A peculiar harrow in common use consisted of a spike driven into the ground, about which a longtoothed beam was revolved by husband and wife. "Adam and Eve," I said to myself, "after the Fall." We noted an ingenious method of raising water to a higher level. Two women with ropes, to which was attached a wicker basket, stood on opposite sides of a pool, and swung up the water at the rate of a pail a second to a rice field ten feet higher.

After two or three hours by rail we boarded a river steamer and arrived at Shiuhing, the principal city of the Jesuit vicariate, as you recall. We visited the little school of the Jesuits and the convent which you saw.

We arose next morning at 2, said Mass, and boarded a small river steamer. It was propelled by a rear paddle-wheel, the smokestack and boiler were at the prow, and the engine at the stern. My first impression was that she was only the after-half of a steamer, cut in two just in front of the smokestack; but in getting inside we found that this arrangement gave great passenger space—which was occupied to the full, so that we could find no place to lie down.



THE MARBLE MOUNTAINS OF TONG-ON IN THE MARYKNOLL MISSION.

IN THRIFT OR WAR SAVING STAMPS.

We were dead tired on arriving at Loto, a village in the county of Tong-on. There we took chairs—which I found much more uncomfortable than those of Chekiang—to Tong-on City, a distance of fifteen miles. Two women carried our baggage which weighed nearly 200 pounds—poor things. The women in southern China do not gain much by having natural-sized feet in place of the tiny cramped ones I used to see in Chekiang.



"The roof slopes inward from all sides towards an opening five feet square."

We said Mass Sunday morning in the house of the only Christian family—mother and son—in this city, and I felt sad to think of all the pagans in this and the hundreds of other towns and villages of the county. May salvation be soon brought them by the Maryknoll missionaries!

After breakfast we visited the mandarin of the place, partly to pay him a social call and let him know of our presence, and partly to urge him to summon to justice the perpetrators of the massacre of the Christians and the destruction of our chapel two years ago in the village which you visited. He said that he was doing his utmost, that he had issued warrants for certain arrests, and hoped soon to obtain reparation.

The house we are stopping at, like all I have seen in the cities here, is narrow and very deep. It has a door at each end, and no windows. The roof slopes inward from all sides towards an opening five feet square. In a thunderstorm today we had the novel experience of sitting in the interior of a house and seeing a waterfall pouring down from the opening in the roof into the middle of the room. The floor on which the water falls is lower than the rest, and an un-

derground sewer carries it off, but you may imagine how damp a house like this is, especially at the rainy season.

This is the second storm in two days, so the pagans cannot say we bring bad luck, for they had had no rain for six months and were in danger of famine. Yesterday's thunderstorm caught us on the ugly little steamer of which I have spoken. It was a fearful gale and nearly blew the boat over. The passengers rushed about to get out of the rain and were almost in a panic. Windows wouldn't shut and glass panes were lacking, so we all got drenched. The engines stopped and the vessel drifted within a few feet of the banks before they could get started again. And all this amidst dreadful flashes of lightning and claps of thunder!

After the rain today the pavements were snowy white—for the roads in Tong-on are paved with marble! But don't think it is a rich place on that account. Marble is of no value here, for all the mountains surrounding the city are of marble and weird looking masses indeed they are.

In Tong-on I should say there are 10,000 families. There ought to be a priest stationed here. Roads lead here from all parts of the country.

Tomorrow we make a journey of seven hours through the mountains, to a place where a few more Christians live. "Few and far between they are," you will say; but that is why you instituted Maryknoll Seminary, to convert "those in darkness and the shadow of death."

I am quite well except that I have had a toothache almost continually. When we return to Canton I shall go to Hongkong and see your little Jap dentist.

I must quit now, as the meager light from the tiny panes in the roof of this bedroom is not enough to write by, although it is only half-past four. Today we had to light the lamp at noon during lunch.

Yours faithfully,
J. M. F.

Yeong-kong was hardly known until it came under the eyes of the Maryknoll searchlight, and just about that time Gen. Lung, who is something of a giant with two very robust lungs, spotted it as a desirable base to occupy against the Southern forces of China, which as a Northern commander he was expected to subdue. This action put Yeong-kong on the map and, small as it is, it

has been for the past six months the battle ground of the civil war in China.

While in China the Maryknoll Superior made several attempts to get to Yeong-kong, either by land or water, because in normal times access is possible by both routes. He found, however, that the steamer—or, to call it by its right name, the junk—was not running, for fear of being commandeered by some one of the belligerents, and that the overland route was as uncertain in regard to time as it was in many other ways, especially as it affected the pocket-book for which a horde of bandits had a special fancy.

He did the best he could to reach Yeong-kong by water, but failed, and today he can only draw on his imagination for a picture of what the future center of Maryknoll's first mission looks like. One of these days, however, some Maryknoller will manage to get into Yeong-kong, and after that our friends will certainly begin to know the place.

In the meantime, Fr. Fraser, writing of Yeong-kong, says:

Things are not very bright down there at present. Gen. Lung has retaken Yeong-kong and the surrounding country, and also Yanping, a city between Yeong-kong and Canton, belonging to the Macao vicariate. The American gunboat lying at Canton has been dispatched to Yeong-kong.

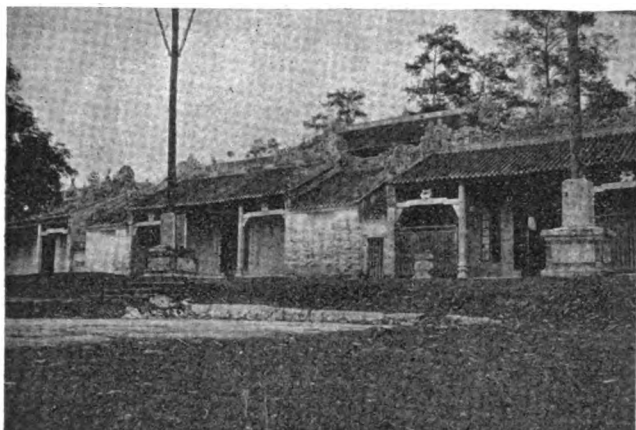
The two Fathers in the new Salesian vicariate met with highwaymen who took their Mass box and everything else they carried, to the amount of several hundred dollars. A Standard Oil man and his two Chinese assistants, carrying \$13,000 to pay wages, were kidnapped in the north of the province. Pourparlers are being carried on with the robbers for his release!

P. S.—You inquire after my needs, present and remote. Please jot down in your memorandum two suits of *all wool* underwear, rather long—you know the size. It will do to send them when your men come.

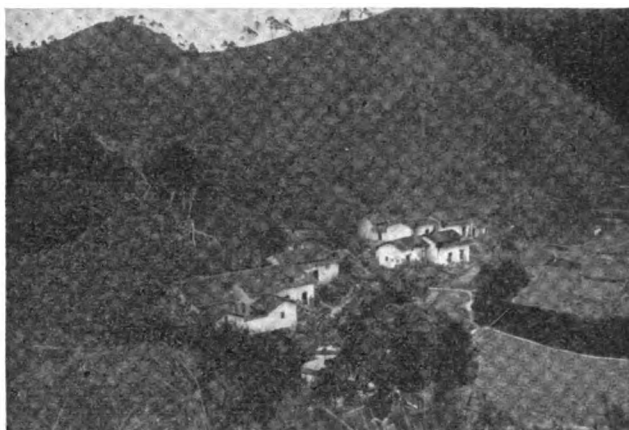
It will be remarked that Fr. Fraser seemed to be more anxious about underwear for next winter than about bandits and kidnappers.

FOR ONE WAR SAVING STAMP.

SCENES FROM MARYKNOLL - IN - CHINA.



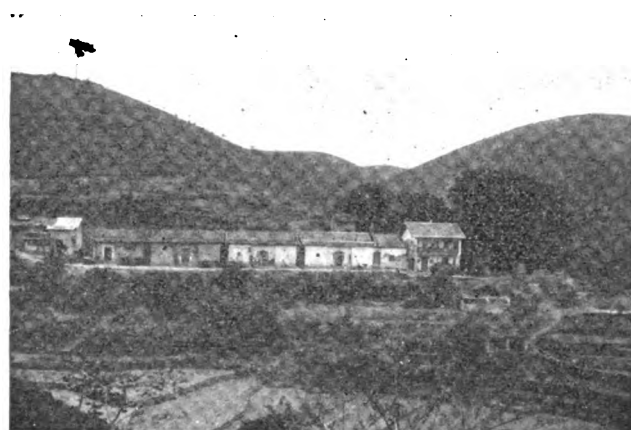
A PAGAN SHRINE NEAR TONG-ON CITY.
(In the north of the Maryknoll Mission.)



A CHRISTIAN SETTLEMENT IN TONG-ON COUNTY.
(The Maryknoll Superior said Mass here.)



RICE FIELDS AND MARBLE MOUNTAINS OF TONG-ON.
(Large pagan village in the background.)



SINTAI—SETTLEMENT OF SIX CHRISTIAN FAMILIES.
(The Chapel is at the extreme right.)



TYPICAL SCENERY IN TONG-ON DISTRICT.
(Rice-cultivation is the principal industry.)



FERTILE RICE FIELDS AND BARREN FIELDS.
(In center, pagan town of 1,000.)

THE FIELD AFAR FOR SIX YEARS.

Sr. Clare Fielding.

WHEN passing through China the Maryknoll Superior called on two Sisters of Charity whom he had known by correspondence for several years, Sr. Vincent McCarthy and Sr. Clare Fielding. It is with much regret that Maryknoll now learns of Sr. Fielding's death. The news came through her cousin, Sr. Xavier Berkeley of Chusan.

Sr. Clare Fielding was fifty-six years old and had spent much of her missionary life in hospital work, principally in Shanghai. She always followed with keen interest, however, the progress of the missions in the interior of China, and was overjoyed when a few years ago she was transferred to Chentingfu.

Last year she was needed in the large hospital at Kiukiang, where she caught typhoid fever from some of the victims of the flood. May Jesus have mercy on her pure soul!

Shortly before her death Sr. Clare wrote this last letter to Maryknoll:

Our Superiors have sent me back to dear Chentingfu and its many poor, and have given Sr. Gertrude from St. Mary's in Shanghai to talk English in Kiukiang.

Sr. Superior here has lately had some photographs taken of the inmates and thought you might like to have some, as she saw how pleased you were with your visit here. The numbers have greatly increased since then. I went around to each office to get the numbers and here is the result:

Infants, 95; babies in nursery, 65; small children, 70; medium, 115;

large, 125; deaf, lame, blind, crippled, 78, sick, 34; boarding pupils who pay \$1 a month, 50; refugees—women, girls and babies—710; aged women, 70; aged men, 85; women in hospital, 60; men in hospital, 65; women teachers and servants, 75; men servants, 48; nurses for babies, 17. (All of these sleep in our houses and get their three meals a day.)

These crowds are as closely packed as possible, sleeping on the floor on mats when there is no room elsewhere.

In six months 250 babies have been given to us: 55 survive. About 60 men and 50 women, young and old, have gone to Heaven from the hospitals, besides 20 children.

Many have eaten for weeks what we would call food for animals, namely the cake left after the cotton-seed oil has been pressed out, soup made from the husks of the arachide nuts boiled and ground, weeds from the river bed, and so on. The poor creatures come imploring on their knees for shelter



HOUSE OF MERCY AT CHENTINGFU.
(The late Sr. Clare Fielding, who sent this photograph, stands at the left.)

FIFTY FRIENDS HAVE GIVEN

and food for a little while, and Sr. Superior cannot refuse them, so she goes on squeezing them in and trusting to Providence to supply the where-withal to provide for them.

So far God has wonderfully blessed her confidence. Little sums keep coming in from unexpected quarters to pay debts as they occur, so Sr. Superior has decided to give each of the poor ragged women enough cotton cloth to make a decent dress, and to trust in St. Joseph to send what will pay for it. On account of the cotton harvest having been spoiled by the rain, and much of what was good having been bought up by the Japanese for war purposes, cotton is very dear this year, but all the children have been clothed and the makings of a pair of shoes given to every one.

You will perhaps recognize me on the left in the photograph. The next Sister is a Belgian, beyond are two Italians, in front a French Sister, and at the back a Chinese—"Allies" well-represented. We are 10 foreign and 8 Chinese Sisters for 2,000 poor.

In the picture of the hospital you will notice a comical old man on a chair in the middle. For thirty years he has been a travelling catechist. He is also a very clever conjuror, and with his tricks draws a big audience and then starts preaching Christian doctrine. Afterwards he offers to give medicines to the sick, and babies are produced and he baptizes all who seem in danger of death. He claims to have sown the seed of conversion in hundreds of villages and to have baptized thousands of babies. I don't know how far one may believe him, but certainly he has done a lot of work for God. The Mission has for the last 25 years had a supply of about 24 kinds of medicines, pills, and powders that all these old Christians know how to distribute to advantage, giving us about 24,000 baby baptisms a year in the vicariate. No other vicariate is so well-organized so far. I hope your newcomers will succeed in outdoing us in the future.

Please do not publish my name. I have great objections to appear in print. Do as good Fr. Hudson does—call me "a correspondent in China," or I'll never dare write again.

Sr. Clare was Lady Fielding, sister of Lord Denbigh of England.

Maryknoll Educational Cards.

Views of Maryknoll and the Missions with accurate information on mission activity here and in fields afar. 26 Subjects - - - 50 cents a set

From An American Franciscan in China.

A FRANCISCAN priest in Hankow, Fr. Sylvester Espelage, has the distinction of being one of the handful of American priests in China, but the Superior of Maryknoll, who met him, says that he counts for several, even Americans.

A letter that is worth-while has come from Fr. Sylvester, and we are sharing it with our readers:

By the time this reaches you I hope you will have safely reached the shores of home, with the object of your long trip accomplished. The Knolligrams are keeping me informed of your movements, although behind the times—but *maskee!* (You haven't forgotten that word yet, have you?)

Since I saw you we closed school and opened it again. Tell your future apostles that is one of the most important ceremonies of the Chinese New Year. That holiday comes every year on a different date, according to the moon, but no matter what date the moon chooses we never omit the ceremony of closing school. The teachers and students like it, for it means a month's vacation.

I spent my vacation walking two hundred and fifty miles, at the rate of from ten to twenty miles a day. The weather was good and I enjoyed the tramp, but my object was to visit my old mission district—two counties—whichever I left in 1910.

In each of twenty scattered little parishes the missionary in charge and I packed and unpacked our beds, and put up our altar and took it down again. We gave at least two instructions, heard confessions (about three hundred in all), and gave Holy Communion. One poor fellow came to church on his own feet to receive Extreme Unction, although he looked like a doomed man.

It was an interesting and eventful foot-tour we two sons of St. Francis performed—and with the money we saved by walking instead of riding we bought a church! (That may sound like Murphy, but it's true!)

Every place had its own little human happenings, its stories,—and crosses, too. In some villages the prospects of the little flock look bright and promising; in others there is dissension, through the lack of a local leader, a guiding hand; some have lost courage on account of oppression or persecution; others are places where

Perpetual Associate Membership.

Membership in perpetuity requires payment of fifty dollars. (The full amount need not be given at one time, but should be completed within two years.)

If secured for a person now living, it will continue after his or her death, as long as the Catholic Foreign Mission Society shall exist.

If secured for a soul departed, it is called a *Perpetual Memorial Associate Membership*.

May we suggest that you enroll your beloved dead as *Perpetual Associate Members* of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society?

Address:

Maryknoll : : : : Ossining, N. Y.

the missionary in anguish cries out: "Woe to thee, Corozain, woe to thee, Bethsaida, woe to thee, Capharnaum!" on account of their ingratitude. To such a place the mission has for a number of years given special attention, but promising hopes have proven illusions, particular graces and opportunities seem to have been neglected and lost.

But all in all, the missionary's heart must be filled with consolation and thanksgiving. So it was in my old mission, to which my heart is still attached. Eight years ago we had not five hundred Catholics; now there are over fourteen hundred, not counting those who in the meantime have gone to their reward. In my time we had only three little chapels; now there are twelve. So we have a good footing in these two counties, whose population must be near a million.

On this flying trip the missionary in charge also made his arrangements for the twelve schools which the mission tries to keep up to instruct children and adults in their religion and also in the necessary secular learning. In some places the teachers or catechists were changed, in others reappointed for the year, and in one place dismissed for incompetency. It is not the best of materials the missionary may choose from when he lacks the spondulics, but we must try to be satisfied with "good enough" and get the best results possible from poor means.

Let me remind you of the lack of books in English suitable for the boys at our College and for the Mission Hospital at Hankow. I trust you have a goodly number of duplicates, so that our College library may soon take on a healthier appearance. I think such books as those of Fr. Finn and Fr. Spalding would take with our boys, so try, if possible, to get some of them into the collection.—S. E.

The Note Column.

HAVE you heard sung to "The Top of the Morning" Fr. Donnelly's cheering words, "The Service Flag"? The music has been arranged by L. W. Hardy.

Copies of the song may be obtained, we presume, at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.

Our *Colored Missions* for June reproduced an interesting photograph entitled "Two of a Kind." The two were Mgr. Burke and Fr. Tolton, "the first colored man ordained for the United States," and that the photograph was taken thirty-one years ago is a fine tribute to the apostolic zeal of the present Director-General of the Catholic Board for Mission Work among the Colored People.

Some of our readers will recall an article that appeared in these columns under the title, *A Message of the Immaculate Conception, Patron of America, to American Catholics*. This has been printed in booklet form under the caption

MISSION TRAINING

and a copy will be sent to any one who writes enclosing a return stamped envelope.

Not every religious order or society is represented yet on the foreign missions, but the day is surely coming when, realizing the actual value of foreign mission effort, every order will point with pride to its accomplishment in heathen lands.

Recently a leaflet came from Pittsburgh, with the heading:

THE CAPUCHIN FOREIGN MISSIONS

and a summary of widely-scattered mission work. The leaflet is issued by the Tertiary Mission Bureau, whose slogan is: "*A Little of America's Waste for the Missions!*"

If you are inclined to find a new subscriber for us, why not think of a friend in some distant city or town? We like to spread.

Maryknoll Chronicle.

ARE you so old a friend of Maryknoll as to recall a mention, in this column, of mules? There were two of them, and they were satisfied to walk—except across the Hudson River—all the way from Brooklyn, and to spend the remainder of their lives on the slopes or in their stalls at Maryknoll.

We were proud of those mules when they arrived, and prouder still as time went on. They were real comforts, not, like Tin Lizzies and Fordlet trucks, troublesome ones. No rust grew on their hinges, no oil clogged their machinery, they might have had gasoline to burn but they never burned it and so on that score they never cost us a cent. And for the simple food which they did consume, even the Procurator, who watches jealously over granaries and ice-chests alike, was content to O. K. the bill without a murmur.

But—one of them, *Dom Pedro*, is, in the illustrious words of some ancient and unknown scribe, *no more*. We cannot go into the causes, because we do not know the way. There were conjectures and suspicions, but the only conclusion reached was that this particular mule just died. What was left of the noble animal found a place in our fields, not far from an ancient horse. When the horse was planted it was hoped that a horse-chestnut tree would some day shadow the ground. And now there are hopes of a donkey-engine from *Dom Pedro*.

The Procurator, a practical kind of man, had only one request to make, and in this hay-making season it was an urgent one—*another mule*.

Strange to relate, a few days after this sad occurrence above mentioned, an inquiry came over the telephone: "Have you a mule to sell?" The answer went back—"Yes, a dead one, if you wish to dig for it." But *Dom Pedro* is with us still—very still.

The new mule, Jack, is here. He was driven over the road from Brooklyn, through Yonkers and Tarrytown, to Ossining. Once when passing Sleepy Hollow Cemetery his ears twitched, and as he sighted Sing Sing for the first time he shied, but he arrived with not a hair turned, as horse dealers say.

Jack is a gift and a real one. In company with many others of his kind he has so far spent most of his days and his energies between Flatbush and Coney Island, and as he came from the same stables as the two royal animals whose praises have already been sounded through these pages, he finds here two friends, one above and the other under the ground. With Jack arrived a sulky—a two-wheeled affair that suggests an Irish jaunting-car of the ante-Sinn-Fein type. This will "come in handy" to fetch the Church History Professor, a pastor in the archdiocese of New York, who has had the privilege of riding in every vehicle that has been left at Maryknoll since it began. Long life to Jack!

Authorization to begin work was given to the organization of Maryknoll, at Rome, on the feast of SS. Peter and Paul, 1911, by Cardinal Gotti. That was seven years ago and the event was commemorated this year as usual, July 29.

On that occasion a roster was printed which will interest our readers.

Its priests are:

Very Rev. James A. Walsh, Superior, Massachusetts;

Rev. Thomas F. Price, South Carolina;

Rev. Patrick J. Byrne, District of Columbia;

Rev. Daniel L. McShane, Indiana;

Rev. James E. Walsh, Maryland;

Rev. Newton W. Thompson, New York;

Rev. Vincent A. Dever, Pennsylvania;

YOU WILL NOT LOSE THAT WAR SAVING STAMP



BEFORE ST. MICHAEL'S ON THE SEVENTH FOUNDATION ANNIVERSARY.
(Faculty, Students, Auxiliaries, with three guests, Fr. Bruneau, S.S., Fr. Cashin, S.S., Fr. Keith, S.J., and two Vénard mascots.)

Rev. Frederick C. Dietz, Ohio;
Rev. Bernard F. Meyer, Iowa;
Rev. John J. Massoth, Kansas;
Rev. Francis X. Ford, New York;
Rev. William F. O'Shea, New Jersey;
Rev. Alphonse S. Vogel, New York;
Rev. Patrick W. Browne, Newfoundland;
Rev. John F. Swift, Maryland;
Rev. Robert J. Cairns, Massachusetts.

Twenty-five students of Philosophy and Theology at Maryknoll represent the following places:—

Maine, 1; Massachusetts, 9; Connecticut, 1; Rhode Island, 1; New York, 5; New Jersey, 1; Pennsylvania, 3; District of Columbia, 1; Missouri, 2; Straits Settlements, 1.

Thirty-two students at the preparatory school, the Vénard, near Scranton are listed as follows:

Massachusetts, 12; Connecticut, 3; Rhode Island, 3; New York, 5; New Jersey, 1; Pennsylvania, 5; Maryland, 1; Ohio, 1; Newfoundland, 1.

The Society also includes twelve auxiliary brothers, one from Vermont, one from Massachusetts, three from New York, two from New Jersey, one from the District of Columbia, one

from Ohio, one from Missouri, one from Cuba, and one from Switzerland.

Not many days after the foundation anniversary another event occurred at Maryknoll, which is especially worthy of chronicle. This was the gathering of several Diocesan Directors of the Propagation of the Faith, on the Fourth of July, with their office assistants. Rev. Dr. Garrigan of Philadelphia, with Fr. McGinness, came to celebrate the "night before," and towards noon of the day itself Mgr. Dunn arrived from New York and Fr. Glavin from Albany. The several office forces found a warm welcome, with something to talk about, down at St. Teresa's.

"Jack," who accompanied the New York delegation, occupied the centre of every newly formed circle and was an attraction to everybody except *Collie*, who was chained for the day in a darkened room.

The sun was bright, the air delightful, and even the Procurator looked beaming.

The climax of joy was not reached, however, until the arrival of one upon whom all at Maryknoll look with affection as their spiritual father,—His Eminence Cardinal Farley, who had sent

word the previous evening that he would motor over from Mamaroneck on Long Island Sound and would spend a good portion of the day at Maryknoll.

Cardinal Farley, prompt as usual, drove into the seminary compound with his secretary, Mgr. Carroll, just as the Angelus bell was ringing.

In a few moments the refectory was fully alive,—although many students were away for their few weeks of holiday.

Fortunate, indeed, were those who remained, as His Eminence, reminiscent at first, then searching the future, touched all present by kindly and fatherly words that left then an impress for life upon those privileged to listen.

Ambitious photographers were clicking machines that afternoon, hoping for the remarkable results that so rarely come, but especially anxious to add something worth while to the Maryknoll Historic Photograph Album.

The much loved Cardinal of New York cannot come too often to please the Maryknoll families, who are refreshed and strengthened by his presence.

In our September issue there will appear another group photograph, of which His Eminence is the central figure.

IF YOU SEND IT TO MARYKNOLL.

Among other guests of the month were a score of priests, who do not like to see their names in print, and a group of Chinese. These last included:

Mr., Mrs., and Lucy and Mary Woo,

Joseph and Paul Ing,
Philomena Lan.

All hail from the province of China—we were about to say the county in Ireland—in which the first Maryknoll priests will labor.

Besides the visitors, and in several cases along with them, came some very encouraging gifts, for the several needs of Maryknoll and for the new Mission.

As usual, acknowledgment for the most generous went to priests and nuns, the Notre Dame Sisters being particularly active in gathering for the Venerable Julia Billiard burse.

The great surprises of the month came through the S. P. F. Diocesan Directors of New York and Philadelphia,—Mgr. Dunn presenting the new Mission with four gilt-edge bonds, the contribution of an interested priest; and Dr. Garrigan giving a check for one thousand dollars for the same purpose.

This latter sum will be applied to passage money and outfits, unless these immediate necessities shall be met by friends as yet unseen on our horizon.

On his return, the Superior of Maryknoll received many kind messages, for all of which he was grateful.

Perhaps none was more appreciated than the letter from a blind subscriber in northern New York, who wrote:

Welcome home. I trust you are very well and that your trip abroad has done you good both in health and blessings. I have followed you all around through the medium of *THE FIELD AFAR* and was very much interested in the account of your travels. I felt as if I were almost with you and could see the people in their quaint costumes, and some of the buildings. I was much surprised to hear of so many nice churches and other Catholic

institutions. I had no idea that there were so many Catholic people or so many missionaries in the field. It is high time that the American Catholics got busy.

I trust that you will pardon me for taking the liberty of writing to you but I feel as if you were an old friend and would just like to be at Maryknoll to grasp you by the hand and welcome you home safe and sound on good U. S. soil.

May God bless you and the work that you have undertaken, and grant you long life that you may live to see the fruits of your labor crowned with success and millions of pagans seeing the light of Christian faith through the efforts of our good American Catholic missionaries.

As the time approaches for the first departure from Maryknoll, our future missionaries are asking themselves and one another many questions. What happens to a Chinaman's queue if it falls into the molasses? What does he do with it in bed at night? How are we going to eat soup with chopsticks? By what means do Chinese boys and girls learn their catechism if they do not know how to read? What is the Canton way of saying: "Go in peace and sin no more?" Which of us will baptize the first pagan convert? Many of such questions we can answer ourselves; some will be solved as a result of Father Superior's recent visit to the scenes of our future labors, and others must wait for our own experience in the field afar.

Mite-box gatherings brought us last year two thousand dollars, enough to provide for eight students. We are believers in the "little-from-the-many" idea, though we are glad to get an occasional large slice from the few—just to give us a chance to catch up.

A post-card will bring you a mite box.

Maryknoll-at-Scranton.

THE Maryknoll family at Clark's Green is on our waiting list—waiting for things which it probably expects its parent to provide or settle for in some mysterious way,—a bell, for example, to sound the Angelus,—prayer for

The Field Afar will be sent for one year to <i>anyone</i> address:			
10 copies (12 issues) for	\$8.00		
25 " " "	20.00		
50 " " "	40.00		
100 " " "	80.00		

peace,—and to call to action or repose a half-hundred dreamers of China.

It is waiting, too, for a small out-of-door statue of the Immaculate Conception and for the simple decoration of its yet bare sanctuary.

And without waiting, because it had to move, it has begun in these war times an important building, the boiler-house and laundry of its future permanent school structure—which, with rooms and a dormitory above, should accommodate all of our young Maryknoll apostolic aspirants for the next two years.

It is also planning to punch a hole in the old dining-room,—and all this without a cent in hand, or a hand in any pocket except Father's, and Father has many needs at the old homestead, and there you are!

AN IMPORTANT EVENT.

The Teresians, a band of devoted women who almost from the beginning of Maryknoll have given their complete service to this work for souls, are reaching a new stage of development. Their numbers have so increased that their house accommodations are even now inadequate—and their usefulness has so impressed itself upon all who come in contact with their life that they have been encouraged to start their first branch.

The locality chosen for the venture is near Scranton and within a convenient distance of Maryknoll's Apostolic School, the Vénard.

A small house has been secured with about thirty-two acres of land, a barn, hen coops, a well, and a wood-shed, not to speak of a young orchard, some currant

I N V E S T

I N

W A R

S T A M P S .

bushes, sun-flowers, and various other kinds of chicken feed.

The place was bought for less than five thousand dollars, which the Maryknoll treasurer, as usual had to furnish, so that the property stands actually in the name of the Vénard Apostolic School Corporation, but if some friend of the Teresians wishes to give to them the right to have and hold this particular estate the Maryknoll treasurer would be tempted to gracefully yield, although he is certain that he closed a *bon marché* for his Society.

Everybody appears to be pleased with this first venture of the Maryknoll Teresians into another field. His Eminence, the kindly Cardinal Farley, in whose great archdiocese their organization was born, wrote in answer to the request for his approval:

I think your plan is excellent in regard to the Teresians. Since the Bishop of Scranton approves, I have no objection. Their work will develop like that of the Society and I believe it will be a blessing for you to have a Community at Clark's Green.

The Bishop of Scranton had already written these gracious words:

I need not say that I should be delighted to have the Teresians established at Clark's Green. I think that they would help to sanctify that outpost of formal Protestantism. I am sure, moreover, that they would be a blessing for the diocese of Scranton. Every band of consecrated women is a jewel of many facets set in the spiritual mitre of the head of the diocese. Welcome!

Faithfully yours in Christ,
M. J. HOBAN.

Bishop Hoban, who on several occasions at Maryknoll and in his own episcopal city had met the Teresians, gave them a welcome that made them think for a couple of minutes that they were big enough to conquer the world.

The first public announcement was made at the *Shower*, or rather "between the showers," at Clark's Green, when Bp. Hoban told the news to an audience of

two hundred and fifty people, all of whom received it with joy—looking upon the advent of such a body of women as a blessing to the valley and to the diocese.

Four Teresians have been chosen for this first American branch and before these lines are read by our interested friends the little group will probably be seated in their cottage home at Clark's Green, on second hand chairs and far happier than the Empress of Russia on or off her throne. People who work for God often get the best of it, after a while, even in this life. Is it not so? The first sacrifice is usually a hard one but it always proves worth while. Say a prayer for the new foundation, which may yet prove to be a very important element in the foreign mission propaganda now in movement over the United States. Later we will enumerate and describe the activities of these Maryknoll Teresians at Scranton.

The summer started tramps to and from the Knoll. The man who left made for Maine; those who arrived came from Scranton. The diaries are most interesting, but we confine ourselves to extracts:

Do not for the present go to the expense of buying chalices for Maryknoll.

Several priest-friends have given us their extra ones for our new Mission and we have received others from the estates of deceased priests.

MARYKNOLL TO MAINE.

July 1.

Before the morning sun had saved much daylight a nimble student with pack on back turned to the East. Here are the brieflets on his experience:

1.30 P. M.

At Somers. Soaked to the skin. Farmer out haying laughed at me. Tried to keep dry on moss bank from which we wrote you last year.

2.40 P. M.

Mr. Hart (better *Heart*—he has a big one and a big auto) picked me up out of a mud puddle and we are on the way to Brewster, stopping at every country store to drum up the grocery trade. It is raining great guns, but I am drying off under the awnings. *Deus providebit*—He always does.

7 P. M.

Fixed up fine with Fr. Phelan at Brewster, but will now make Danbury or further tonight. All dry inside and out. The sun is shining. If not too late to reach Fr. Browne tell him there is a big auction sale of 24 cows here.

July 2, 11.30 A. M.

Rode out of Danbury on a wagon with a couple of road-repairers and a shovel and pickaxe pullman, and five minutes after being dropped at the scene of operations was picked up by a 4-ton dairy truck run by a man who has been around the world 9 times,



A THIRD OF THE TERESIAN FLOCK AT WORK ON THE FIELD AFAR.

I N V E S T

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S T A M P S .



visited Yeong-kong, served under Theodore Roosevelt in Cuba, stole pigs, punched cows, owns 17,000 acres of land in Mexico (worth now about 30 cents), and hates all educated people.

3 P. M.

Southbury. Nothing but walking down this pike since noon. No blisters. Met a New Hampshire Yankee about 70 years old hiking it to New York for a lark. He used to teach school in Maine. Was carrying 30 pounds of baggage and refusing all rides.

July 3.

Sandy Locks. Made a big jump by a succession of auto rides offered me yesterday. Met another New Hampshire Yankee 70 years old hiking it to New York with 30 pounds camping outfit and refusing all rides. These Yankees are great stuff!

July 4.

Springfield, Mass. Here after all night grind. Have telephoned dentist to meet me at 11 o'clock—a tooth is celebrating the Fourth.

Southbridge. Lost the way a bit. Met nobody walking on the country roads these last two days except a negro and the Yankees. Every one is talking war and tramps are not wanted and are having a hard time of it. Only holiday parties were out today and wouldn't ask me to get in.

July 8.

On the road to Lynn. 3 glasses of milk and 2 pieces of marble cake already. Mr. C— took us from Brookline to Revere. It is raining on us now, but not badly. A pair of new shoes on but not hurting yet.

3 P. M.

Superintendent of a General Hospital hereabouts packed us off with enough provisions to last 48 hours. Also met several other friends.

July 10, 10 P. M.

Sanford, Me. Slept as guest of Bro. H—'s brother in Portsmouth. Called on Fr. R— at Kittery. Walked to Eliot. Got a gasoline-hapd-car ride on M. C. R. R. with section overseer to S. Berwick. Walked to Sanford, with auto ride for last 10 miles in car of Sanford merchant whose wife kept her eye on valuables within our reach.

THE glad tidings that four Maryknoll priests will sail shortly for the Far East to open the first American foreign mission has brought exclamations of joy and words of congratulations from earnest Catholics across the country:

I suppose you will soon complete your plans to send that first band of missionaries to China, and as a large amount of money will be necessary to accomplish that worthy object I hasten to send you my mite (\$50).

Permit me to congratulate you on the success of your mission in the East. We hear that four of your Fathers are about to open a mission in China. You know it is one of our special duties to pray for the success of such work and I assure you we are deeply interested. May the Sacred Heart of Jesus be glorified.

I read in THE FIELD AFAR of the need you will soon have for outfits and passage money for the priests who are going from Maryknoll to China. I am enclosing a check for \$500, in the name of my baby, ———, for one of those outfits. I visited Hongkong and Canton just before my little girl was born and am trying to interest her from the very beginning in the Chinese missions.

God bless the progress of your work! It is surely wonderful that after so short a time, you are ready to send men to THE FIELD AFAR. Abbe Mag-nien was in the habit of telling us that only when we begin to send men out out of the country to evangelize can we lay claim of being really Catholic. I was delighted to send you the increased amount from our Mission Fund, and only hope that it will be ever that much and more as the years pass by.

While we recognize the need of money even in these endeavors, we see clearly the indispensable need of prayer. Right along we have been asking God's blessing on your work but this morning the happy thought came to me to follow the example of the "Little Flower" in taking some priest as the special and particular object of one's acts of self-immolation and uniting with this priest in prayer and sacrifice for the eternal salvation of the countless souls to whom he may bring the light of God's holy Faith.

Since I have the privilege of forming souls in the spiritual life I thought it would be most pleasing to our Divine Lord if four of our novices would in this way offer their works for your four missionaries.

The Haul.



Others have to fight for it.

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN.

STATE	NEW GIFT SUBSCRIBERS
Alabama	\$13.50 1
Arkansas	1
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Illinois	47.84 17
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Maine	1.00 5
Maryland	213.10 1
Massachusetts	*5,717.68 62
Michigan	7.50 16
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New Jersey	71.67 27
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New York	4,807.81 584
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Ohio	714.35 13
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Oregon	1.00 2
Pennsylvania	593.89 2,107
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Canada	2.00 4
Australia	1
England	1
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Newfoundland	100.00 2
Panama	1
Porto Rico	5.00

Total of Subscribers 2,961

* \$5,000 annuity.

† \$400 annuity.

RECEIVED AT MARYKNOLL.

Books; altar linens; breviaries; scapulars; old vestments; clothing; umbrella; cancelled stamps, tinfoil, etc., from Conn., N. Y., Pa., N. D., Mass., N. J., D. C., Ky., Ill., Mich., Ia., Mo., R. I., Nova Scotia.

WAR

STAMPS

OR

THRIFT

STAMPS

RECEIVED AT THE VÉNARD.

Strawberries, ice cream and cake for the Shower; books; clothing; records; household linen; serving stands; watch; vestments.

Make every member of the family one of our Associates. Fifty cents for each will do this.

NEW PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES.

Living: E. S. T.; W. G. T.; R. W.; Rev. Friend; J. M. C.; P. J. F.; H. F.; A. L. G.; E. H.; M. P.; F. J. McD.; K. S. M.; J. W.

Deceased: Mrs. Annie G. O'Connor; the Sainz relatives; James Carroll; Robert Eagle; Louis J. Dwyer; Charles Kavanagh; Timothy Healy; John W. Fraser; Mrs. Mary Fraser; Patrick McAdams; Mrs. J. Kavanagh; Mrs. T. Powers; Mrs. Katherine Richmann.

Send a return stamped envelope with your request for the Maryknoll booklet on "Mission Training."

MARYKNOLL LAND.

Total area at Maryknoll, 4,450,000 ft.
Sold up to Aug. 1, 1918, 2,758,104 "
For sale at 1 cent a foot, 1,691,896 "

VÉNARD LAND.

Total area at The Vénard, 6,000,000 ft.
Sold up to Aug. 1, 1918, 1,173,236 "
For sale at 1/2 cent a foot, 4,826,764 "

If you wish not to be bothered with annual payments, send, within the space of two years, fifty dollars and you will receive the Field Afar during your life.

STUDENT BURSE PROGRESS.

A Burse or Foundation is a sum of money, the interest of which will support and educate, continuously, one of our students for the priesthood.

MARYKNOLL BURSES (Complete).

Cardinal Farley Burse.....\$5,000
Sacred Heart Memorial Burse... 5,000
John L. Boland Burse..... 6,000
Blessed Sacrament Burse..... 5,000
St. Willibrord Burse.....*5,000
Providence Diocese Burse..... 5,000
Fr. Elias Younan Burse..... 5,000
Mary, Queen of Apostles, Burse... 5,000
O. L. of Miraculous Medal Burse 5,000
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Burse 5,000
Holy Trinity Burse..... 5,000
Father B. Burse.....*6,273.31
Bishop Doran Memorial Burse... 5,000
St. Charles Borromeo Burse.... 5,000
St. Teresa Burse.....†15,006
C. W. B. L. Burse..... 5,200

MARYKNOLL BURSES (Incomplete).

Abp. John J. Williams Burse *\$5,279.21
St. Joseph Burse..... 3,298.07
All Souls Burse..... 3,271.84
Cheverus Centennial School Burse..... 3,199.12
Holy Ghost Burse..... 2,326.19
St. Columba Burse..... 2,192.00
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse †2,034.89
Our Sunday Visitor Burse... 2,000.00
St. Patrick Burse..... 1,896.20

Curé of Ars Burse.....	\$1,821.81
Pius X. Burse.....	1,577.00
Bl. Julia Billiard Burse.....	1,363.64
St. Anthony Burse.....	1,271.60
Precious Blood Burse.....	1,245.25
Holy Child Jesus Burse.....	1,241.81
Fall River Diocese Burse....	1,160.15
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St. Anne Burse.....	1,088.72
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Holy Eucharist Burse.....	1,003.00
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Burse	912.86
St. Vincent de Paul Burse....	817.00
Bernadette of Lourdes Burse..	724.90
St. John the Baptist Burse..	584.33
St. Francis of Assisi Burse....	512.55
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St. Boniface Burse.....	153.40
Children of Mary Burse.....	116.00
All Saints Burse.....	102.00
Trinity Wekanduit Burse.....	100.00

Any burse or share in a burse may be donated in memory of the deceased.

A new burse cannot be listed until it has reached one hundred dollars.

THE VÉNARD BURSSES (Incomplete).

Little Flower Burse.....	\$2,652.49
Bl. Théophane Vénard Burse..	1,422.00
Blessed Sacrament Burse.....	879.50
C. Burse	710.00
Sacred Heart Burse.....	261.00
St. Aloysius Burse	110.00

SPECIAL FUNDS.

Abp. Williams Catechist Fund, complete, No. 1.....	\$4,000
Abp. Williams Catechist Fund, complete, No. 2.....	4,000
Abp. Williams Catechist Fund, complete, No. 3.....	4,000
Abp. Williams Catechist Fund, incomplete, No. 4.....	500
Yeong-kong Catechist Fund, incomplete, No. 1.....	2,200
Our Daily Bread Fund.....	710.05
Maryknoll Propaganda Fund..	5,000.00
Vénard Student Fund.....	1,660.30

IN your charity remember the souls of:

Very Rev. G. M. Searle, C.S.P.	Sr. M. Dorinda Joseph Goodman
Rev. Ed. J. Strauss	Mrs. M. Hickey
Rev. Stephen Dev-er, D.D.	Mrs. Conway Frank Duffy
Rev. Austin Cun-nion	Mrs. J. Brennan Mrs. M. Early
Mrs. S. A. Grubel	P. F. Lilly

* On hand but not operative.

† \$1,000 on hand but not operative.



Circle Paragraphs.

(Address all communications to the Circle Director, Maryknoll.)

THE Saint Columba Circle of Philadelphia has spotted on its horizon the Maryknoll St. Columba Burse and for the present it will concentrate effort on that particular fund. This Circle has also offered to "do a bit" for Maryknoll in the sewing line.

The Circle idea is spreading in Pawtucket, R. I. We have already noted in these columns the activities of the enterprising Circle in St. Joseph's Parish, and now we receive word that a new Circle, inspired by the former, is being organized in a neighboring parish. The organizer reports an enrollment of forty-nine the first evening, and orders fifty Maryknoll pins for distribution at the next meeting.

Some ways to help are suggested in the report of an active Circler—not far from Maryknoll—who is out to secure fifty Associate Members for the C. F. M. S. and who is placing Maryknoll Mite Boxes among her friends and Maryknoll Prayer Prints, with their pictures and prayers embodying the mission spirit, in the hands of all the children in the parish school.

A PRIVATE SCHOOL FOR BACKWARD CHILDREN

Will be opened in September by Benedictine Sisters at Richmond, Va.

The department of Psychology at the Catholic University of America will actively cooperate in directing the treatment of the children.

For further particulars write to the Mother Superior, St. Gertrude's Convent, Richmond, Va.

A R E W E L C O M E A T M A R Y K N O L L .

The Maryknoll Junior.



HEADED FOR MARYKNOLL.

THE Editor of this paper is pleased to introduce to its younger readers the Reverend *Father Chin*,—who has kindly consented to read all letters, compositions, suggestions, questions, and complaints addressed to or meant for the MARYKNOLL JUNIOR department.

Father Chin has spent a portion of his life in China. Perhaps if he had stayed there longer he would be called *Father China*. But after all *Father Chin* is a better name, because it is short and catchy, and besides it sounds more friendly.

Father Chin is not so much of a talker as his name indicates, but he can write English better than Chinese and we have good reason to believe that he will prove a popular correspondent. We leave to him, my dear Juniors, the pleasant task of opening your letters from now on, but we reserve to ourselves the privilege of reading them also.

Very sincerely yours,
The Editor.

Are you interested in post-cards? We have a new stock that includes views of Maryknoll, China, India, Japan, Africa, and Oceania,—more than forty subjects in all.

The price is low—perhaps too low—but you may have as many as we can supply at fifty cents a hundred.

IN THE JUNIOR LETTER-TRAY.

Rev. and dear Father,

Please send me a few land slips and two or three St. Patrick burse cards. I am a little girl ten years old in the fifth grade. I want to do something for the foreign missionaries.

Yours respectfully,

MARY H.

I wish I had more to send, but as I am only thirteen years old the best I can do is to save the money I would spend on carfares and sodas and send it to you. Enclosed find one dollar. Please send me Theophane Vénard in French and one hundred Prayer Prints. (N. Y. C.)

I am enclosing a money order for \$1 for St. Joseph's Burse.

Will you please send me an Apostles' Aid card? I read about them on your calendar and since I am only a High School girl and despair of ever having an extra cent I think I shall get busy and do my bit by praying.

Please send a Mite Box to the above address. We are only two little girls. We would like to have our Mite Box as soon as possible. The Sisters told us about the poor little Chinese children, so we would like to help them. This afternoon we both had a store and we made thirteen cents and we would like a Mite Box to put it in.

Dear Father,

Enclosed is a W. S. S. which we wish to have used for the first priest ordained at Maryknoll when he is preparing for the Chinese mission.

In our class room we have a Mission Corner, where we keep mission pictures and papers and letters from China and the Philippines.

We love to work for the foreign missions and hope some of us may be called to do still more for the poor pagans.

Asking a remembrance in your prayers, we are

Your little helpers,

ST. RAPHAEL'S MISSION CLUB.

Are you a *Maryknoll Router*?

The idea is a simple one, and will enable you to be a foreign missionary even while you are young and at home.

Establish a route—and sell THE FIELD AFAR to your friends and neighbors. Write about this.

There is one boy, named Francis Xavier, who hails from Massachusetts and has one hundred persons on his route.

Some girls in New Jersey who love their country as true Catholics should have found this way of helping the Nation and Maryknoll's work for souls at the same time:

Rev. dear Father:

The girls in one of our classes had just begun to save in their Mite Boxes the price of their subscriptions to THE FIELD AFAR, when the Nation called on them to purchase Thrift Stamps. They would like to know if you would accept War Savings Stamps in payment for subscriptions. This would enable them to serve God and country.

Pocatello, Idaho—can you find it on your map? *Fr. Chin* received a dozen letters from St. Joseph's School there before the summer vacation began, and here are a few choice sentences which he wrote down for Maryknoll Juniors. They all concern the opening of a box, which seems to be of a stronger make than those that go out from Maryknoll to gather mites.

We have some money for you. How much is it?

We saved it in a little tin can.

Sister had to open it with a can-opener. Then she showed us the money.

She counted it out loud to us. There was \$7.15. We were surprised.

And that money is from the First and Second Grades.



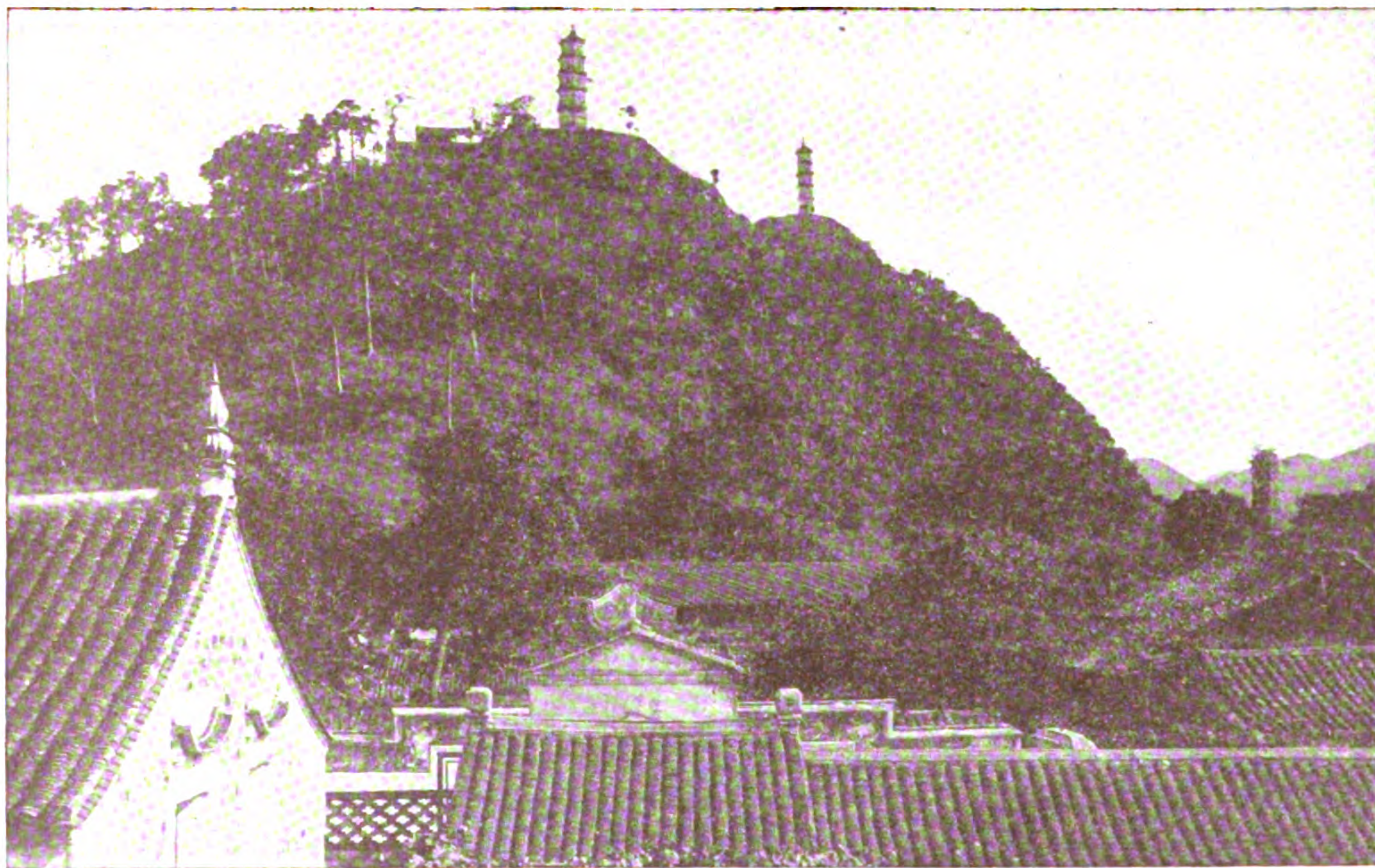
AT CANTON IN CHINA.
(Where Andrew Chung is studying to be a Maryknoll priest.)

Land for the Vénard School is selling at the rate of two feet for one cent—dirt cheap. You buy the land and the school keeps it for you. Send a dollar and experience the thrill of ownership that is worth while.

66.05 -
FI

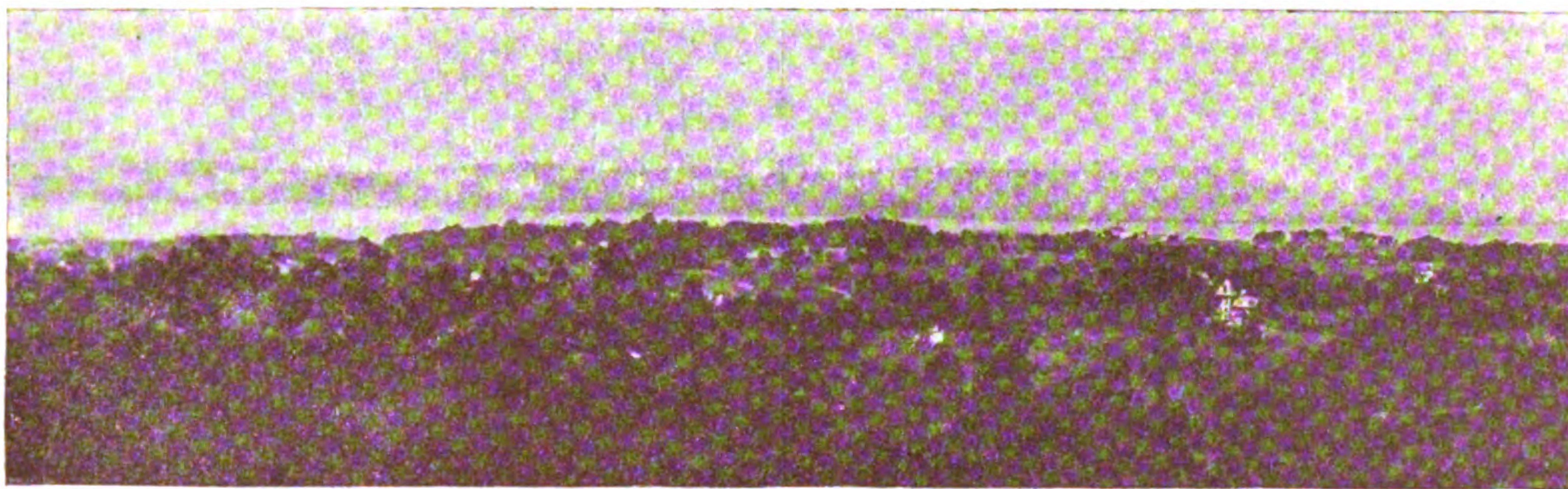
NOTICE TO READERS:—When you finish reading this magazine place a one-cent stamp on this notice, hand it to any postal employee, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors at the front. No wrapper; no address.—A. S. BURLESON, Postmaster General.

THE FIELD AFAR



THE EYES OF MARYKNOLL MISSIONERS WILL SOON FALL ON THE
PAGODAS OF CHINA.

VOL. XII. No. 9 ✦ SEPTEMBER, 1918 ✦ PRICE 10 CENTS



VIEW TAKEN FROM MARYKNOLL LOOKING OVER THE HUDSON INTO SOUTHWEST NEW YORK AND NEW JERSEY.

THE Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America overlooks the Hudson River about thirty miles north of New York City. The place is called, in honor of the Blessed Virgin, *Maryknoll*.

The Seminary is under the direction of secular priests who have been organized as the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. Their object is to train priests for missions to the heathen and to help arouse the Catholics of our country to a clearer appreciation of their duty towards this particular need. The Seminary has at present a faculty of ten priests, twenty-eight students of Philosophy and Theology, and ten auxiliary-brothers.

The movement was set on foot by Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, and the then Apostolic Delegate, Cardinal Falconio. It was approved by the Council of Archbishops at Washington, April 27, 1911, and authorized by Pope Pius X. at Rome, on the Feast of the Apostles SS. Peter and Paul, June 29, of the same year.

On July 15, 1915, the young Society received from Rome the Decree of Praise, and was placed directly under the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. It is incorporated in New York State and is under the spiritual jurisdiction of His Eminence John Cardinal Farley, who is Honorary President of the Corporation. The corporate name of the Society is: Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

In September, 1916, it opened at Clark's Green, Pa., in the diocese of Scranton, a preparatory house of studies with the corporate title of the Vénard Apostolic School. Here forty youths are following high school and college courses under the direction of six professors, five of whom are priests.

In September, 1917, the Maryknoll Procure of San Francisco was opened. This will serve as a halfway house for our missionaries on their way to the Far East, and will be the center of C. F. M. S. activities on the Pacific Coast. A priest and an auxiliary brother reside there.

The Society received its first assignment—a field in the Province of Kwang-tung, China—in April, 1918. Four priests left New York for this mission field September 8, 1918.

TRINITY COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C.—A Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women. Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur. For particulars address **THE SECRETARY.**

Mission Educational Cards, 50c a Set.

MOUNT SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE AND ECCLESIASTICAL SEMINARY
EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND
Founded 1868
Conducted by Secular Clergymen, aided by Lay Professors. Courses: Ecclesiastical, Classical, Scientific, Pre-Medical, Commercial, Preparatory. Separate Department for Young Boys. The 111th Scholastic Year begins Sept. 12, 1918. For Catalogue address: Rt. Rev. Monsignor B. J. BRADLEY, LL.D., Pres.

THE BOSTON ACADEMY OF NOTRE DAME—Affiliated with The Catholic University of America and with Trinity College, Washington.
A Select Day School for Young Girls. Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur. Primary, Intermediate and Academic Departments.
Address: **THE SISTER SUPERIOR, Notre Dame, THE FENWAY BOSTON, Mass.**

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Aims:—Physical Health; Solid Knowledge; Cultured Manners; Thorough Moral and Religious Training.
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MARYCLIFF Affiliated to the Catholic University of America
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Courses offered include preparation for College, Normal School, and Commercial Pursuits. For further particulars apply to **SISTER SUPERIOR.**

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Conducted by the Sisters of the Order of St. Dominic.
Address: **The Secretary, Santa Clara College, Sinsinawa, Wisconsin.**

The Field Afar 6 years for \$5.

ACADEMY OF NOTRE DAME, LOWELL, MASS.—For Resident and Day Pupils. Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame (Namur). Founded in 1852. The Academic Department offers two Courses—the General and College Preparatory. For further particulars address **SISTER SUPERIOR.**

ST. JOHN'S PREPARATORY COLLEGE, DANVERS, MASS.—For Boarding and Day Students. Conducted by the Naverian Brothers, with the approval of the Most Rev. Archbishop. Academic, Commercial and Preparatory Courses.
BROTHER DIRECTOR, DANVERS, MASS.

THE FIELD AFAR

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

DILIGENTIBVS DEVM OMNIA
COOPERANTVR IN BONVM



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

ENTERED AT POST-OFFICE, OSSINING, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Volume Twelve
Number Nine

Maryknoll : : OSSINING, NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1918.

Price \$1.00 a Year
Twelve Issues Yearly

THE FIELD AFAR

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From Maryknoll and The Vénard—
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Communions and rosaries every Friday from our two communities.
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Several thousand Communions offered monthly and as many rosaries offered each week for all members of the Society.
From Missioners in the Field—
Several hundred Masses yearly;
Frequent Communions and prayers of faithful converts.

OFFICES OF THE SOCIETY MARYKNOLL - - OSSINING P. O., N. Y.

THE FIELD AFAR is the official organ of the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary. Checks and other payments may be forwarded to the Very Rev. James A. Walsh. Advertising rates will be sent upon application.

THE September moon will light the passage across the Pacific of Maryknoll's first missioners. The month is an eventful one, then, and the event arouses thought while it calls for prayers.

* *

DID you ever notice? Every letter from a wide-awake business firm contains an advertising folder. Near the door of every "live" department store, drug store, shoe store, or business establishment of any kind you generally find a box of pamphlets with an appealing invitation upon it to "Take One"—and you do. When you reach home, wrapped up in every package of your purchases you are likely to find an advertising leaflet with some strange magnetism about it which persuades you to at least look at it.

Employ the business man's devices in foreign mission propaganda and be an advertising agent for Maryknoll and the missions. Enclose Maryknoll Prayer Prints in your letters. Put them into the hands of friends and visitors. Let them accompany your mail packages and holiday or birthday presents. Get them into the books of your friends as place marks, into prayer books, particularly those of children. If you are a Sunday-school teacher, give them as prizes for good lessons or pass them out periodically with a word about the missions. If you are a parochial school teacher, circulate them in your class.

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The business man is a tireless advertiser. Rarely, if ever, does he miss an opportunity. It would be a pity if we could not begin to imitate him in advertising a work for God.

* *

THESE are days when we feverishly drink in every bit of war news. The fate of Europe is at stake and the future career of the Stars and Stripes depends much on the outcome of the gigantic struggle.

More than Europe and America are to be influenced, however. It is safe to say there is not a country in the world which will not feel the impact from the terrible shakeup in the order of things which the war is producing. What will be the changes among the pagan races, so mighty in numbers, but which for so many centuries have been apparently oblivious of the struggles and ambitions of the numerically smaller nations of Europe?

Neither the extent of the changes nor the results can be determined now; but one thing is

certain, these changes are already well in progress. What the political results will be we cannot consider here, but in the religious changes we are vitally interested.

Will the rousing of the hundreds of millions of India, Africa, and China to a desire for progress likewise arouse a desire for the truth about God; or will it, as we are tempted to believe has been the case in Japan, be the occasion for forgetting everything except the glories and riches of a material civilization?

And here let us note one reason why Christianity gained no more than the merest foothold in Japan when that country had her awakening, a reason which should be both a warning and a stimulus to us now: the Church was so hard pressed by conditions in the countries which supplied the missionaries that she was unable to launch sufficient forces into Japan to make known at the right time the true Faith.

DURING our moments before the Tabernacle we realize more clearly how our Eucharistic Lord is the life and center of our lives, how His presence on our altars sanctifies and purifies the daily round of duties and radiates through Catholic hearts on all who come in contact with them. Then we realize, too, the sacrifice of missionary priests and sisters who may not keep His Eucharistic Presence daily with them, for lack of suitable housing or because of frequent journeyings.

But we can never appreciate the darkness of the lives of the billion pagans who live in total ignorance of the Light of the World, nor the anguish of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, who yearns for them in vain because there is none found to carry Him to them. Is the Word made Flesh simply for the privileged few who can pay Him the homage of a more decorous welcome, or will He despise an humble and contrite heart if it be beneath a yellow skin?

The very fact that we have done much for America is reason why we must do more. Our President has announced to the world that we are prepared to give our last man and our last dollar. That is the truth and we must be prepared to translate it into terms of sacrifice if necessary.

NATIONAL legislation in China has removed one difficulty in the way of getting converts, by making it illegal for any individual to cultivate the poppy plant, used in making opium.

When a farmer could secure for a field of poppy fully six times more profit than could be gotten for any other plant, the poppy crop was a universal favorite. It was found necessary to forbid admission into the Church to those who insisted on co-operating in the national curse of China, opium. Naturally this condition seemed very severe to those whose faith was still weak, and many refused on that account to declare themselves believers.

Now with this national legislation in their favor, the missionaries in China report a noticeable increase, other things being equal, in the number of converts.

But, unfortunately, other things are not equal. Before the war, the annual report from China numbered about 100,000 converts. Since the recall of so many missionaries to serve as chaplains, nurses, and so forth, in the armies in Europe, the number of converts was reduced last year to 60,000. Perhaps it is no stretch of pessimism to see in the coming year a still further reduction, with the ante-bellum record reduced to half.

+ +

The Government will open its Fourth Liberty Loan campaign Saturday, September 28, and close October 19. No American doubts its success; no good American will fail to contribute to its success. The blood of our men fallen in Europe calls to us; our answer must be and will be worthy of them and of our country.

WHO hath been His counselor or who hath known the mind of the Lord? Yet we may reverently trace the course of Divine Providence in the world, and there are today more than ever, perhaps, signs of the times that he who runs may read.

First of all, the abysmal upheaval in the old world indicates that there is something very wrong over there; while the altruistic action of our country in the present crisis seems to show that there is not very much of anything wrong—at least comparatively—over here.

We had long heard of the fancied superiority of the old countries, but now we have the assurance that it was fancied indeed. Maybe, after all, we took away from the mother lands something more than crude manners and empty pockets. Perhaps a modicum of those sturdy virtues that made the continent once great accompanied us across the seas. Perhaps it was partly the leaven, and not what Cicero calls "the dregs of the nation," that filled the ships bound for the new world. At any rate, we see clearly now what we all knew in our hearts before, that America is great, and that she is called and has the potentialities to do big things.

It is surprising how striking is the analogy between the political and the spiritual world at this time. What is being done to men's bodies on the battle-fields of Europe, that same the souls of men are undergoing in the darkened Orient. Two big tasks face our country—to use a slang phrase, somebody has "passed the buck to us for fair." Thank God, He has given us the grace to own the tremendous obligations that our noblesse entails. Thank God that to realization He has added the will and the power to turn from our lighter pursuits to the two stern tasks that are before us.

A Building Venture.

IN war times we are actually building at Maryknoll-in-Scranton.

Of course, some of our friends are saying that we are "bold," that "everything is dear," that "labor is awfully high," "materials scarce," etc., etc.; but others whose judgment is equally good are of the opinion that conditions will not improve for years, that if materials can be secured the principal difficulty will be solved, and that with careful management we can throw some of the war excess into the shade. In any event, we are in danger of bursting, and no friend of Maryknoll wishes to hear that its firstborn has exploded.

For the future (how near God knows) we shall need for our first preparatory school a building large enough to accommodate about two hundred persons,—students, auxiliary brothers, and professors. When the time comes this will go up in two sections.

Just now we are erecting, in anticipation of the main structure, what will later serve as laundry, electric plant, and boiler house. This new building, when finished, will be used immediately as a dormitory and recreation room for forty students, also as living quarters for several professors. It is one hundred and thirteen feet long and two stories high. The cost, estimated on a cubic foot basis, will be \$40,000 and we are going to try and meet it with Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps contributed by the friends of this great work for souls.

If we succeed—and we are under the impression that our friends will not let us fail—we shall have on this building an inscription that will run about as follows:

Erected during the World War, from the Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps of American Catholics, in whose hearts love of Country is founded on the love of God.



ST. FRANCIS XAVIER ON SANCIAN ISLAND WITHIN SIGHT OF CHINA.

SAY A PRAYER

For the missionary, who leaves his home and country to fight, for a life-time, the battle of God against the hosts of Satan.

For the missionary, who, as a soldier of Christ, represents you and helps to bear your share of the command, "Go, teach all nations."

For the missionary, whose journeys are so often hard, whose exile is at times more weary than you can realize, whose labors seem often fruitless.

For the missionary, in whose Masses, prayers, sacrifices, and trials you share.

Promising.

THE Students' Mission Convention, announced to take place at Techny, Illinois, July 27-30, resulted in the enrollment of sixteen student organizations.

A Maryknoll priest attended, but at this writing we are obliged

to confine our comments to the following extracts from galleys prepared for the press presumably by the Fathers of the Divine Word of Techny:

The Crusade programme includes education of all students in mission facts and ideals, by means of lectures, correspondence with missionaries, mission books and pictures, and a Crusade periodical. The second aim is promotion of systematic prayer and self-denial among students for spiritual support of the missions. The third is mission giving. The crusade will not collect money for the missions, but will organize national efforts to contribute quantities agreed upon beforehand and apportioned to each unit, after the manner of the war drives. Each giver is to send directly to the home or foreign mission or mission society of his choice. Every cent given is to be reported to the Executive Board, which will inspire and report progress and final success. The Convention agreed to raise one million dollars in this way during the coming school year.

It is a most encouraging sign that our seminaries and colleges in increasing numbers are developing interest in foreign missions.

Every mission society in the United States is probably aware of the fact that for several years past, in one instance at least for fifteen years, this interest has entered vitally into some of the seminaries, as also into colleges and academies scattered here and there across the country from Boston to San Francisco,—but the work should be universally extended. We hope that the time will very soon arrive when every seminary, college, and academy in this country will realize not only its duty, but the privilege and even the necessity of encouraging one or more of the mission enterprises now striving to enlighten the Catholic conscience of America on this important work.

The Techny Convention may fall short of the million dollars which it has generously agreed to raise during the coming school year, but it has stimulated and encouraged an interest that cannot fail to accomplish much for the missions and, relatively, for this country.

MARYKNOLL DEPARTURE ECHOES.

ALMOST coincident with the appearance of this issue of THE FIELD AFAR will be the announcement that the first four missionaries have left Maryknoll for the Far East. Their names have already been mentioned and their photographs are now for the first time presented to our readers, who, we are certain, will look forward with keen interest to the letters which it is hoped our apostles will find time to write. A description of the Departure Ceremony would at this moment tax the imagination of our special reporter, but he promises to give it in detail, if not illustrated, in the October number.

From the *Calendrier Annuaire* we gather some data in answer to an inquiry from a solicitous reader who thinks that American priests will have too hot a time if they go to Canton.

Canton is about on the 23rd parallel of latitude, we might remind our reader, and Peking is almost at the fortieth degree—pretty nearly in a line with New York. Here then is an interesting comparison of temperatures (Fahrenheit):

Average monthly temperatures:

	J.	F.	M.	A.	M.	J.
Hongkong	60.0	58.4	62.8	70.2	76.8	80.8
Canton:	57.3	60.1	62.6	72.2	78.1	82.5
Peking:	23.7	29.5	41.2	56.8	67.8	75.7

	J.	A.	S.	O.	N.	D.
Hongkong:	81.9	81.4	80.4	76.2	69.2	62.6
Canton:	84.7	82.5	80.1	77.0	67.6	59.7
Peking:	79.0	76.3	68.2	54.5	38.8	27.7

	Coldest Month.	Warmest Month.
Hongkong:	32 to 79.3	79 to 97
Canton:	34 to 81	73 to 100
Peking:	4.5 to 42.8	64.9 to 97.3

We find that the maximum temperature in the warmest month at Canton is 100 degrees, at Peking 97.3 degrees, and at Tientsin, which is not far south of Peking, 107.4 degrees. It will be noted that the difference in the summer months is not so considerable, and that furs can be dispensed with in Canton.

GOD guard you, Christian messengers, while on the boundless sea,
And keep you safe from shipwreck,
from ills and dangers free;
And may He guide you through
strange lands, where none have
heard His Name,
That unto them who dwell in gloom,
you may His grace proclaim.
God and our Lady shield you, and keep
you on your way,
And apostolic gift of tongues lend
you in far Cathay.

—A Friend.

"And Jesus said to them: Come after Me, and I will make you to become fishers of men."—St. Mark i. 17.

Here is a practical idea which (we are, happily, allowed to say) comes from the pastor of St. Mary's Church, Peoria, Illinois:

Ever since I heard that one million of the poor patient pagans of the Flowery Kingdom had been entrusted to the American Foreign Mission Society for evangelization I have been wondering what our parish could do to assist in this great work. At last I have decided to ask our Holy Name Society to pay the expenses of a catechist or to educate a boy for the Chinese mission.

What are the expenses of a catechist for one year? How much would it cost yearly to educate a Chinese boy in China for the ministry?

Perhaps our Holy Name Society could have the honor of paying for the first Chinese boy your priests select, or at least for the first catechist.

Would it not be practical to appeal through THE FIELD AFAR to the various Holy Name Societies throughout the land to each take up the work of paying for a catechist or a student? No work could be dearer to Him in Whose Holy Name we are banded together.

Yours in the Holy Name,

Fr. Burke's Society has since chosen to educate a Chinese boy for the priesthood.

FOR OUR MISSIONERS.

Blessed Joseph, guide our missionaries in heathen lands as thou didst guide into Egypt Mary and her Divine Son.

Help them to sustain with patience trials of soul and weariness of body. Secure for them abundant grace and whatever material aid they may need to set up tabernacles for Jesus among those who know Him not.

Material help is indispensable to foreign mission work, but we at Maryknoll are convinced that we get it as we need it because so many are praying for this work. The lines that follow are as typical as they are comforting. They come from the Benedictine Sisters in Watkins, Minnesota.

We read that several Maryknoll missionaries are to leave soon for the missions in China and that alms and prayers would be accepted for the good work. The pupils of our school during the last month of the term offered their Masses, Communions, rosaries, and other prayers for the welfare of the missionaries and their future charges. They also made a few cinctures for the priests. Enclosed on a card is the small spiritual bouquet. In today's mail we shall send the crocheted and knitted cords and hope the small gift will be acceptable to you.

Our latest new priest has been collecting sentences from some of his friends in the ministry and as our readers always find the priestly word interesting we quote:

Foreign Missions is truly the noblest work of the priesthood.

May your harvest of souls be as great as the world-wide field that you have chosen for your labors.

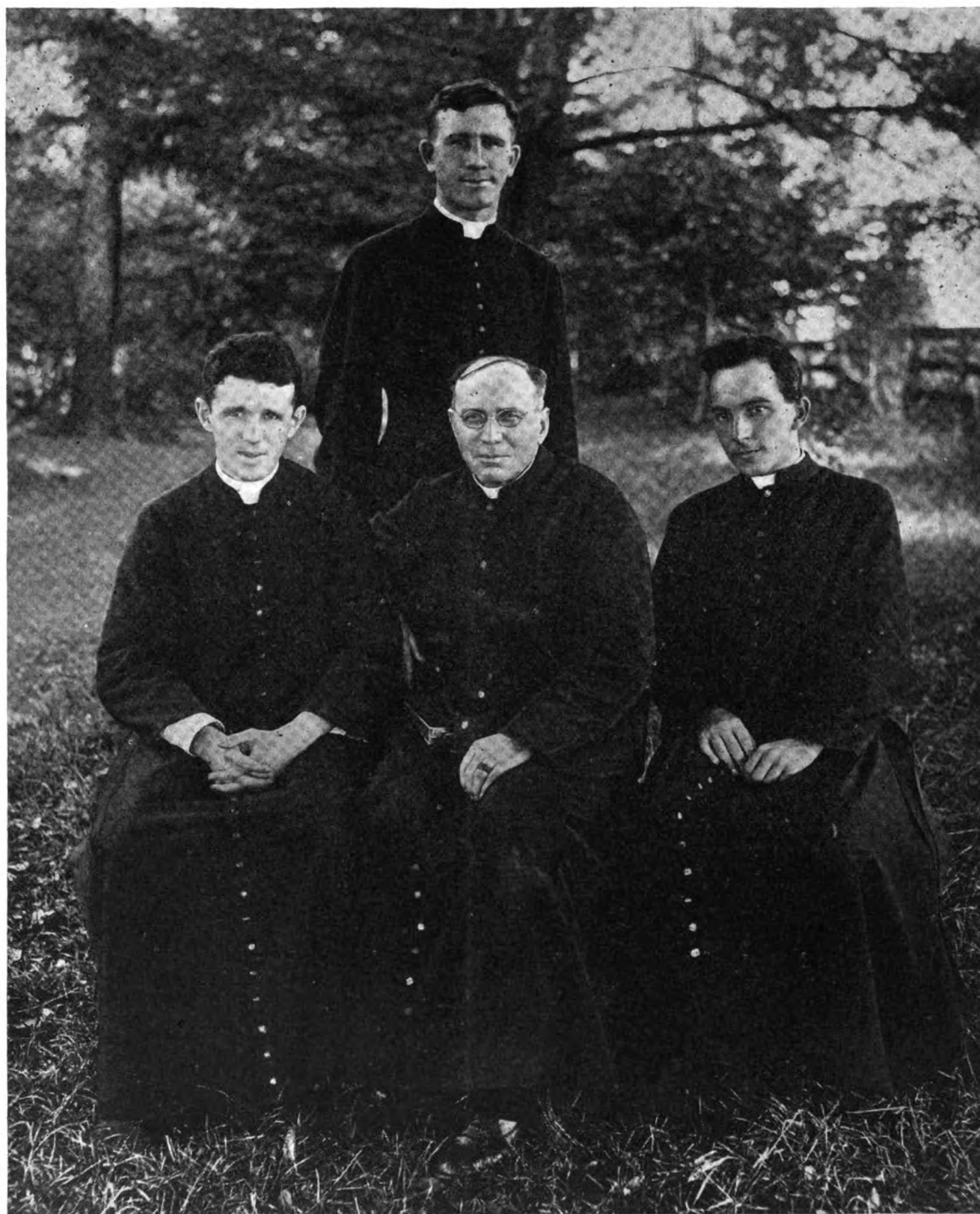
You have gone the full way of self-sacrifice and have pledged yourself to be the noblest priest possible.

I promise to do more for you in the future and I will always consider it a great favor if you will remember me and allow me to help you.

I wonder if your battle will be harder than that of those who must fight the paganism at home. Wherever we are the battle is hard. And yet, how one does enjoy a good fight!

You have chosen a wonderful field for your priestly endeavor, and since you will be more or less a beggar I wish you to remember me. I will try to aid you financially in whatever distant place you are located.

In after years when a laborer in some isolated spot in the domestic foreign (?) missions of Maryland, I hope to be able to send my mite to put the finishing touches on the Cathedral of _____, China, with my friend, Fr. Sandy, carrying on.



THE PIONEERS FROM MARYKNOLL, WHO SAIL FOR CHINA SEPTEMBER 21, 1918.

Rev. James Edward Walsh.

*Rev. Bernard Francis Meyer.
Rev. Thomas Frederick Price, Superior.*

Rev. Francis Xavier Ford.

Maryknoll-in-China.

MARYKNOLL-IN-CHINA, it is well to recall, is already in action. Fr. Fraser, who, before returning to Canada, gave to our Mission for some months the benefit of his long experience, explored its northern section, following and continuing the line travelled by the Maryknoll Superior, Fr. Gauthier, who guided Fr. Fraser, has now two catechists at work.

THE FIELD AFAR has already recorded the journey of these two priests and the letters which follow add another chapter to the Maryknoll - in - China chronicle. Both letters were prepared by Fr. Fraser before he left to undertake a special mission of which our readers will learn later.

After writing you from Tong-on we made a tour through the city. It is a place to build a church and to station a priest. In the meantime we can rent a house, for rents are cheap there.

The walled city is small, the suburb larger. We visited a natural cave of beautiful white marble, the domes and arches of which vied with the work of man. It is covered with inscriptions cut into the rock. A few days before, at Shiuhing, we visited a similar cave. A hollow rock in the interior, when beaten with a mat, gave out the sound of a big bass drum and a boy hidden underneath bellowed like a monster in pain. The blows and howls re-echoing through the dark cave were frightful to hear.

From Tong-on City we took chairs to Sintai, mounting up and up until we reached the summit of the pass, two thousand feet high. The view was beautiful, yet sad. Dozens of little towns and villages nestling in the valleys could be distinctly seen, but they contained not one Christian.

A gale was blowing as we crossed the mountains and at some places the chair-bearers had to drop on their knees and aim the chairs toward the wind, like gunners ready to shoot, to avoid being carried away by the gale. I preferred to walk and trust to my own feet rather than to theirs. The path was only a foot wide,—a shelf on the side of a steep mountain, with nothing to break the fall for thousands of feet if one took a false step or were over-balanced by the wind.

I enclose a few photographs to describe the rest of our tour.

P. S.—When Gen. Lung was driven out of Yeong-kong by the Southerners the latter pillaged the city, including the Protestant institutions and our chapel. The bishop has put in a claim for indemnity. The U. S. gunboat has gone to Yeong-kong and Lung has been driven back quite a distance, but the Northerners are entering the province from the north and may relieve him. Steamers are not yet running. I sent a catechist overland to reconnoitre a route of entry but he got only half-way and came back. When I was in Hong-kong he set out again and has not been heard from since. Probably he arrived and will write soon. We are going to Lo-ting now and on our return will try to get to Yeong-kong. J. M. F.

Send a return stamped envelope with your request for the Maryknoll booklet on "Mission Training."

Lo-ting, May 3, 1918.

DEAR FR. WALSH:

Fr. Gauthier and I arrived in the city of Lo-ting yesterday at 3 P.M. We had left Canton on April 27, by the morning train to Sanshui. The aspect of the country had changed somewhat since our last trip. The rice was nearly all planted, but here and there men, women, boys, and even frail girls, were doing the work of oxen, plowing, drawing harrows, digging, hoeing, up to their knees in mud and water, the women as usual with babies strapped to their backs. There were fewer people in the fields than before, the others no doubt being at home spinning silk and cotton.

The people in this province are very industrious but it is sad to see old women and little girls carrying heavy loads of stone or brick for miles along the country roads and over the mountains, like beasts of burden. Woman cannot hope for pity from man when he knows not God. Ask all the women and girls who read THE FIELD AFAR to pray for their sisters in China.

We arrived at Shiuhing the same afternoon, and boarded a steamer at four o'clock the next morning for Loto, after rising at two. I looked for a place to lie down, but the deck was littered with human beings. After considering the situation for about an hour I was almost overcome by sleep and managed to wedge in somehow. There was some objection when my shoes came in contact with a man's head, so I meekly took them off. I had to hold my pillow with one hand, for fear it would smother the man next to me, and this preoccupation kept me half awake until morning, when the crowd came to life again and sleep was impossible. Fr. Gauthier was less enterprising. He spent several hours

seated on a few inches of bench in a stuffy room, with passengers asleep in every possible position on chairs and table and in every available space.

Arriving at Loto, the first port in the new American vicariate on the West River, we stopped at the inn until chairs and coolies were ready. The place was indescribable. The low roof was without a ceiling; the dirty and greasy tables each bore a vase containing chopsticks that had been used for years by all kinds of travellers; the waiter scratched his head constantly and wore an apron that apparently had never been washed since it was bought years before; the place was black with soot from the chimneyless stove; and the food was not inviting. Every morsel of it, even the dry uncooked rice, was covered with flies, and every string and rope around the place was thick with them, dying or dead.

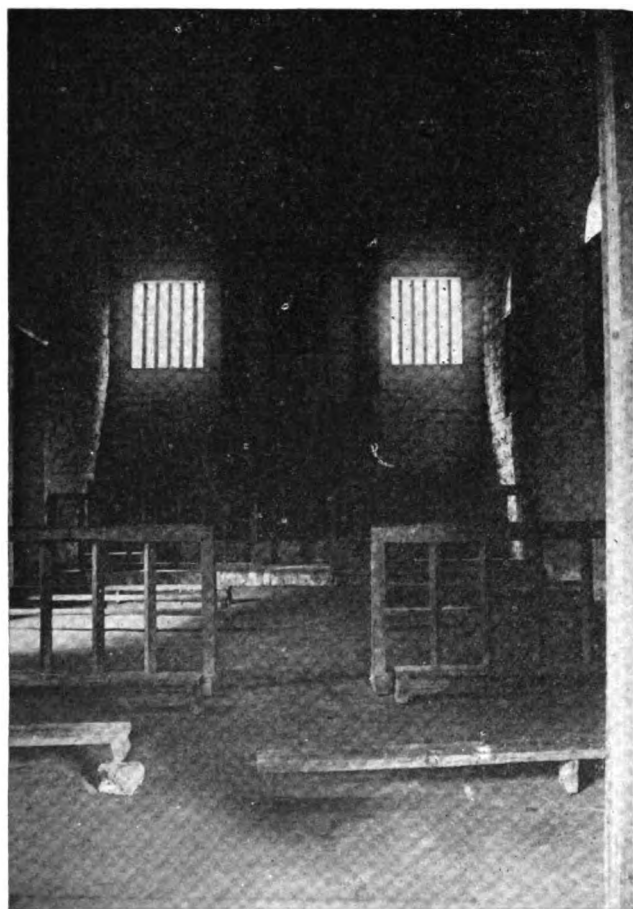
After five hours' journey in sedan chairs we arrived at Tong-on City, where, following the advice of the bishop of Canton, we looked for a house to be rented. The first one we found had no windows and was damp and dingy. The beams were rotten, and a coffin—probably occupied—was in one corner. The second place was a little better. It had one small window up near the roof. Half of the lower floor, which had no partitions, was occupied by a pig-sty. Upstairs were two rooms, which were not ideal bed-rooms. One was nothing but a narrow passage around an opening in the floor, with no room for the bed; the other had neither windows nor doors but was reached by a ladder through a hole in the floor.

The third house, which we took, is new and can be inhabited without making repairs. It is small, but is the most airy dwelling in town. Most of the houses here have one or two stories but ours has three, the upper story having a number of windows and two doors leading to a small terrace overlooking the surrounding roofs. This will be the residence of the first American missionaries to come to the north of the new vicariate. They will have plenty of opportunity to hear the sweet language of their adopted country and get their ears accustomed to it, as this is a busy quarter of the town just outside the western gate. From here they can take trips to the two Christian villages I described in my last letter, open up other stations, and be on the lookout for a good piece of property on which to build a central church and school.

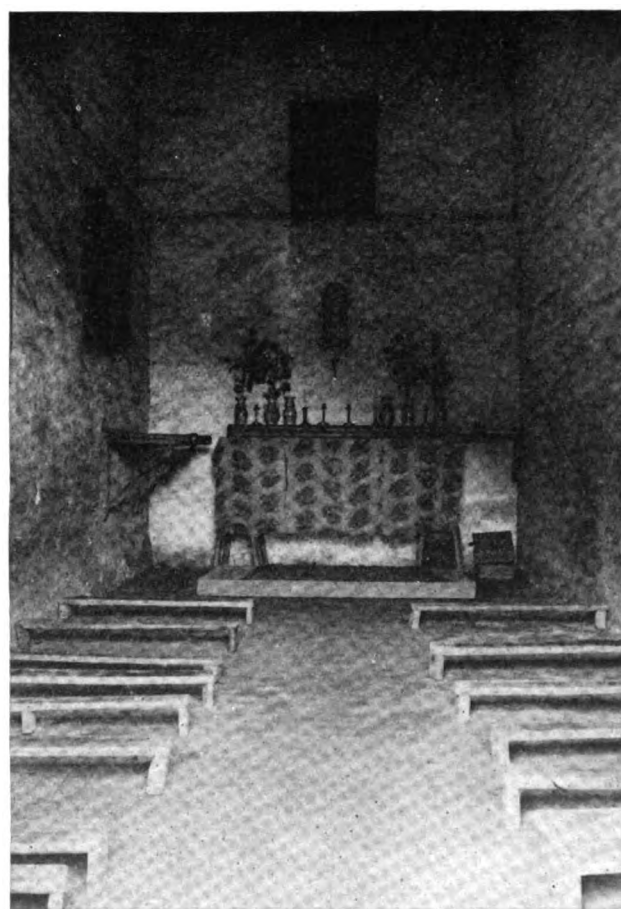
On May 1 we rose early, said Mass, mounted chairs, and were off on a strenuous journey over the moun-



LOTING, A PART OF THE MARYKNOLL MISSION.
"A pretty city—much greenery, many open spaces, large vegetable gardens—beautifully decorated temples."



THE MARYKNOLL CHAPEL AT WAN-CIO-ING.



THE MARYKNOLL CHAPEL AT SINTAI.

tains. We had to climb most of the time, and mountain after mountain we passed, but still others appeared in the distance. Our exertions, however, were well repaid by the beautiful scenery below. We passed a great number of villages, and were sorry that for the moment all we could do was to utter a prayer for their conversion.

Towards nightfall we reached Pashek (White Stone), a good-sized market town, and put up at an inn like the one described above. We rented the loft for the night. The walls and roof were smoked to inky blackness. When the fire was lighted below to cook our evening meal we stood the smoke until the tears began to roll from our eyes; then Fr. Gauthier made for the solitary window near the floor and I descended the ladder. Early in the morning, before the townspeople were astir, we erected an altar out of the boards that had served us as beds and said the first Mass ever offered in this section of China.

After leaving Pashek we entered Lo-ting. The country is undulating, and not mountainous like Tong-on. Rice is little grown, through want of water. Queer water-wheels are in evidence everywhere. I snapped one big one that raises water from the river to a height of fifty feet. The current of the stream, beating against the paddles, causes the wheel to revolve, and short bamboo tubes, closed at one end and attached to the wheel, fill in passing through the river, and then empty, when they arrive on high, into a trough from which the water is conveyed in bamboo pipes to fields on the hillside.

At three P.M., in pouring rain, we arrived at the city of Lo-ting. We traversed a busy street lined with well-stocked stores, before passing under the arch of the southern gate. A few minutes more brought us to a white-washed shop with "Tintsutang" in Chinese characters over the door. This we recognized as the house lately rented and transformed into a Maryknoll chapel.

It is a miserable place. The only decent room is the front one, which we used as reception room and chapel but which has no altar or furnishings. The room Fr. Gauthier and I inhabit is a ten-by-twelve mud cave, with one small window near the roof. It is very musty and damp, but the kitchen and bedroom behind are worse, having no windows at all. A hole in the roof, with a couple of small panes, serves as a skylight. As for air, the people in this province do not seem to need it at all—but I am told that it is really fear of burglars which makes them deny themselves ventilation.

We said Mass in the front room, with the pagans peeping through the cracks in the door and boys rapping at it now and then. A front room on a busy street is no place for a chapel. It is all right for a reception room, for the instruction of inquirers. There are no Christians and only a few catechumens in this whole city and county. It is a matter of starting from the very beginning, so our young apostles must brace themselves for a hard task.

Later in the day we paid a social visit to the mandarin. Over the door of the courthouse where he lives is written: "That the people may have no lawsuits." He treated us very kindly, offered us cigarettes and tea, and conversed pleasantly for half an hour.

Lo-ting is a pretty city. It contains much greenery, many open spaces, and large vegetable gardens. Spacious and beautifully decorated temples and ancestor halls occupy nearly as much ground as the houses of the people and prove that the latter must be religiously inclined and much given to ancestor worship.

The hills outside the city are dotted with thousands of mounds, each of which contains the mortal remains of some poor soul who went before God without ever having heard the sweet names of Jesus and Mary or known for what it was made. Come quickly then, ye apostles from America, and save the teeming population still in the land of the living, that they may not, like those before them, descend into unholy graves! The Protestants are already at work here. They have a chapel, well-equipped schools, and a hospital. The personnel comes from the United States. They began work in this city eighteen years ago.

Yours faithfully,

J. M. FRASER.

If you wish to support, during his first year, one of the Maryknoll missionaries, two hundred dollars will be required.

An aspirant to the foreign missions writes from somewhere at the front:

I surely hope that I shall be lucky enough to return safe. I will be at Maryknoll one week after I return home. You will have some trouble reading this, Father. I hope you will excuse my writing as I am writing with my gas mask on my knees and my mess kit on top of that. The ground is my chair. About five fellows are throwing things at each other on either side of me. So you see it is hard to write that way.

A MODERN MARTYR
BLESSED THEOPHANE VENNARD'S LIFE AND LETTERS
241 Pages. 15 Illustrations
Bound in Red Cloth
Price, 60 Cents Postpaid


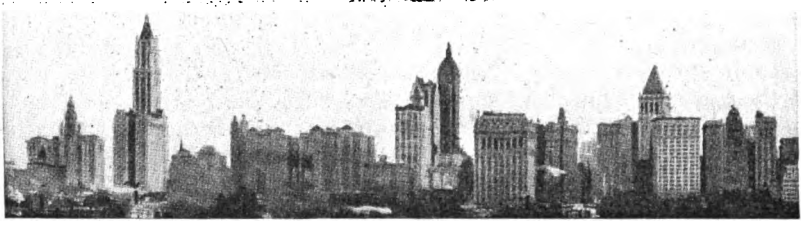
The Providence of God is always manifest, nowhere more so than in the daily mail, which recently has brought to Maryknoll Liberty Bonds—some of which have been thoughtfully applied as Perpetual Memberships for soldiers at the front or killed in action—War Savings Stamps and Thrift Stamps. Several annuities have been taken out—one of \$5,000—and our work has found a mention in two wills.

There was never a time, perhaps, in the history of the Church, when the world stood in greater need of the Catholic missionary than today. And in the order of God's providence it would seem that it is to America that the Church must look for those who are to take up the work that the now exhausted European Catholics have carried on so nobly and so successfully in the past. In response to the call of humanity, America has come forth from the isolation that had made her a land apart. She has taken her place in the forefront of the nations, proclaiming the brotherhood of man and the God-given right of all peoples to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

—Rev. M. D. Connolly, at the Catholic Educational Convention.

MARYKNOLL MISSION NEEDS.

Personal support (food, clothing, and service) for one missionary for one year\$200
Catechist (house-rent, food, travel, supplies) for one year\$180
Tuition, board, and clothing for a Chinese student for the priesthood, for one year\$100
West River Hostel, a house large enough to accommodate passing missionaries, with assembly-room and chapel.....\$500

Sept.	The Maryknoll Junior	1918
		
✻ ✻ ✻	A GLIMPSE OF NEW YORK CITY FROM THE HARBOR.	✻ ✻ ✻

DEAR JUNIORS:

I presume that you are neither babes nor very young people, so that I feel free to talk to you as if you and I were having a travel trip together.

As a priest very much interested in the foreign missions, and especially in Eastern Asia, where I lived for some time, I see great possibilities for the Catholic Church in that part of the world if American Catholic boys and girls can be enlisted in the cause of foreign missions.

I don't, of course, expect that every boy who reads the Junior pages will be a missionary—priest or brother—or that every girl who becomes interested is going to join some community of foreign mission nuns. Religious vocations are given to only comparatively few; although I believe that many a boy would have become a priest and many a girl would have become a Sister if somebody had given the needed start,—a strong word of encouragement or an advice to pray for light.

You who have your life-work yet to settle upon should often ask God

What shall I do?

And as the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity is the source of light you should, if you have not already done so, learn a prayer to the Holy Ghost and say it daily, for your guidance now and later. Try this, and perhaps you will be surprised at results.

The Junior, like all juniors, is bound to grow and you will find it occupying four pages of THE FIELD AFAR. These pages will be open to letters and suggestions from the Juniors, or from seniors interested in Juniors. They will contain some of the best photographs made in China, and also occasional advice from Fr. Chin, who has the benefit of constant correspondence with many of the notables in Eastern Asia and a host of uncrowned heads in China especially.

I take this occasion to express my delight at what

Juniors have already done for Maryknoll. When I looked over a large pile of letters the other day I found that with Routers for THE FIELD AFAR, and Mite Box holders, and Circlers in action, Maryknoll has no reason to complain that the eyes of Juniors have been blind to its beauties.

But—there are just about humpty hundred thousand Catholic boys and girls in this country of ours who have never heard of THE FIELD AFAR, or Maryknoll-on-the-Hudson, or Maryknoll-at-Scranton (our preparatory school, the Vénard), or Maryknoll-in-San-Francisco, or Maryknoll-in-China. Together let us enlighten some of these.

One of our wise-heads suggests that after printing the Junior with THE FIELD AFAR we then have some thousands (and later hundreds of thousands) printed separately, so as to sell the Junior by itself for one cent a copy if possible.

What do you think of the idea? To the boy or girl who writes a good letter on that suggestion our Premium Department will send a Maryknoll Pin.

Fr. Chin.

The Three Gifts.

(A true story, told at Maryknoll by a visiting missionary from New Zealand.)



T Whangape, in her twentieth year, died Peka Tamemaihi.

Now listen! While the girl was lying ill a certain young man, Tobias Perpeti, came to visit her. Tobias went to see her because he liked her.

After Tobias had been in the house some time the father of the girl said, "Friend, remain here and watch over my girl. I am going to Hokianga. Whatever the sick girl wishes to be done, see you to it that it is done."

When the father of the girl left, her condition became worse. Members of her tribe came in to pray

for her. They said to Tobias, "Don't you pray over this girl, for she belongs to us."

Then Tobias replied, "I have been commissioned by the father of this girl to watch over her. Let the girl decide."

The girl was asked what prayers she wished and she said, "Say the Catholic prayers, for I should have been christened in the Catholic Church long ago if my parents had not objected; but since then I have followed no prayers at all."

Then to Tobias she spoke: "Give me of what you carry in your pocket. Give me of that water in your bottle."

Tobias gave Holy Water to the girl, and with it she made the Sign of the Cross over the spots where she felt pain, and behold, the pain ceased! She was now calm, and said to her weeping mother:

"When I was in such awful pain my soul went out of my body and away to Whanga. When I came there I saw a frame building by the roadside. I went in and saw twelve candles burning and all the people bowing their heads. Beneath those candles I saw twelve priests, a priest for each candle. Then one priest stood up and came to me and said, 'My girl, where are you going?'

"I said, 'I go to the heaven you tell us of.'

"But he answered, 'You cannot go there now, because three things have not yet come to you.'

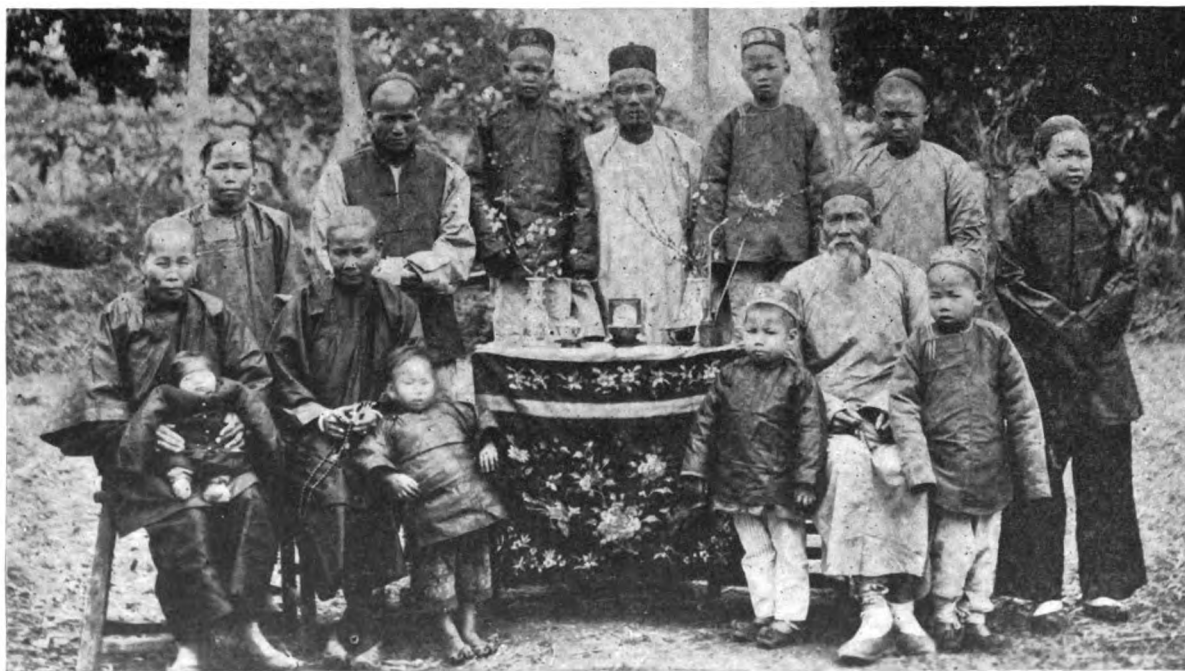
"The others gave me two candles, one for each hand, and led me away. Then my soul came back to my body. Now, Mother, do not weigh down my soul any more. Let me become a Catholic. Do not weep for my body, which will soon decay, but for my soul, O Mother! This is my word of love for you and Father: become you also Catholics, so that there will be one way for us all."

At this moment the father came in. They told him what had happened, and Tobias stood up and said, "What is your will?"

The father spoke: "Fellow-tribesmen, I have listened to your words. Now this is my answer: I love her very much—it is her wish to become a Catholic—therefore I consent to her wish. Let her become a Catholic."

A messenger was sent in haste to Fr. John, the priest of Hokianga. He came and gave to the sick girl three things,—Baptism, Confession, Extreme Unction. After this she slept the long sleep of her fathers.

This is all. May you live forever.



These are Chinese Christians. Notice Francis Lou, the little boy with the striped trousers standing just to the right of the centre. He was stolen by the brigands from the mountains and ransomed by his father for \$700. Can you write the story of his kidnapping? To the boy or girl whose story—of not more than four hundred words—is chosen as the best, Father Chin will send a book of mission tales. Mail your story to Father Chin by September 24.

SPECIAL NOTES FOR THE MARYKNOLL JUNIORS.



FROM ST. JOSEPH'S TO THE SEMINARY.

The *Maryknoll Junior Circle* of Tarrytown, New York, visited Maryknoll recently. This Circle consists of a dozen or more small girls who attend the Sisters's school in St. Teresa's parish and who have learned to love the foreign missions and Maryknoll through the interest and example of their pastor, their teachers, and the members of the "grown-up" Circle already established there.

Our little Tarrytown friends are now very busy with Red Cross work but they are anxious to do a bit for Maryknoll also, so they have made the following resolutions:

1. *At the opening of each meeting we shall say five "Our Fathers" and five "Hail Marys" for the spread of the missionary spirit among the children of our country.*
2. *We shall each say one prayer a day at least for the foreign missions.*
3. *We shall also remember the foreign missions in our Holy Communions.*

A gold Maryknoll ring found its way down to West Virginia last spring, and onto the finger of Josephine N——, a prize pupil in the First Academic Class at the Visitation Convent School. Josephine writes, probably with the ring on her finger:

Dear Father Chin:

I like the coveted ring, first of all because it signifies so much of the foreign missions I have learned to love in the past nine months of school with the dear Sisters, and then because the ring itself is a thing of beauty.

Father, I am going to try and start a Self-Denial Club here, to get the boys and girls interested, although most of them are Protestants. I should like to give everything I have, and even myself, if I had the giving, to the foreign missions. Sister made it very interesting at school and there it was not difficult to start a Club, but now that I am home I do not know how to begin. Few in my little town care for mission work and it looks almost impossible for a girl to interest them,—but then, I guess I can do my best, can't I, Father?

Thanking you again for the ring, and asking a remembrance in your prayers, I am

Your little friend,

The opening of school means long days for Catholic school teachers, but we are certain that many, especially among our religious women, will not fail to include the mission mite box in the heart-training of their pupils. From many sections the mites arrive, as these extracts—a few of many—testify:

Be pleased to accept the enclosed check (\$5) from the pupils of St. Joseph's.

Kindly send one dozen mite-boxes. We shall try to fill them and so help the good cause. (Manchester, N. H.)

This check for \$6 is a little offering from the pupils of St. Joseph's School. Please pray for them. (Meriden, Conn.)

This post-office order for \$16.00 is from the sacrifice coins of the children of St. Mary's. They make their offering for the Vénard Apostolic School. (Norwalk, Conn.)

The children of the First and Second Grades send you this \$1.88 which they saved in their mite-boxes during the month. They wish it to be for Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.

Please send me three dozen mite-boxes and the same number of land-slips. The girls this year prefer to each have her own mite-box at home. This may work out even better than the general one in the classroom. (Halifax.)

Small as the sum is, it took quite a little time for my little mites to gather it into their Mite Box. The picture of the Sister feeding the little Chinese appealed to their hearts. One day a little seven-year-old girl came up to my desk to say that she had put 22 cents in the M. B. and to ask how much more she should put in before she could get a baby. I explained that the baby would not come here, that she would one day see in Heaven those little ones for whom she had helped to obtain the grace of Baptism. (Quebec.)

To have the children of Christian lands securing the blessing of Faith to the children of pagan lands is an inspiration from Heaven itself.—CARDINAL GIBBONS.



THE TARRYTOWN JUNIORS AT THE KNOLL.

If You Need a Name.

Our Maryknoll priest in China says that if you were a boy in that country you might have had a name like one of these: *Golden Leader, Always Faithful, Nation's Glory, Wise and Clear, Lover of Ceremony, Autumn's Sunlight, Frank and Virtuous, Ever Wise, Coming Hero, Full of Determination, Center of Battle-line, Little Harp, Beautiful Sunlight, Always Leading, Virtuous Mercy, Thrice Precious, House of Ability, Eternal Peace, Hundredfold Sunlight.*

If you had been a Chinese girl your playmates might be calling you: *Heaven's Perfume, Immortal Bird of Paradise, Scented Flower, Ever Amiable, Source of Summer, Noble Sister, Happy Flower.*

From a Home for Crippled Children come these words: *Please accept this mite from our cripples. Please pray for us.*

Router Rules.

Carry some copies of THE FIELD AFAR to your friends—and be a Maryknoll Router.

Here is what you should do:

1. For each copy you will pay six cents.
2. Sell each copy for ten cents.
3. You require no permission to sell to your relatives and friends—but
4. Secure your pastor's permission if you wish to sell to strangers.
5. For every twenty papers you sell we will send you a Maryknoll Pin (if you already have one you may sell or give this to some one else).
6. You must ask for this pin when you write.
7. As soon as possible after the deliver of your papers send your returns in postage stamps (any denomination) at our expense.
8. If you have any papers left tell us how many and Fr. Chin will instruct you what to do with them.

Be a Land Owner.

At our Junior school near Scranton, Pennsylvania, we have now a fine piece of property, large enough for all future needs. We have not appealed for great gifts to cover the cost of this land, because we are anxious to feel that it shall be paid for by small offerings of thousands—even from young people.

We have recently added to our holdings so as to complete this splendid tract of land and our present problem is to find among our friends—Juniors, seniors, and their friends—purchasers for five million square feet of land, at the price of one cent for every two feet.

Write to Fr. Chin if you wish to be a landlord—and at the same time a real benefactor. More than one million feet have already been taken.

Every Junior should wear a Maryknoll Pin which can be secured for twenty-five cents or for one new subscription to The Field Afar.

BOYS! Have you read

*Field Afar Stories, or
Field Afar Tales?*

These books will interest you immensely. Either will be sent post-paid to your address for sixty cents or for three new subscriptions to The Field Afar.



A group of New York City boys picknicked one day at Maryknoll during their holidays and the following lines, written by one of them and signed by several, give some light on their impressions:

We thank you very much for inviting us boys to Maryknoll. We had a fine ride in the auto-truck. Brother — took some of us down to the woods, and there near the old house was a square hole full of water and we caught a frog in it. Up further we caught a turtle also. We like to see the cows and chickens and other animals. It was too bad the apples and pears were not ripe or we could have had a lot of them to eat. We enjoyed playing ball and tennis. We had a fine dinner and enjoyed the ice cream. I hope we can go again.

We saw a lot of relics in one building, and a Chinese altar. There was a very old chalice, also.

We are all hoping to see you and all the Brothers again.

Yours truly,

EDWARD HENNIG.

JOHN HENNIG.

FRANCIS MULLEN.

HERBERT HORNBUCKLE.

WILLIAM ARENTH.

EDMUND SMITH.

JOHN ROCHE.



The Maryknoll Junior spirit—though young they have it. They are willing to make sacrifices, and they will tell you why. Listen:

Dear Father:

We are three little sisters. Our Papa is dead. We saved our pennies to send them to you to buy Chinese babies. We know that will please Jesus because we love candy so much. We want the babies to be christened like us.

Your little friends,

ANNA, BRIDGET, TERESA.

Write to Father Chin and tell him your ideas about foreign missions and what can be done for them, even by the stay-at-homes.

The Pioneer's Log.

(Hongkong.)

SHORTLY after my arrival from Manila on Saturday I was booked for an English sermon Sunday across the harbor at Kowloon. In the meantime, I was busy enough with accumulated correspondence, for which little time remained as I had before me a trip to Canton and a longer one to Tongking.

Sunday morning I found at Kowloon a cozy church with a growing congregation of English-speaking Portuguese and some Chinese. The Blessed Sacrament was in exposition that day.

After Mass the pastor brought me to the Canossian Sisters, all of whom teach in English although no one of them is of English-speaking birth. The nuns would welcome vocations from America and would be glad of a chance to establish in our country a novitiate.

As we were waiting for lunch that day a Chinese woman of the poorer class came with her little boy to see the pastor, and when she went away my host told me her story, typical of thousands in China.

She was one of the multitudes that live their poor lives on sampans and through some influence she had become a Catholic catechumen,—in other words, was under instruction. Her husband had fallen ill and that she might nurse him she had sold one of her boys for \$200 Mexican (about \$144 in American money at the present rate of exchange). That was months ago, and with debts to pay and her husband yet ill there seemed to be nothing to do but sell her younger boy. She sought advice from the pastor of Kowloon, who could give her no money. He took the case into his hands, however, determined if he failed to get ransom money from some of his parishioners to at least find a Catholic family for the second boy.

I saw the mother and the son as they went away from the house to the floating bark which they called "home" and where a husband and father lay ill awaiting their return. How little the passing traveller knows of the actual misery in China!

That Sunday when I arrived at the Procure I found a telegram from Fr. Fraser, dated at Amoy, announcing his arrival on the morrow.

In Hongkong, as elsewhere in China, exact information about incoming and outgoing steamers is hard to get. On the assurance that Fr. Fraser's boat could not anchor until 9.00 A.M. I waited until shortly before that hour to telephone, and while at the instrument and—let me confess it—quarrelling with an English accent at the

other end, the door by which I was standing opened and the long form of Fr. Fraser appeared, with four coolies and eight bags.

The Procure was a lively place that morning. Chinese students for the priesthood were passing through to a new seminary at Swatow, others were on their way to the General Seminary in Penang, and as the Swatow group went out Fr. Fraser and his coolies came in. The coolies made their usual exorbitant demand, laying the money offered on the ground as an inconceivable acceptance. But we closed the door on their remonstrances and they soon disappeared, leaving no cash behind them.

Fr. Fraser, with his green cassock and faded hat, looked the worse for wear, but after we had talked awhile I took him out for a first exhibit that morning—and the people seemed to appreciate the kindness. In the afternoon we went with Fr. Robert to the so-called "French Convent," where I was due for a talk to the pupils, and after another inspection of that centre of many charities Fr. Fraser and I returned to the Procure to discuss immediate plans.

I was waiting for news of the boat for Haiphong, Indo-China, and when it was learned that it would not sail until Friday morning we determined to go to Canton without delay. We had, however, steamer-tickets to buy for the return to America, not to speak of sundry difficult outlays, such as an operation on Fr. Fraser's scant locks, the purchase of a new two-dollar hat, the lengthening of his only pair of street trousers, etc., etc.; but at length, on Wednesday afternoon, we went across to Kowloon and took the train for Canton at about two o'clock, arriving in time for dinner at seven.

(Canton.)

The great question considered on Thursday was how to get to Yeong-kong, in our new mission. General Lung had taken the city some weeks before and had occupied it with five thousand troops, but rumor now had it that this same General Lung and his cohorts had been chased off the premises; and that morning when I called on the American consul he told me that the rumor was true, as he had learned by telegram the day before. I explained the importance of our visit to Yeong-kong and asked if a gun-boat might be going down that way. It was a more or less delicate hint to send one, but did not bring the desired result.

The consul, however, expressed his purpose to secure information about the safest means of reaching Yeong-kong and he suggested that if we decided to engage a small launch or a

THE MARYKNOLL RING!



Everything that comes from Maryknoll ought to be good. This ring will stand under criticism.

Sterling silver\$3.00
10-karat gold 5.00
14-karat gold 6.00

Field Afar Office, Ossining, N. Y.

sailing vessel he would furnish us with an American flag, which commands the respect of soldiers, and even of pirates, as a rule. We had, indeed, been seriously thinking of engaging a small steamer to bring, besides Fr. Gauthier, Fr. Fraser and myself, two catechists (one of whom would have with him his wife and three children), together with their furniture and ours. Coal, however is \$24.00 Mexican a ton (more than \$17.00 in American money) and we should be steaming several days. Added to this expense would be that of the crew and the food, covering a period of at least one week and perhaps longer.

Further inquiries were in order, but my boat for Indo-China was due to sail from Hongkong early the next morning, and leaving Fr. Gauthier with Fr. Fraser to consult some wise heads at the mission and other sources of enlightenment outside its walled enclosures, I *pousse-poussé** again to the station and after an uneventful journey reached Hongkong, where it was a pleasant surprise to find Fr. Robert, my host, waiting at the ferry slip.

(To Tongking.)

Masses were said very early Friday morning, so that we could get a "mouthful" and reach our boat at 7.00 A.M.

Fr. Duffy had arranged to be with me as far as Haiphong and Hanoi, and Fr. Robert with Fr. Soudier insisted that we would relish an early morning sail on the harbor, so we four and a faithful domestic walked down the steep hill to a boat-landing, roused a family on its sampan, and installed ourselves on swiftly prepared benches whose previous occupants, a young mother and her infant, disappeared in a hole hardly large enough for "Collie" of Maryknoll. As there was a favorable breeze that morning the mother-in-law had only to steer in place of her usual occupation at the oar.

We reached the *Tansang* a good hour before she sailed. No "boy" came forward to take our grips. No rooms seemed to be ready. There were, I had been told, only two state-rooms on the boat, which looked suspiciously like

* *Pousse-pousse* is the French name for rick-shaw.

the Loong Sang; and half-a-dozen Japanese business men, besides Fr. Duffy, a returned French soldier, an Irishman, and myself were expecting accommodation. Things seemed to settle themselves as they often do, however, and benches in the dining room helped us to weather the trip.

The Captain of the Tansang is a young Irishman, Gill by name, who studied under the Holy Cross Fathers before taking to the sea. He was most kind and helped not a little to make our passage a pleasant one. The down voyage takes a little over two days and we made one stop,—at Hainan, a large island where our Dublin passenger alighted to go home to his Chinese wife. He was a good-natured butcher, who has a soft spot in his heart—and some more or less excellent meat—for the Chinese among whom he dwells. He had been to Hongkong to buy a motor boat so as to establish in Hainan a river service, that will incidentally benefit two lone priests who live among the million inhabitants of the island, and he declared that Hainan would satisfy all his ambitions and aspirations for ten years, to come.

We sailed from Hainan out of the Straits across the Gulf of Tongking. Sunday morning at ten o'clock we took in a pilot and coursed up the river to Haiphong, which we reached too late for Mass, at about one o'clock.

Two magnets had drawn me to Tongking in Indo-China; the memory of Blessed Théophane Vénard, Martyr; and a debt of gratitude which our young Society owed to the Prefect Apostolic of Lang-son, Fr. Bertrand Cothonay, O.P.

Théophane Vénard had been ordained in Paris with the late Abbé Hogan, the distinguished Sulpician who, as first President of St. John's Seminary, Boston, Massachusetts, had interested his students, among whom I was privileged to be enrolled, in the young martyr of Tongking. Later, in France, I had met the martyr's brother, the venerable Curé of Assais, Canon Eusebius Vénard. Again, as several Maryknoll vocations had developed from the reading of Blessed Vénard's life this young martyr had been placed among Maryknoll's patrons and in his honor the first apostolic school, at Scranton, Pennsylvania, had been named.

Tongking, as the scene of Théophane Vénard's martyrdom, was certainly, therefore, an attraction. I doubt, however, if I should have made the journey for that reason alone, because much remained to be done in Kwangtung, and besides Maryknoll was beckoning from across the Pacific.

There was, as I have said, another attraction in Tongking.

Before the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America came into being Fr. Cothonay, then Prior of some exiled French Dominicans at Hawthorne, New York, was pushing its present Superior to make a start. When Maryknoll appeared its organizers were housed under the hospitable roof of Fr. Cothonay, where they actually began their first campaign, remaining until they could lease a small house in the neighborhood of their Dominican friends. Soon afterwards Fr. Cothonay was called by his Superiors to Switzerland, and later named Prefect Apostolic of Lang-son in Tongking, a country with which he was already familiar, having exercised the ministry in Haiphong for several years.

When we dropped anchor at Haiphong, therefore, I looked for this friend in the numerous sampans that flocked towards our boat. He was missing; but we had not reached the shore before one of my companions recognized on an approaching sampan the familiar combination of beard and black cassock—distinguishing marks of Catholic missionaries in the Far East—and I knew that it must be Fr. Cothonay. So it was. Both boats soon grazed the beach, and I was at home in the land of Vénard.

(Tongking.)

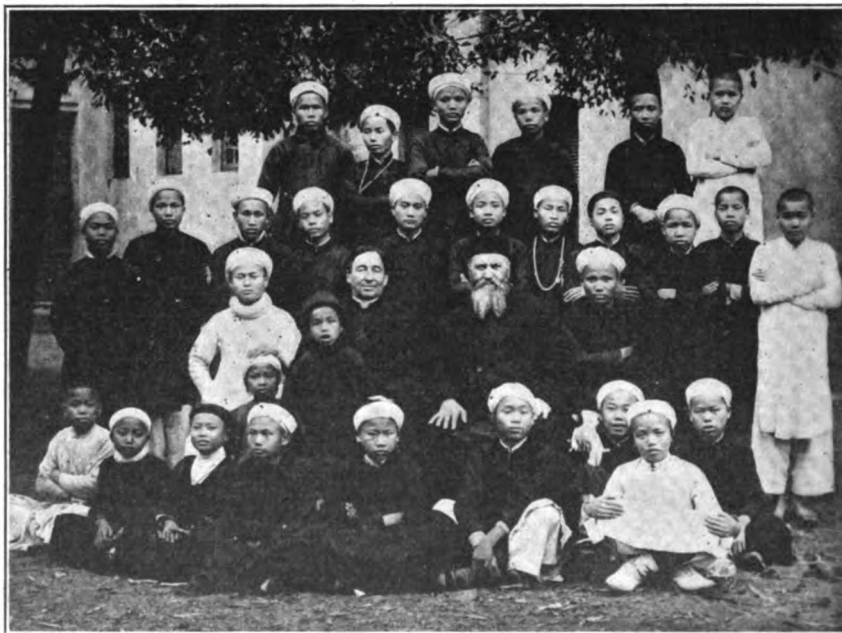
Haiphong has the appearance of a neat, prosperous, French city with wide streets, attractive public buildings, comfortable-looking private houses, well-equipped hotels, a large theatre,

and about every conceivable convenience for its French residents of whom, in normal times, there are more than five thousand. Rick-shaws, however, and turbaned natives pull one immediately back to the Far East, and a short drive in any direction discloses rice-fields and villages that make up so large a portion of all Tongking.

The Cathedral is not far from the river and Fr. Cothonay brought me there without delay, while Fr. Duffy went to the police station—a necessary precaution these days—and then took his train for Hanoi, several hours further west. The Cathedral in Haiphong is large and clumsily built, but solid. A campanile which Fr. Cothonay erected some years ago when he was stationed at Haiphong redeems the appearance of the church, and the simple lines of the monastery, with a well-organized garden, make the mission compound interesting to the casual observer.

But there is more to consider here than architectural effects. This is the heart of a large Dominican mission and it gave me the first glimpse of an institution common to all the vicariates of Tongking and known as the *House of God*.

We paid our respects to the visible master of this house, Bishop Ruys, a Spaniard, who bade us welcome; and as soon as our baggage was settled we made a brief visit to the invisible Master and to His subjects in those sacred precincts,—priests, European and native, catechists, aspirants,—all living



FATHER COTHONAY, O.P., AND HIS GUEST AT LANG-SON.

together in a spirit of work and prayer and all supported from a common fund.

As we planned to leave for Hanoi early the next morning, a friend of Fr. Cothonay made Sunday afternoon profitable by a drive behind two merry little ponies, who ran us up and down the city, out along the rice-fields, through a park with its zoo, and back to the Cathedral in time for Benediction.

The high Gothic church was dimly lighted, but a wave of prayer was sweeping through it towards the sanctuary and the brightness of the Presence of Christ was there. I had entered towards the rear and found myself in a place between the men and women. The men wore their turbans, the women likewise, and many little ones were dressed like their parents. The Benediction hymns were sung by some European voices, but after the hush of the Benediction itself a humming sound came to my ears, breaking in a moment into a soft rapid chant, and falling back again into the hum, which gradually ceased when the *Laudate Dominum* began.

The Annamites—this is the general name for the natives of all Tongking—like the Japanese, Korean, and Chinese Christians, love to recite their prayers aloud. Already I have become so accustomed to this practice that I hardly remark it now, even when the noise—for such it is at times—is deafening. It is their way of saying prayers, and when this is realized one feels decidedly sympathetic towards the practice.

The unusual chant at Benediction, which later I heard after the Consecration at Mass, was simply:

Dominus Deus et Deus Deus

My Lord and My God.

A somewhat similar chant I later remarked during the distribution of Holy Communion, and I understand that at this period of the service the prayer consists of the words:

Domine, non sum dignus—

Lord, I am not worthy.

The Annamites are never in a hurry to leave the church and they often remain for hours at prayer.

Simple and devout, they are a consolation to the missionaries who work among them and it is difficult to picture them hunting and killing priests. The story of the martyrs of Tongking is a long one but anybody who comes into relation with these Annamites feels that in those days "they knew not what they did." The blood of the martyrs, however, has already pushed to maturity an abundant fruitage and the missions of Tongking are today often referred to as the most consoling in the Far East.

I left the church by the front door and, once outside, observed leisurely. The prevailing color of dress here is brown,—reddish, rather disagreeable brown in contrast to the grays and good browns of Japan and to the blues of China. This brown is especially common in the poorer classes.

We were in the first days of the Chinese New Year, which is also that of the Annamites, and everybody was exhibiting his or her best clothes, as the case might be.

The better dressed men wear a black coat of thin cloth, buttoned diagonally across the breast and reaching to the knees, with wide white pantaloons, white socks, and black shoes. Around the forehead and covering the base of the head they wind a long folded cloth into a turban that leaves the top of the head exposed. The women wear dresses well below the knees. They do love big hats and even the poorest can be seen with one on her head or carrying it. This hat seems to be well made and its diameter would easily equal that of a flour-barrel top.

Nearly every mouth is in movement, disclosing black caverns. These good people have a strange habit of getting their teeth enamelled a blue-black, and they also chew the betel nut which, like tobacco under a similar process, requires frequent expectoration and often stains the corners of the mouth. The result can be imagined and you have only to picture a row of grinning school girls in Tongking, with good faces and black mouths. These habits will probably disappear, but slowly. Perhaps if some American gum concern would ship a large consignment for trial it would hasten the day.

"And every one that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands for My name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall possess life everlasting."—*St. Matt. xiv. 29.*

B. Herder of St. Louis has brought out in attractive form a *Life of St. Francis Xavier* by M. T. Kelly, and we are certain that many among our readers will be interested in this announcement as no satisfactory popular *Life of St. Francis* has been available in recent years.

Priests and religious are beginning to realize that many vocations remain undiscovered for lack of the needed suggestion. Every pamphlet on vocations spreads encouragement that cannot fail to bring results and we are glad to notice among such influences a brochure by Rev. John B. Delannay, C.S.C., on *The Religious Teacher and the Work of Vocations*.

Knoll Observations.



Feel pleasant, please!

WAR is a poor way to peace, but God tolerates it and the right of self-defense justifies it. Our Country has entered the awful maelstrom from high motives and we must stand behind our Government and back our boys, whatever the sacrifice.

Even Maryknoll, young as it is, has three stars in its service flag and since our last issue, yielding to the pressing need for chaplains, has given up one of its priests, Rev. Newton Thompson, D.D., to minister to the spiritual needs of our soldiers. We ask a special prayer that his work may be fruitful.

We have heard about houses of preservation but Maryknoll has organized a *House of Preserves*.

This institution has been set up in a separate section of St. Martha's (the laundry), and though the operations effected by a score of Teresians were comparatively noiseless the House of Preserves was full of jars while the work lasted—and the jars are full of preserves—beans, corn, berries, kraut, and other mysteries.

Mr. Hoover would find it hard to censure this place, which may yet tan its own hides.

The tobacco crop, by the way, is very promising.

The Tsus, Ignatius and Francis Xavier, arrived and the Superior found his travelling companions before him on his release from a short circuit which had done him no harm. These Chinese boys have already found a warm place in the heart of Maryknoll and they are quite as interesting as they are edifying. By a special privilege they will remain during the coming scholastic year at the Vénard School, where much attention will be given to their English.

While in Canton the Maryknoll Superior, in company with a French missionary, dropped into an apothecary shop one day (no, it had no soda fountain) and met the proprietor's son, a young Catholic Chinese with a long coat and a pleasant smile—two striking characteristics of Chinese youths.

Recently, the owner of that apothecary shop paid a return visit to Maryknoll—a circumstance that shows great possibilities in the relationship between Chinese and American Catholic life.

Almost a score of students, most of whom are registered for the Vénard Apostolic School, have been accepted as Maryknoll aspirants. Work is being pushed on the power house at Clark's Green, a permanent structure that will serve our Vénard students for the next few years as a dormitory.

At Maryknoll itself final additions have been made during the summer months to the refectory and chapel and it is believed that accommodations are now adequate for at least two years, after which a solid and permanent structure will be a necessity.

Maryknoll bids fair to become the American *Procure* for European foreign mission societies which have no establishment in this country,—and Maryknoll is pleased to be able to render such service to its older brothers. *Mill Hill, Paris, Scheut, Milan*, are now more than names to Maryknoll students, who have come to know personally representatives of these houses.

The Field Afar will be sent for one year to <i>anyone</i> address:			
10 copies (12 issues)	for	\$8.00	
25 "	"	"	20.00
50 "	"	"	40.00
100 "	"	"	80.00

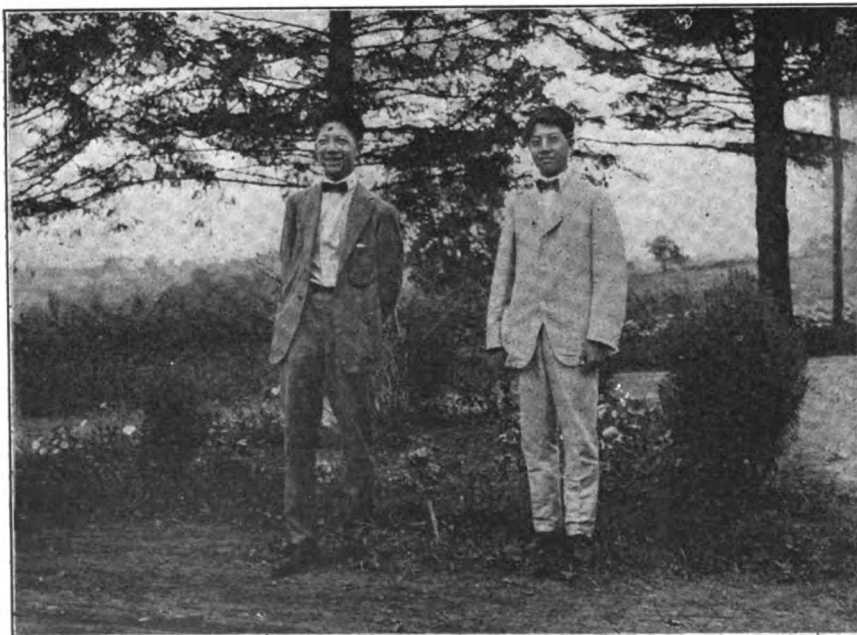
Our latest Mill Hill visitor was forced by his physical condition to become a temporary resident, and his presence has been a blessing. This is Fr. Jules Verbrugge, a former Borneo missionary, who was sent by his Superior to the Philippine Islands, to which post he was returning from Europe when his health broke down. Fr. Verbrugge was recently anointed for death at the Mercy Hospital in Scranton, but at this writing is convalescing at Maryknoll, where, under his favorite tree, he can get healthful puffs of good air, with occasional other puffs of "the weed that solaces" more than one missionary in this life.

We will search the horizon of China for a promising subject if you desire to meet the expense of training him for the priesthood. We wish that this offer might find a response in some school, Sunday-school, or sodality.

MARYKNOLL-IN-SCRANTON.

THE Maryknoll preparatory school at Scranton will soon outdistance its father. Its student body is already larger than that at Maryknoll itself, its lands are more extensive, and it bids fair to have on its height a substantial structure before anything of the kind has been planned for the hill of sunsets at Ossining.

Two historic events occurred there during the past month. The first was the visit of His Excellency, the Most Rev. John Bonzano, Apostolic Delegate, accompanied by Bishop Hoban of Scranton, Bishop Monaghan of Charleston, Very Rev. Dr. Dyer, Superior of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Monsignor Foley of Wilmington, Bishop Russell of Baltimore, and several Scranton priests.



THE TSUS HAVE COME TO TOWN.

We cannot claim that His Excellency went to Scranton solely to honor our young school. He was in the city for another occasion, the dedication of the Church of the Holy Cross, but a reminder from Bishop Hoban that Maryknoll has thrown a vigorous shoot just outside the coal region was enough to determine His Excellency, whose missionary experience in China is a happy memory, to make this gracious call.

The Maryknoll Superior arrived with the guests, who anticipated their visit by several hours and as a consequence found the floors hardly dry. The papal colors were flying, however, and the whole establishment looked decently poor, a condition which probably impressed the visitors more than if it appeared luxuriously rich.

The Notch view from the site of the new Vénard was appreciated and the "company" saw not only plans for the future school but the already constructed basement of the Vénard power house and laundry. Nobody said that it was all "perfectly wonderful," but every one admired the scenery and the site, speaking also a good word for the work. What more could any one wish?

His Excellency evidently felt at home, as he would in any quiet spot, especially in the atmosphere of a foreign mission house. We were proud to have had him with us, and honored also by the visit of those who accompanied him.

On the way back to the city a stop was made at the Teresians' cottage, which His Excellency and the Bishops blessed and gladdened by their presence.

It was a yellow-and-white day, as also a red-letter day, for Maryknoll at Scranton.

This brings us to the second event, which in reality occurred before the first-mentioned,—the installation of a group of Teresians in the diocese of Scranton.

These estimable ladies arrived at Scranton on the Feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. They were accompanied by their Superioress and were so attracted by the Scranton shops, especially the Five-and-Ten-Cent Stores, that they spent all their spare cash and had only enough left for an electric-car ride to their new home.

No veils hid the faces of the travellers but they profited by a barrage of bundles until the car

Land for the Vénard School is selling at the rate of two feet for one cent—dirt cheap. You buy the land and the school keeps it for you. Send a dollar and experience the thrill of ownership that is worth while.

MARYKNOLL-IN-SAN FRANCISCO.

SAN FRANCISCO has gone gloriously "over the top" in all the recent "drives," both local and national. While we have not exactly inaugurated a "foreign mission drive,"



AT THE VÉNARD.

MARY'S MEADOW.

broke down. They arrived at the cottage (which, at \$4,800, still awaits a benefactor) tired, flushed, and happy—and evidently surprised at the clean condition in which they found it.

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered next morning by the Maryknoll Superior, who spoke on the occasion and left burning a new red lamp whose twinkling told that the Master had entered and was dwelling in the home of *Our Lady of the Missions*.

The timid Teresians at Scranton dare to ask for an altar-bread oven. Their excuse is that they need it, not so much for themselves as for the Vénard School, not far away.

properly speaking, still the Maryknoll Director had occasion recently to give propaganda talks in several city churches and the results amply prove that the people of California are as keenly interested in, and as eager to do their bit for, the foreign mission work when their attention is directed toward it as are those in the East.

In one parish the pastor suggested that the Director return the following Sunday "to make sure that the appeal would reach every parishioner." And it is well to mention that this parish, less than four months ago, gave to another missionary a collection which, he said, was the largest he received from any parish in the whole country. New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and so forth, take notice!

To another parish the Director took the Masters Tsu, as witnesses of the splendid results of pioneer missionary efforts in China; and their presence in the sanctuary and church was a revelation as well as an edification to all. One old woman was heard to say: "Sure, the Lord never made brighter and more pious boys!"

As there were no servers for the first Mass at this church the pastor had the "twins" serve. Before the second Mass a server presented himself, and the pastor, to remind him of a little negligence, said: "You're a fine server! Why weren't you at the first Mass? I had to get two Chinese boys to serve."

The youngster, looking incredulous, answered: "Ah! quit your kiddin', Father." But the "twins" served the second Mass also and the youngster, acting as server-of-honor, was convinced that Chinese can "serve"—and even better than himself!

At the Educational Association.

FROM the resolutions drawn up in San Francisco by the Catholic Educational Association we quote the following:

The Association gives its wholehearted support to the Chief Executive of our country, President Wilson, in this supreme moment of trial. It pledges unswerving fidelity and devotion to him in the prosecution of the war for the complete attainment of the high and moral ideals set forth by him.

In a spirit of humility and gratitude we give thanks to God for the splendid patriotism displayed in this crisis



ON A TOUR OF THE GROUNDS.

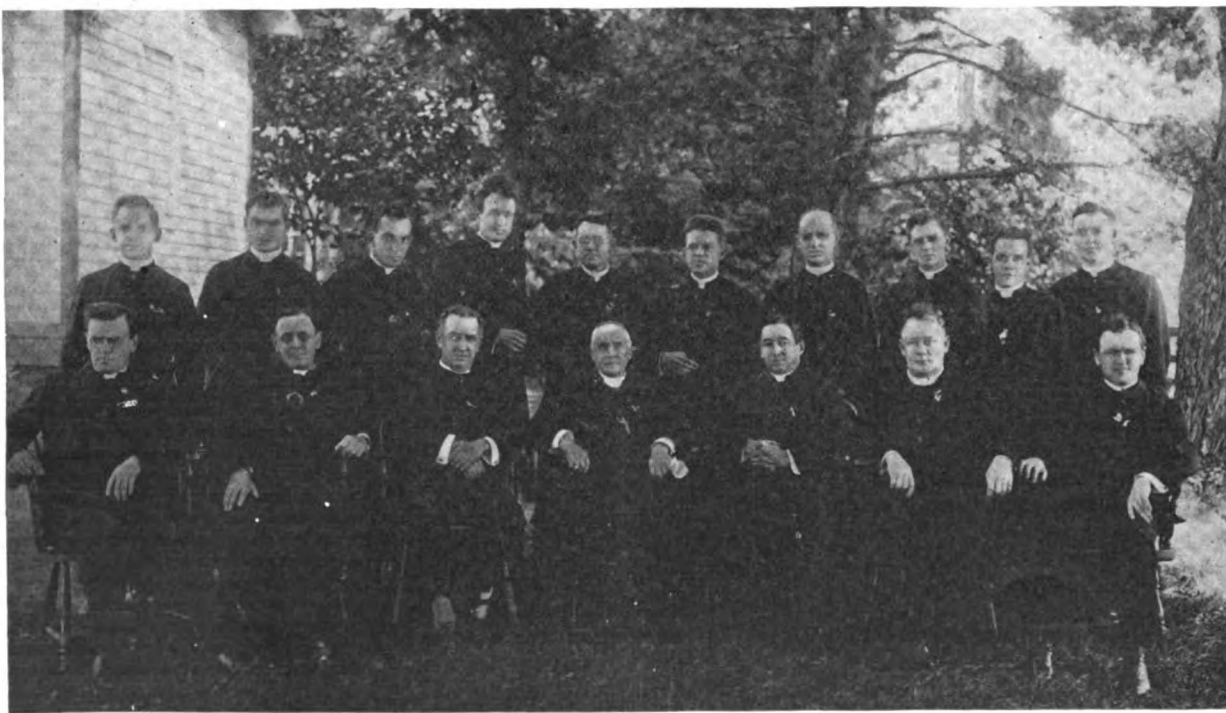
by the graduates of Catholic colleges, who have rallied to the colors in surprisingly large numbers, in a spirit of entire devotion.

The inculcation of obedience to God and to all lawful authority constitutes an essential aim of Catholic education. As America needs the loyal support and obedience of her citizens today as never before we can render no more important service to our country at this time than to continue the work of our schools and colleges and to labor to make the work as fruitful as possible.

* * * * *
While we regard with pleasure the growth in numbers of vocations to the teaching communities, we also recognize the increasing demands of more recruits in the Lord's vineyard where the harvest is so great, the laborers are so few. We, therefore, urge pastors and parents to continue to foster and to increase the number of these vocations.

* * * * *
The inculcation of the missionary spirit in our schools is an important part of Catholic training and an obligation of far reaching application, and we hereby recommend to all teachers in our Parish Schools to foster interest in that great work.

Above and below are promised photographs of our beloved Cardinal, now happily convalescing. May His Eminence be spared for many years!



CARDINAL FARLEY'S LATEST VISIT TO MARYKNOLL, JULY 4, 1918.



Circle Paragraphs.

(Address all communications to the Circle Director, Maryknoll.)

A NEW Circle with a promising beginning is that named for "Mary, Queen of Apostles," in Providence, R. I.

A good suggestion:

We have decided to assist at Mass and receive Holy Communion at least once a month (oftener when possible) for the cause of foreign missions.—(St. Francis Xavier Circle, Rochester, N. Y.)

Thoughtful indeed are the members of the newly-formed St. Columba Circle, of Philadelphia. The organizer writes:

One member has suggested that we make the monthly offering a War Savings Stamp. I am sure the idea will "take," if you have no objections.

At the former Sewing Circle meetings the usual art needlework was in evidence. The change of sewing for Maryknoll, with a fixed object in view, is very welcome. If you will let us know what articles you are in need of we shall start on them right away.

The St. Columba Burse Card was not with me very long. All the members I have been able to reach are interested and are helping to raise funds. If you will kindly send me about twenty-five more cards I will try to distribute them to advantage.

In a recent issue of THE FIELD AFAR you mentioned the needs of jars for preserving. If you still need them I can secure a dozen or so of jars and glasses and will send them at once.

While our present stock of post cards lasts we urge *Circles* and all collectors of mission post cards to retain at least one example of each. These cards are historical and some of them will not be reprinted.

The post-office address for Maryknoll is
OSSINING, N. Y.

THE PHILADELPHIA AUXILIARY.

"We have all resolved to do better work next year," writes the secretary of the Philadelphia Maryknoll Auxiliary, and she adds that a meeting has been called to plan for an increased membership.

A number of pieces of old silver for our new mission and a list of a dozen subscribers for THE FIELD AFAR accompanied the letter. Later a substantial check (\$145.66) arrived through the Philadelphia office of the Society for The Propagation of the Faith.

Miss Mary McGuckin has been elected president of the Auxiliary for the coming year; Miss Agnes Byrnes, secretary; and Miss Rose McDede, treasurer.

We urge upon our readers the great need of Communions and prayers to be offered for our work, which is pioneer in its character and as such liable to many trials demanding much help from God. We have set aside Friday of each week as a day of devotions to help us attain the several aims of our organization, to aid our benefactors, and to bring special graces upon our missionaries and their flocks.

A client of the Sacred Heart asks the publication of the following:

I asked a special favor from the Sacred Heart, and promised if it was granted to give a dollar a month for Masses for the Holy Souls. I read in THE FIELD AFAR of the great work you are doing and so decided to send you the money as long as I can afford it, for the Sacred Heart had granted my request.

At Shanghai Catholic activities among the English-speaking are not wanting although they lack a development that is full of possibilities.

The Catholic women of that city are leagued under the title of St. Monica's Society, "to help and encourage one another to lead earnest, good lives." These women also contribute to the relief of the sick and of others in distress.

The Lily of Mary.

A Short Life of Bernadette of Lourdes.

"As attractive physically as it is spiritually elevating."

This book sells for thirty cents—and to anyone who will sign a resolution to help spread the "Message of the Immaculate Conception," the price will be only twenty cents. (Postage, 5 cents.)

Address: THE FIELD AFAR Office, Maryknoll, Ossining, N. Y.

We all are learning that it is worth while to "gather up the fragments," and the next thing is to find out what to do with them.

Take, for example, *tinfoil* and *cancelled stamps*. There is money to be made and money to be lost on such gatherings. Either can be sold, but it is quite possible for you to lose in transportation more than either is worth.

Therefore, Maryknoll is looking for centres, in different parts of the country, where tinfoil and stamps may be accumulated. Can you suggest a centre?

Maryknoll Seals for your letters sell for ten cents a dozen.

To those who are gathering, or would gather, for Maryknoll cancelled stamps we give the following advice:

Cut all stamps with a quarter-inch margin of paper around them.

Do not soak the stamp off the envelopes. The stamp buyers prefer to do this themselves, as the least damage to a stamp renders it worthless.

Keep foreign and rare stamps separate, as they bring a better price.

Ship small quantities by parcel post larger amounts by express, and over three hundred pounds (don't get frightened) by freight.

The cancelled stamp, trading stamp, and tin-foil gatherings of our friends in New York City, may be left with Miss Julia Ward, 16 East Forty-Eighth Street, who has kindly volunteered to receive them for Maryknoll.

The Intake.



We give and take
Our tea and cake.

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN.

STATE	GIFT	NEW SUBSCRIBERS
Arkansas	\$ 1.00	
California	159.15	565
Connecticut	60.40	11
Dist. of Columbia	13.30	3
Florida	16.50	
Idaho	8.00	1
Illinois	16.25	7
Indiana	1.00	1
Kansas	11.00	2
Iowa		1
Kentucky		4
Louisiana		1
Maine	7.78	3
Maryland	6.00	56
Massachusetts	1,170.50	56
Michigan	11.70	2
Minnesota	3.00	
Missouri	94.95	10
Nebraska	1.00	
New Jersey	57.40	22
New York	*7,377.88	171
New Hampshire	1,139.00	
North Carolina	1.00	
Ohio	112.30	10
Oklahoma		1
Oregon	1.00	
Pennsylvania	1,456.00	628
Rhode Island	51.05	18
South Carolina		3
Tennessee		1
Texas	1.50	1
Vermont	10.00	3
West Virginia	5.00	13
Virginia	6.00	1
Washington		1
Wisconsin	5.00	4

FROM BEYOND THE BORDERS.

Sydney, C. B.	6.60	
Canada		4
France		10
Newfoundland	5.00	

Total of New Subscribers 1,564

*\$5,000 annuity.

OF your charity please remember the souls of:

Rev. John J. Cullen	Mary Hansen
Sr. Ignatius	Ellen Connell
Sr. M. Vincent	Mrs. Ferguson
Sr. Simplicia	Mary Burke
Sr. Marcelina	Joseph Marsh
James Mulhern	Robert Hahn
Michael Mulhern	Simon Koller
Mary Mulhern	Andrew Koller
Mary Driscoll	John Rigney
Mrs. C. Widenman	Catherine Rigney
Joseph Fenton	Eugene Donnelly

Some Leaves That Dropped.

THE only time I envy Mr. Rockefeller his money is when I read THE FIELD AFAR and think what good could be done with his millions.

Knowing how badly you need money, I gathered all the change I could spare from my immediate needs and send it to you. Kindly enroll as Perpetual Members the following—(\$200 enclosed).

Could not a way be found to convert our Red Cross sewing circles into Maryknoll Mission Circles at the close of the war? How about beginning an agitation now towards that end?

Many things impressed me at Maryknoll and I feel that I have brought home with me a living spark of its own apostolic spirit; a spark that will grow and be diffused, and in a little while be the means of gaining for Maryknoll a few of the necessities that Philadelphia can and will be glad to supply.—(Rev. Dr. Garrigan, of Philadelphia.)

A New York business man who visited Maryknoll recently, after expressing his intention to contribute a substantial sum to the cause, said:

I should not call this a gift to God's work. To my mind that would be insulting. I consider it a privilege to return to Him what God has given me.

From a Chaplain at Camp Upton, before sailing:

Before leaving I want to send you the enclosed Liberty Bond (\$100) towards the Maryknoll Dunwoodie Bursae. And you know that my earnest prayers for God's blessing on the work of Maryknoll accompany this token. I feel that you are doing the biggest work that the Catholic Church in America has yet undertaken and that it will bring untold blessings on our people.

A venerable priest who is obliged to live on a very slender income discloses the depth of his interest by these words:

Can Maryknoll make use of the enclosed Liberty Bond? By close squeezing, united to some gifts from kind friends, I purchased this Bond in order to be patriotic. I may never live to redeem it myself, but the future is still before my favorite work—Maryknoll. Please accept it, then, and pray for the many graces needed by the giver.

NEW PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES.

Living—E. A. B.; Rev. Friends (4); E. G.; T. G.; E. H.; M. H.; A Friend; W. F. O'B.; A. F.; M. E. K.; M. A. K.; S. O.; J. F. B.; A. C. S.; C. J. S.; A. T. M.; J. M.; L. C. B.; B. B. C.; M. B.; T. L. H.; J. J. R.; I. E. W.; M. S.; L. E. B.; Mrs. K. W.; C. C.; J. F. C.; B. D.; Miss D.; M. F. F.

Deceased—John P. Quinlon; Two Friends; John P. Malone; Mary Mahan; Catherine Mahan; Robert L. Hahn; Catherine A. O'Donnell; John J. Reilly; Stephen Oriol; Joseph F. Boyle; Alfred and Elizabeth Jenkins; the McAvoy Family; the Hayes Family; John H. Ford; Martin Fallon; John Fischer.

Maryknoll Foundations

(The funds recorded below have been carefully invested so that the interest shall be applied regularly to the needs as designated.)

MARYKNOLL SEMINARY BURSSES, COMPLETE.

MARYKNOLL SEMINARY BURSSES, INCOMPLETE.

VENARD SCHOOL BURSSES, INCOMPLETE.

(The full list of the above burses appears every other month.)

SPECIAL FUNDS.

Abp. Williams Catechist Fund, complete, No. 1.....	\$4,000
Abp. Williams Catechist Fund, complete, No. 2.....	4,000
Abp. Williams Catechist Fund, complete, No. 3.....	4,000
Abp. Williams Catechist Fund, incomplete, No. 4.....	500
Yeong-kong Catechist Fund, incomplete, No. 1.....	2,200
Our Daily Bread Fund.....	710.05
Maryknoll Propaganda Fund	5,000.00
Venard Student Fund.....	1,660.30

MARYKNOLL LAND.

Total area at Maryknoll, 4,450,000 ft.
Sold up to Sept. 1, 1918, 2,763,904 "
For sale at 1 cent a foot, 1,686,096 "

VENARD LAND.

Total area at The Venard, 6,000,000 ft.
Sold up to Sept. 1, 1918, 1,176,386 "
For sale at 1/2 cent a foot, 4,823,614 "

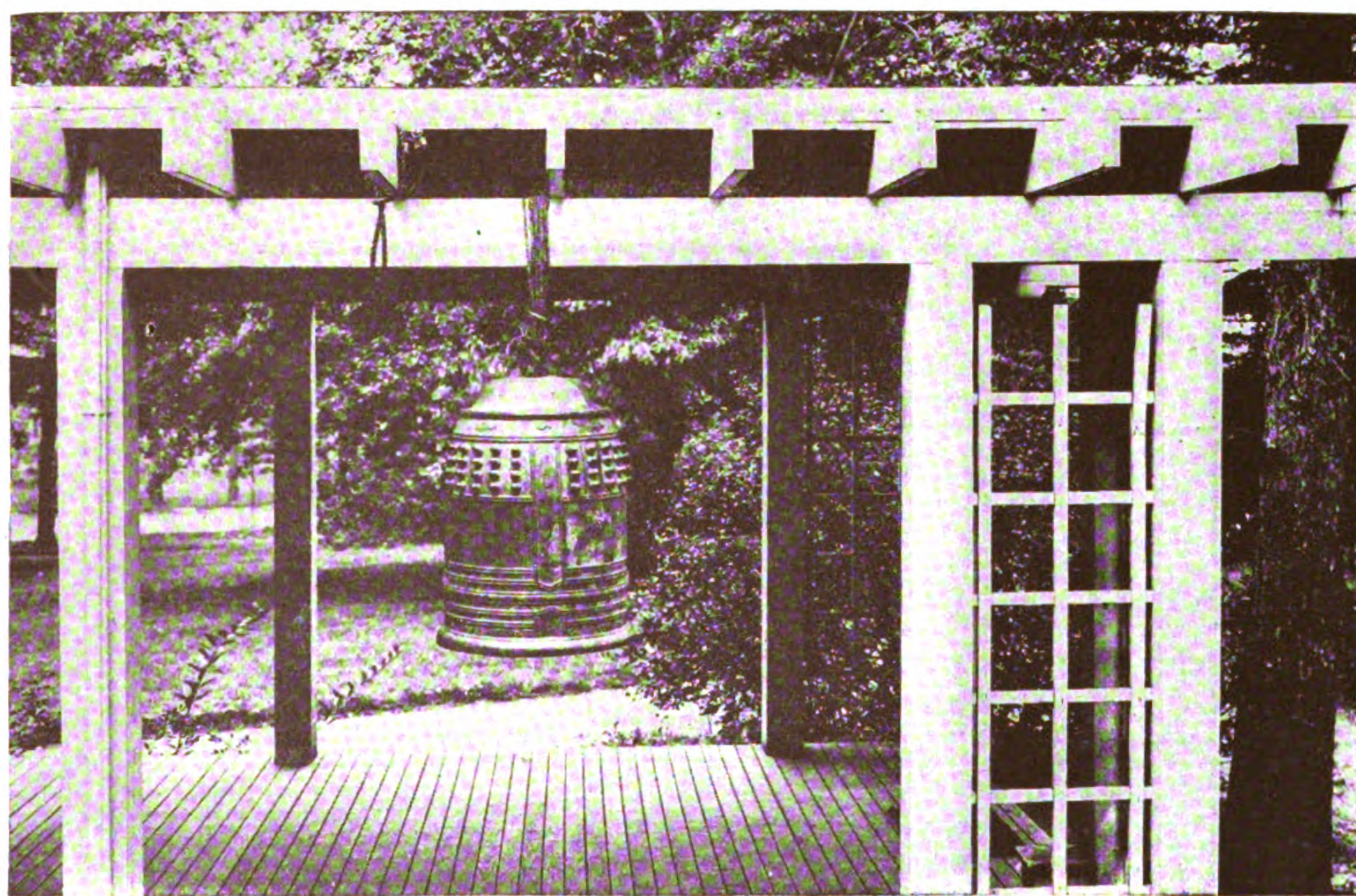
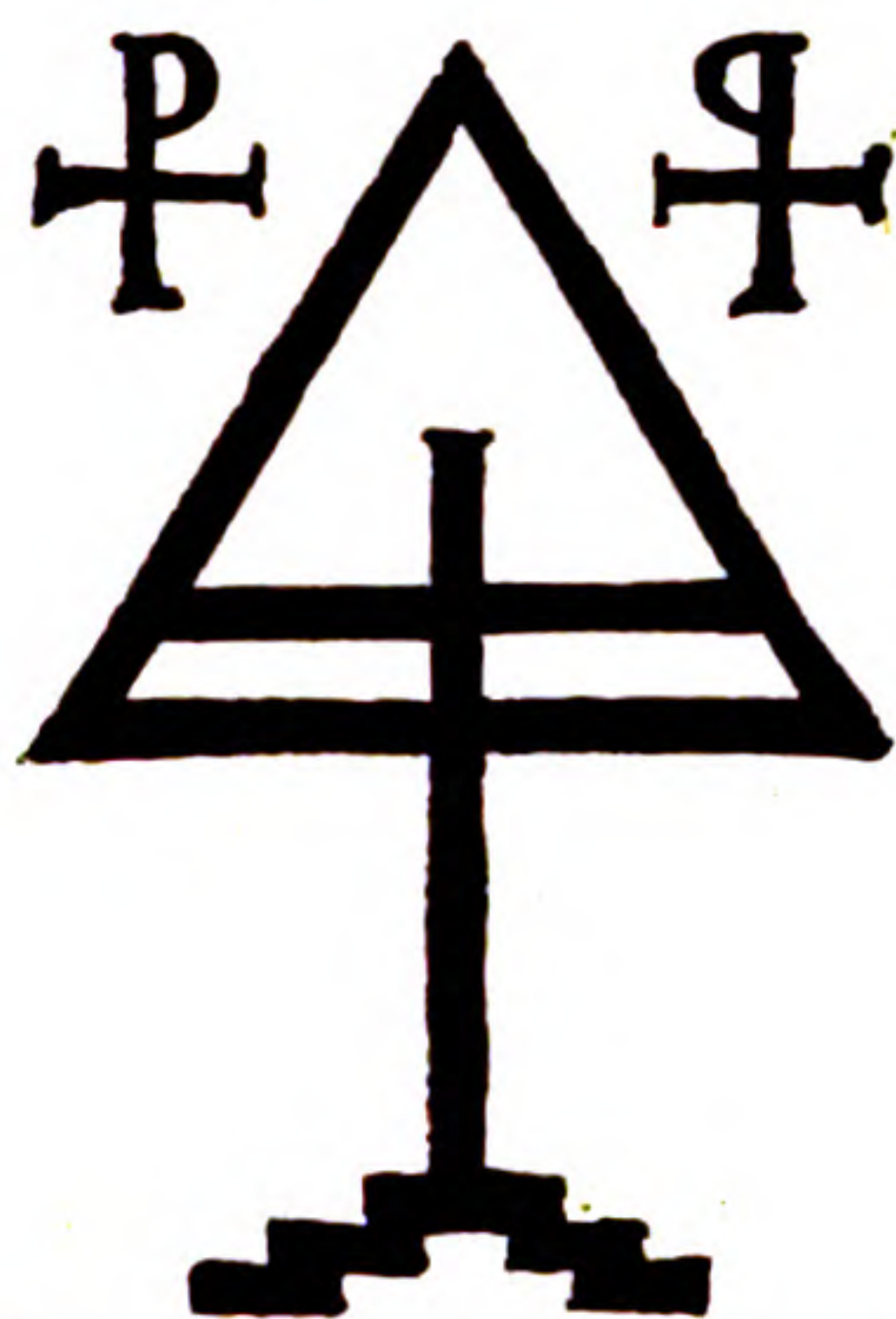
A Liberty Loan Bond is not now an unusual sight as the daily mail is disgorged. Evidently many feel as does the writer of the following letter:

So many of these easy payment Bonds should go to Maryknoll or a like institution; but, unfortunately, too often the "\$50 Bond bought from Uncle Sam is sold for \$49 to Uncle Solomon." Here is mine for Maryknoll.

266.05-
FI

NOTICE TO READERS:—When you finish reading this magazine place a one-cent stamp on this notice, hand it to any postal employee, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors at the front. No wrapper: no address.—A. S. BURLISON, Postmaster General.

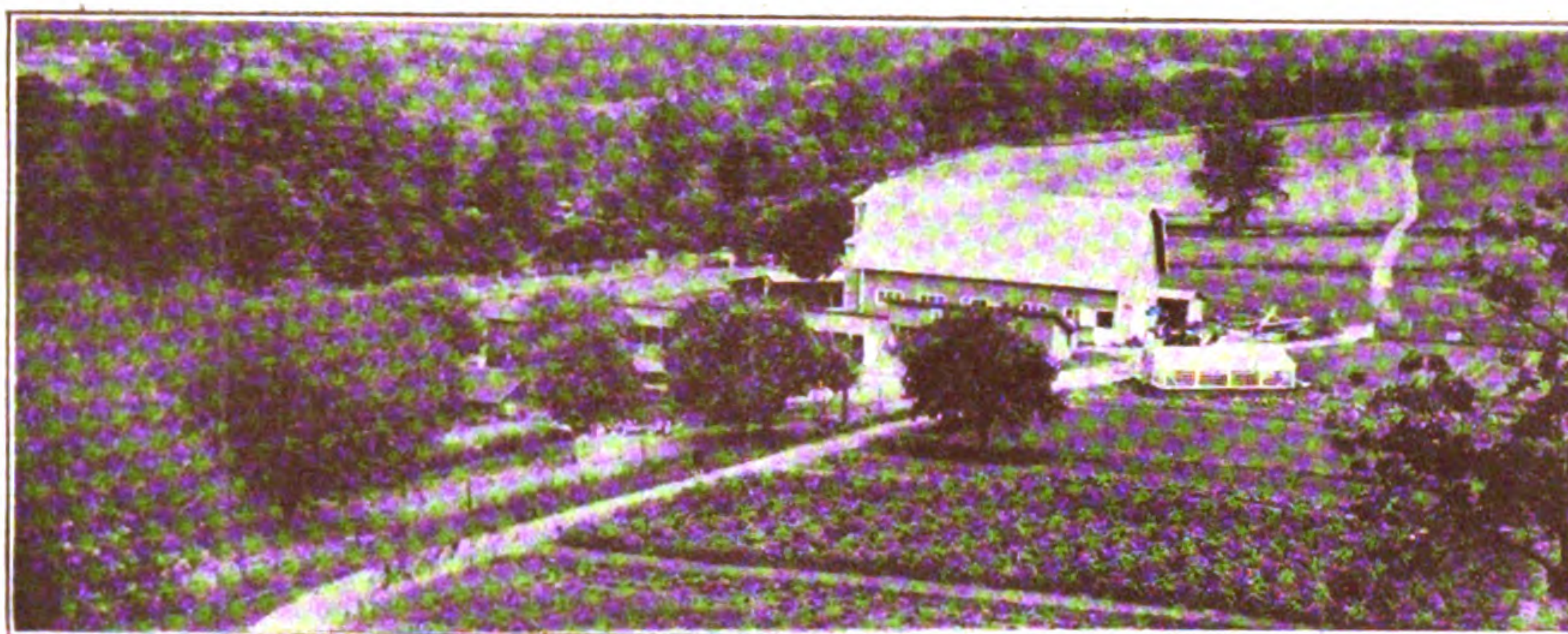
THE FIELD AFAR



THE DEPARTURE BELL AT MARYKNOLL.
(Once used in a pagan temple, this bell now announces to American priests the hour of their departure to heathen lands.)

VOL. XII. No. 10 ✠ OCTOBER, 1918 ✠ PRICE 10 CENTS

THIS COVER WILL NOT APPEAR NEXT MONTH.



WALK THROUGH THE MARYKNOLL FIELDS.

THE Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America overlooks the Hudson River about thirty miles north of New York City. The place is called, in honor of the Blessed Virgin, *Maryknoll*.

The Seminary is under the direction of secular priests who have been organized as the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. Their object is to train priests for missions to the heathen and to help arouse the Catholics of our country to a clearer appreciation of their duty towards this particular need. The Seminary has at present a faculty of ten priests, thirty-five students of philosophy and theology, and ten auxiliary-brothers.

The movement was set on foot by Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, and the then Apostolic Delegate, Cardinal Falconio. It was approved by the Council of Archbishops at Washington, April 27, 1911, and authorized by Pope Pius X. at Rome, on the Feast of the Apostles SS. Peter and Paul, June 29, of the same year.

On July 15, 1915, the young Society received from Rome the Decree of Praise, and was placed directly under the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. It is incorporated in New York State and is under the spiritual jurisdiction of His Eminence John Cardinal Farley, who is Honorary President of the Corporation. The corporate name of the Society is: Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

In September, 1916, it opened at Clark's Green, Pa., in the diocese of Scranton, a preparatory house of studies with the corporate title of the Vénard Apostolic School. Here forty youths are following high school and college courses under the direction of six professors, five of whom are priests.

In September, 1917, the Maryknoll Procure of San Francisco was opened. This will serve as a halfway house for our missionaries on their way to the Far East, and will be the center of C. F. M. S. activities on the Pacific Coast. A priest and an auxiliary-brother reside there.

The Society received its first assignment—a field in the Province of Kwang-tung, China—in April, 1918. Four priests left New York for this mission field September 8, 1918.

TRINITY COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C.—A Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women. Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur. For particulars address **THE SECRETARY.**

Mission Educational Cards,
50c a Set.

MOUNT SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE AND ECCLESIASTICAL SEMINARY
EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND
Founded 1868
Conducted by Secular Clergymen, aided by Lay Professors. Courses: Ecclesiastical, Classical, Scientific, Pre-Medical, Commercial, Preparatory. Separate Department for Young Boys. For Catalogue address: Rt. Rev. Monsignor B. J. BRADLEY, LL.D., Pres.

THE BOSTON ACADEMY OF NOTRE DAME—Affiliated with The Catholic University of America and with Trinity College, Washington.
A Select Day School for Young Girls. Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur. Primary, Intermediate and Academic Departments.
Address: **THE SISTER SUPERIOR, Notre Dame, THE FENWAY BOSTON, Mass.**

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ROXBURY, MASS.—Conducted by Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur. A Select Boarding School for Girls. Primary, Intermediate, and Academic Departments. Special facilities for the study of Music and Art.
Aims:—Physical Health; Solid Knowledge; Cultured Manners; Thorough Moral and Religious Training.
Address: **THE SISTER SUPERIOR.**

MARYCLIFF Affiliated to the Catholic University of America
A Select College-Preparatory Boarding and Day School for Girls. Under the patronage of His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell. Ideal location. Half hour from Boston. Private rooms. French, Italian, German, Spanish. For terms address: Mother Superior, "MARYCLIFF," Arlington Heights, Mass.

MT. SAINT JOSEPH ACADEMY,
BRIGHTON, MASS.—Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies.
Courses offered include preparation for College, Normal School, and Commercial Pursuits. For further particulars apply to **SISTER SUPERIOR.**

Santa Clara College and Academy for Young Women and School of Art, Music, and Expression
Conducted by the Sisters of the Order of St. Dominic.
Address: **The Secretary, Santa Clara College, Sinsinawa, Wisconsin.**

The Field Afar 6 years for \$5.

ACADEMY OF NOTRE DAME,
LOWELL, MASS.—For Resident and Day Pupils. Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame (Namur). Founded in 1852. The Academic Department offers two Courses—the General and College Preparatory. For further particulars address **SISTER SUPERIOR.**

ST. JOHN'S PREPARATORY COLLEGE, DANVERS, MASS.—For Boarding and Day Students. Conducted by the Naverian Brothers, with the approval of the Most Rev. Archbishop. Academic, Commercial and Preparatory Courses.
BROTHER DIRECTOR, DANVERS, MASS.

THE FIELD AFAR

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

DILIGENTIBVS DEVVM OMNIA
COOPERANTVR IN BONVM



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

ENTERED AT POST-OFFICE, OSSINING, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Volume Twelve
Number Ten

Maryknoll : : OSSINING, NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1918.

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Twelve Issues Yearly

THE FIELD AFAR

Founded in 1907. Appears on the fifteenth day of each month. Owned by the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc. of Ossining, N. Y.

President and Treasurer : V. REV. JAMES A. WALSH.
Secretary : - - - V. REV. JOHN J. DUNN.

TERMS FOR SUBSCRIPTION

One Associate Subscription (entitling the Subscriber to privileges of Membership in the Society)—to any address, home or foreign\$1.00 a year.
Ten Subscriptions to one address 8.00 " "
Fifty Subscriptions to one address40.00 " "

MEMBERSHIP IN THE SOCIETY

Yearly Associate, for the living or the dead (if THE FIELD AFAR is not desired)Fifty cents.
Perpetual Associate, for the living, to continue after death.....Fifty dollars
Perpetual Memorial Associate, for the deadFifty dollars.

(A Perpetual Membership offering includes a continuous subscription to THE FIELD AFAR.)

SPIRITUAL BENEFITS FOR MEMBERS

From Maryknoll and The Vénard—
Six hundred Masses a year;
A share in the daily prayers, Communions, sacrifices, and labors of all engaged in the work;
Communions and rosaries every Friday from our two communities.

From Benefactors here and abroad—
Several thousand Communions offered monthly and as many rosaries offered each week for all members of the Society.

From Missioners in the Field—
Several hundred Masses yearly;
Frequent Communions and prayers of faithful converts.

OFFICES OF THE SOCIETY MARYKNOLL - - OSSINING P. O., N. Y.

THE FIELD AFAR is the official organ of the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary. Checks and other payments may be forwarded to the Very Rev. James A. Walsh. Advertising rates will be sent upon application.

ROSARY Month of 1918 will mark the arrival of the first Maryknoll missionaries in China. Don't expect to hear of brilliant results in the immediate future. The seed must die before it can vivify!

Each of these new missionaries knows that he must brand on his soul with the white iron of pain the word PATIENCE.

* *

THE paper shortage fever—one of the war epidemics—may soon affect THE FIELD AFAR. Uncle Sam is far-seeing and we appreciate his wisdom. He is setting the pace for economic reforms, public and private, which were badly needed in this country. THE FIELD AFAR will soon look a little thinner, but when Uncle Sam finds out that Maryknoll lives by THE FIELD AFAR he will see that it is kept alive and well.

* *

THESE are the days when the farmer nails his tallest cornstalk on the weather-beaten barn and the nation's wind-tanned toilers of the soil light their pipes with satisfaction in the knowledge that the harvest is secured against the coming winter. And satisfaction grows to thoughts of thanks to God and the first fruits of the land are offered to Him in gratitude for His bounty.

It is fitting that Maryknoll should make return to God for His countless blessings bestowed upon us and upon His Church in

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America. We have given Him the first fruits of our little band, and in sending them to China as the pioneers of American Catholic endeavor in pagan lands we feel that we are making an offering which will prove acceptable to Him.

* *

EASTWARD hundreds of ships are transporting precious cargoes of American manhood to the battlefields of France. In the west a single liner plows its way over the Pacific, bearing a small group of American Catholic missionaries to their destined mission field in China.

Both expeditions are significant: both show that America, the land of ideals, is gradually but surely spreading her influence. In Europe she is doing battle for liberty and humanity; in Asia Catholic America is taking up the fight—so courageously carried on for centuries by the Catholic countries of Europe—for all the ideals of Christianity.

The transporting of soldiers will soon cease, for victory shall have crowned sacrifice. The ex-

IS YOUR PATRIOTISM ONE HUNDRED PER CENT?

odus of missionaries, please God, will continue and increase, till the mass of China and the whole pagan Orient is leavened and transformed by the teaching of Christ.

* *

EDITORIAL comment on foreign missions is still rare in American Catholic papers, but the *Western Watchman* is living up to its name and writes of the Maryknoll Mission Field:

Yeong-kong and *Lo-ting* were unheard of yesterday. Today they are known to every well-wisher of Maryknoll the world over. These are the only two cities of any size in the field of souls lately assigned for cultivation by the Holy See to the young American Foreign Mission College. In mid-September less than a squad of American horticulturists supernatural, the first graduates of the new experiment station on the Hudson for foreign plant culture, will set out for China strong in the conviction that the "Flowery Kingdom" is symbolic of the things to come. Success, blessings, to the proto-missioners from a nation whose sons and daughters we fondly hope will teach spiritual liberty also to the world as the children of no other land ever have done!

* *

SIGNS are not wanting that when this war ceases—and every human struggle has its end—interest in foreign missions will be greatly increased.

The war is getting people into the habit of thinking about the whole world; it is stimulating charity; and it has already accustomed families to such great sacrifices that a life-exile for Christ will soon seem comparatively without difficulty.

Governments, including our own, are beginning to strongly encourage great missionary efforts in the Far East and elsewhere. Governments have their own purposes, but the Church may often follow the example they set in their colossal enterprises for the welfare of their respective countries.

The fields of Asia are ripe for a harvest of souls, and, war or no war, it is the duty of Catholics to "teach all nations."

THE earth was large before the war; even Europe seemed far off. But now conceptions have changed. France is merely "across the pond," and once distant Russia and Siberia are to us as familiar neighbors. A voyage to the Philippines or China will soon be a commonplace occurrence.

Steam and electricity—and the needs of men—have drawn the ends of the earth together. Like Alexander, we are tempted to regard it as even too small for our ambitions. Yet enough remains to be done to keep our energies strained for years to come. Two-thirds of the denizens of this "small" globe are ignorant or indifferent to the truths of the Gospel. What a work for the ambitions of the soldiers of Christ!

* *

IN the present crisis one feature which inevitably strikes the intelligent observer is the almost complete disregard of personal interests. Home and business ties are freely severed; even life itself is generously sacrificed, in a splendid exhibition of spontaneous patriotism which will be the wonder and the edification of future generations.

With this recognition of the precedence and superiority of ideals comes a broadening of spirit. The world breathes more easily, as though it had found itself. And in the face of public opinion is vindicated the age-old practice of Mother Church in calling upon her children to leave home and country to carry into strange lands the supreme ideal of the Kingdom of God.

* *

MARYKNOLL MISSION NEEDS.

Personal support (food, clothing, and service) for one missionary for one year\$200
Catechist (house-rent, food, travel, supplies) for one year. \$180
Tuition, board, and clothing for a Chinese student for the priesthood, for one year\$100
West River Hostel, a house large enough to accommodate passing missionaries, with assembly-room and chapel\$500

"And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in the whole world, for a testimony to all nations, and then shall the consummation come."
—St. Matt. xxiv. 14.

APRIEST living near Baltimore has sent an editorial clipping from the *Baltimore American*, from which we quote these sentences, interesting as coming from a Protestant source:

Christianity is essentially a missionary propaganda. "Go ye into all the world and preach My gospel to every creature," was the command given by Jesus to His disciples. When churches lose their missionary enterprise they languish; when the Church as such shall lose its power of witness to all nations, it will die. This can never be.

The scattering of believers in the early days brought about the widespread propagation of the gospel of Jesus. This scattering was partly through persecution and partly through wars. In every case the Christian believer was under the persuasion of the words of his Master to go into all the world and preach His gospel to every creature. So that the hardship of being torn from friends and family and from homeland was lessened through the thought that in this way he might be made a preacher of the truth to those who were in darkness.

The founder of Methodism had as his slogan, "The world is my parish." He lived up to it, and Methodism is today a worldwide form of the Christian religion. The most consistent and remarkable instance of the missionary spirit in the nature of the case is found in the Roman Catholic Church, that has never lost an iota of its allegiance to the great commission of the Founder of the faith.

Does not the minister, viewing the ever-increasing number of service stars in the flag of his local church, reflect upon the fact that he has a part of his parish in France, in England, in Russia, in Asia?

Who can possibly foretell the tremendous power of religious propaganda present in the dispersion of the flocks of the American pastors over the face of Europe and Asia? A deep sense of missionary service is taking hold of the ministry.

Any church that misses its great opportunity today to carry out the mandate of the Master to go into all the world, along with the armed warriors for the truth, will write its demise upon the parchment of a slacker.

I N T H I S W A R S O M E A R E G I V I N G L I V E S ;

THE CARDINAL OF THE MISSIONS.

A FRIEND to a struggling work is a friend indeed. The late Cardinal Farley was such to Maryknoll and Maryknoll will hold his memory in benediction.

When the organizers of the American Foreign Mission Seminary had decided that a location not far from the metropolis of New York would be most desirable as its center, national and international, they were strongly encouraged to approach Cardinal Farley because of His Eminence's well-known love for foreign missions.

They did so, at the Catholic University in Washington, and without a moment's hesitation his arms opened wide in a welcome that has never for a moment relaxed in warmth.

With every stage in the development of this young work Cardinal Farley was familiar. He watched its growth as the parent does the unfolding of a son's life, and the founders of Maryknoll, coming to New York as strangers, soon realized that they were at home in their father's house.

Maryknoll was the Benjamin of His Eminence. He spoke of it with deep concern. He made known to Rome his own constant interest in its welfare. When others waited till it should prove itself he realized the diffi-

culty of beginnings and almost immediately gave to it, from a comparatively slender income, its first foundation,

The Cardinal Farley Burse.

When a "favorable" bishop was required to take title for Maryknoll's first priest Cardinal Farley assumed the responsibility; and in countless other ways, though always mindful that the Catholic Foreign Mission Society was a national work, he showed as much attachment to it as if it were exclusively diocesan.

Maryknoll mourns, therefore, a good friend; but is comforted in the thought that it will have another intercessor.

One of Cardinal Farley's last outings was passed here, on a perfect day in July, and none who met him then will forget the peace and happiness that he radiated.

On the occasion of an ordination a few years ago His Eminence sent, through Bishop Hayes, the message that when Maryknoll's first priests should leave for China he would chant his *Nunc Dimittis*. The first four left Maryknoll September 7, and Cardinal Farley departed this life within ten days.

We know that our readers will pray for the soul of His Eminence, and that a host of mis-

sioners all over the world will add to the suffrages of American Catholics their own and those of their flocks,—for he was truly the *Cardinal of the Missions*.

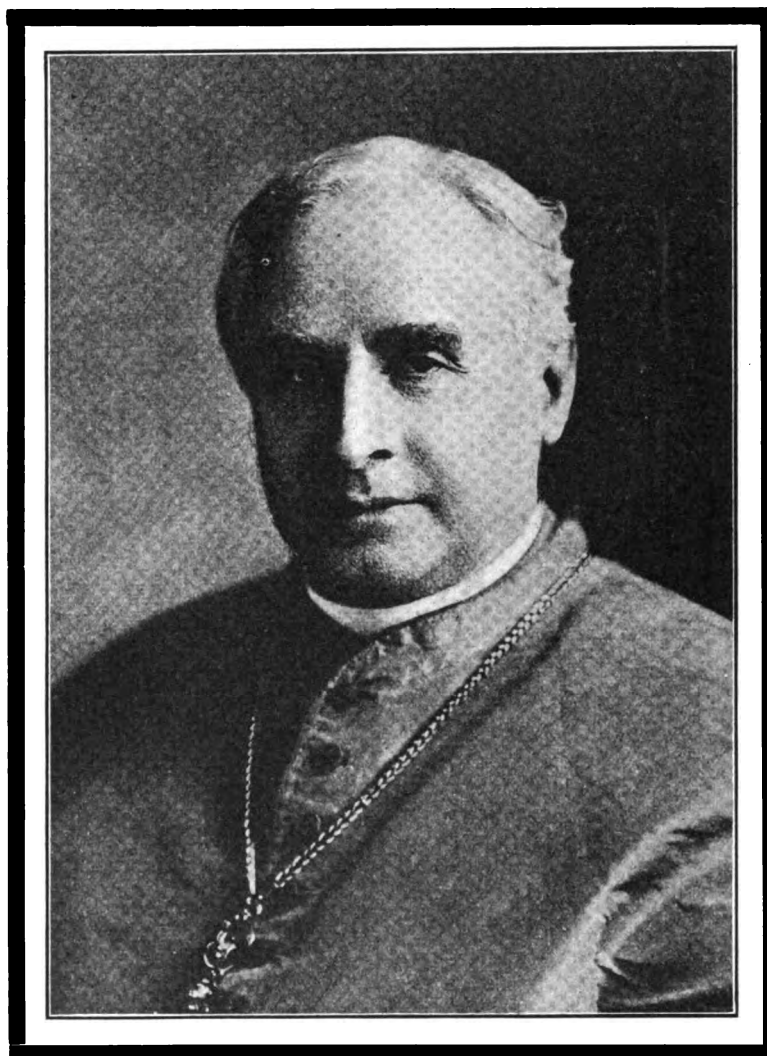
"Now O Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace: according to Thy word."

"For mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

"Which Thou hast prepared in sight of all nations."

"A light to enlighten the gentiles: and the glory of Thy people Israel."—Cantic of Simeon.

OTHERS SHOULD SUPPLY FUNDS—THE SINEWS.



The Departure.

MARYKNOLL has had its first Departure. The four Maryknoll priests, whose photograph appeared in the September issue, are far from these hills and moving westward as we write.

The date set for their leaving was September 7, the eve of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary. A portion of the previous day was spent in Scranton, where they said good-by to all at the Vénard (Maryknoll's preparatory school) and to Bishop Hoban.

That evening they appeared in the sanctuary of the Scranton Cathedral. It was the First Friday and Adoration of the Most Blessed Sacrament was in progress during the Holy Hour. When Benediction had been given Bishop Hoban made a public farewell to the four missionaries. From an account of this which appeared in local papers we quote:

"Tonight will be historical in the annals of the Scranton diocese," said the Bishop. "We are gathered here to honor and say good-by to these men who have dedicated their lives to spreading the Gospel in far-off China. 'America stands in the forefront in the eyes of China today. No longer can France, Germany, Italy, poor Belgium and Spain send mission priests to the Orient. The Chinese of today understand what is back of the great American ideals and they greatly respect and honor a mission priest from the States.

"It is noteworthy that just four hundred years after the first missionary efforts of the great missionaries of the past—the intrepid Francis Xavier and his confrères—began the conquest of Asia for Christ, America should send forth her first band of priests to that very portion of China—Canton—which Francis Xavier aimed to evangelize. St. Francis died gazing on the field he was never to reach. These American priests will continue his work, animated by his zeal for souls and anxious, if need be, to offer life itself in witness of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

"These men do not go away as military soldiers, to fight the foe for liberty and democracy, but as soldiers in Christ's army under the banner of Christianity. They go away with the

apostolic spirit, confidence in God, love of Jesus Christ, and willingness to die if necessary to carry on Christianity's work among the heathens."

The four travelers remained that night as guests of Bishop Hoban, who generously accompanied them the next morning to their train, that he might bid them a final God-speed and reveal to the end the fatherly interest which he has so constantly shown.

A disappointment awaited them at New York when it was learned that the spiritual father and protector of Maryknoll, Cardinal Farley, could not even be made acquainted with the fact of their departure.

On July 4 of this year, when His Eminence spent the day at Maryknoll, it was arranged that the first departure should be in the great Cathedral of New York, that he himself would preside, and that a bishop should preach, because the occasion would be historical.

Then came illness and the shadow of death, and knowing that however the tide turned His Eminence could not be present, it was decided to have our Ceremony of Departure in our own little chapel.

Still, we had hoped that the gentle Cardinal could place his venerable hands upon the heads of our apostles in benediction. He could not, but he brightened when he heard that they were about to leave, and murmured, "Tell them that I bless them."

So the four came swiftly back to Maryknoll, where they found a Lady Bountiful from the Maryknoll Auxiliary of New York, who had brought so many things for the Mission that another box had to be packed and sent down to the station.

The evening meal was earlier than usual on that delightful September day, and the refectory, recently enlarged, almost bulged

with priests, seminarians, Vénard seniors, and auxiliaries. The hens had sacrificed their all and the cornstalks had given up their ears.

A few friends—we should rather call them relatives—had learned of the anticipated Departure date (it was to have been six days later, on the twelfth) and dropped in,—among them Monsignor Dunn, Fr. Bruneau, S.S., Fr. Cashin, Chaplain Caruana, Fr. Cyril, O.P., and Dr. Phelan, our history professor.

The new missionaries were radiant as they looked over the little sea of heads out upon the glistening water of the Hudson and to the accompaniment of four-score male voices sat down to the last supper at Maryknoll.

Speeches were few and brief. Monsignor Dunn expressed his regret that multitudes, and above all the beloved Cardinal, could not be present; and Fr. Bruneau brought greetings from St. Mary's, Baltimore, which is represented at Maryknoll by two of the departing missionaries and several students.

It was growing dusk as all adjourned into the open for a half-hour of recreation before the Departure Ceremony should begin; and nobody seemed excited during that period except the Maryknoll treasurer, who suddenly learned from the purse-bearer that he needed six to eight hundred dollars to get the four apostles over to San Francisco. Some thinking and scraping saved the occasion, and ten minutes later the simple ceremony began.

The call to chapel was given by the solemn tolling of a large bronze bell, fully a hundred years old, that once served to summon Buddhist pilgrims in Japan to a pagan shrine. The sound was far from agreeable, but all who heard it realized that it signalled the hour for American Catholic priests to carry the Gospel of

W H E N Y O U H E L P T H E G O V E R N M E N T

Jesus, the Son of God, to the heart of heathendom; and silently the eighty-odd dwellers at Maryknoll, and a score of friends, filed into and soon crowded the Seminary chapel.

There was no organ prelude, and no outburst of song. As the bell stopped tolling a little procession filed out of the sacristy—two acolytes, the master of ceremonies, the four missionaries in cinctured cassocks without surplices, and the Maryknoll Superior.

The antiphon of the Benedictus—*In viam pacis*—was begun and the beautiful canticle of Zachary followed. The words were strikingly impressive that night—

Blessed be the Lord God of Israel; for He hath visited and wrought the redemption of His people. . . .

For thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare His ways.

To give knowledge of salvation to His people unto the remission of their sins. . . .

To enlighten those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death. . . .

The versicle caught up the spirit:

Show to us Thy paths, O Lord—God hath given His angels charge over thee, that they may keep thee in all thy ways.

And the usual prayers of the *Itinerarium*, which our holy Mother the Church has composed for her travelling children, seemed especially significant.

At the close of the *Itinerarium* the Superior of Maryknoll addressed the missionaries, referring to the importance of their work and its timeliness.

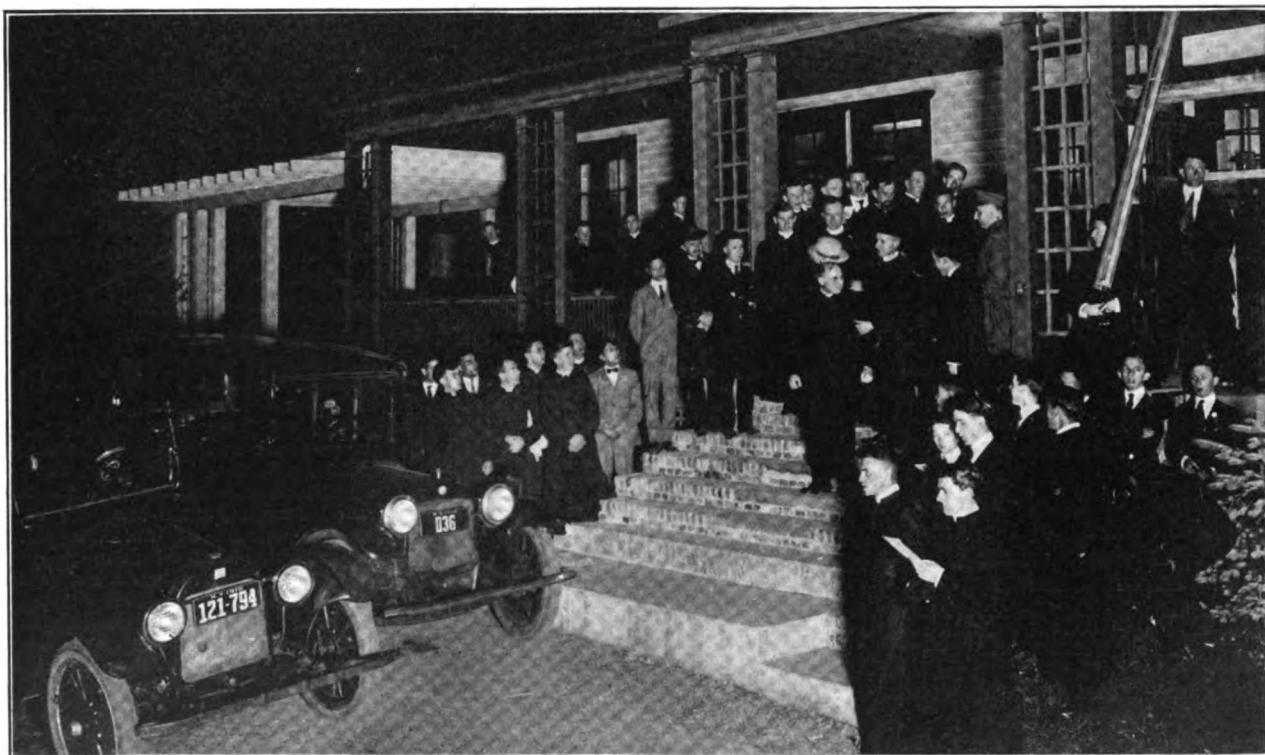
He reminded them that they are the pioneers and on trial before the Catholic world—soldiers of Christ, as yet unknown, un-

tested, and in some respects lightly esteemed, as were the soldiers of the Nation before their appearance in Europe; that they have yet to prove that faith, humility, self-denial, and zeal are not lacking in the American priesthood.

He pointed out their duties—their own personal sanctification; their reliance on Providence and careful use of whatever money should be sent to them; their love for the crucified and patient Christ; their devotion to the Holy Ghost as the source of light and strength, to Mary Immaculate, and to their particular patrons; their loyal union with the Society that is sending them forth.

He assured them of constant prayers, of keen interest and brotherly coöperation in their accomplishments as in their trials.

Immediately after the Superior's address the four missionaries



THE FIRST DEPARTURE OF MISSIONERS FROM MARYKNOLL.
(Fr. Price, the Superior of the Mission, is descending the steps, where our Chinese celestial twins may also be observed.)

YOU HELP OTHERS AND YOURSELF AS WELL.

read in his hearing their *Propositum*, a purpose to remain for life in the service of the Society, and each received a Missioner's Crucifix. As the *Veni Creator* began, the *Pax* was given by the Superior to each of the missioners, before whom then filed priests, students, and auxiliaries, in turn receiving the kiss of peace in a farewell embrace.

Those who were privileged to witness this ceremony will not soon forget the experience of joy mingled with sorrow as they watched the greetings and heard the refrain of the *Departure Hymn*, the same that Charles Gounod composed for the Paris Seminary:

Go forth, farewell for life, O dearest brothers;

Proclaim afar the sweetest Name of God.

We meet again one day in Heaven's land of blessings;

Farewell, brothers, farewell!

The exultant tones of the *Magnificat* recalled the prophecy that all generations shall call blessed the Immaculate One, and as her little group of missioners, now surplined in white, knelt before the throne of Jesus and received the Benediction the peace of Christ fell upon all present.

A few moments later the chapel was emptied, and a joy of reaction climaxed in rousing cheers as two automobiles which had brought friends circled out of the Maryknoll compound, bearing Maryknoll's first four missioners onto the highway that leads to the great metropolis.

Monsignor Dunn and Dr. Flagg, two Maryknoll intimates, went with them to the Pennsylvania terminal, where Monsignor Dunn's assistant, Fr. Boehles, was waiting, and by midnight they were on their way to Baltimore.

From the latest letter en route at this writing we quote:

Fr. Price preached at the Cathedral in Baltimore. The Cardinal was very cordial—so was the Apostolic Delegate.

We had a good rest on the train after leaving Washington. Today we spent in Cincinnati. Went to Mt. St. Mary's Seminary. Saw the Archbishop and he was very much interested. Went to Notre Dame Convent and Fr. Price talked there. Now our train leaves in 5 minutes for St. Louis.

We are all well and happy and would not trade places with any one in the world.

Yours in Christ,

Notes.

To the new Bishop of Duluth, Rt. Rev. John B. McNicholas, O.P., Maryknoll owes much that will perhaps never be recorded. We congratulate Duluth on its acquisition of so apostolic a shepherd, and we offer to Bishop McNicholas every possible good wish.

Fr. Paul Sibers, a representative of the Paris Seminary for Foreign Missions, came to America in the early summer to find in Canada and among French-speaking Americans recruits for the mission fields. A recent letter from Fr. Sibers brings encouraging news and it is quite possible that Paris will yet have its branch in Canada.

An excellent service has been rendered in the publication of *Christ's Life in Pictures*, by the Rev. George A. Keith, S.J. The title describes the book, which is made up entirely of good reproductions from paintings more or less well known, with an appropriate text under each. Pictures and texts have been carefully selected, and the result is a striking presentation of the main facts of our Redeemer's life. The book is attractively printed by the Extension Press, Chicago.

As the best use we can make of a gift is to share it with others, so it is true that they who communicate faith to those who do not possess it find therein the best preservative of faith in themselves.—Rt. Rev. John J. Nilan, Bishop of Hartford.

Stories from The Field Afar

Fifteen Short Stories that breathe the Foreign Mission Spirit.

160 Pages, with 17 Illustrations.
Price: Sixty Cents, postpaid.

The following pathetic romance is from *The Catholic Citizen*:

A certain rich man did not approve of foreign missions. One Sunday at church when the offering was being taken up, the collector approached the millionaire and held out the bag. The millionaire shook his head. "I never give to missions," he whispered. "Then take something out of the bag, sir," whispered the collector, "the money is for the heathen."

One of the sessions at the Catholic Educational Convention held recently in San Francisco was devoted to "fostering the missionary spirit in our schools." Perhaps at no other session was the attendance so large, and surely at no other was there a keener interest manifested.

The pastor of one of the largest and most flourishing Catholic schools in San Francisco, after promising to introduce a foreign mission periodical in his school, made an appealing plea for similar practical co-operation from priests, brothers and sisters. He said in part:

There never was a time, perhaps, in the history of the Church, when the world stood in greater need of the Catholic missionary than today. . . .

In response to the call of humanity, America has come forth from the isolation that had made her a land apart. The Sovereign Pontiff has seen fit to raise the status of the Church in America from that of dependency to the dignity of an elder, with all the duties, responsibilities and privileges connected therewith, including missionary endeavor. Thus our country may now extend to other lands the blessings of which she herself has been the beneficiary.

The post-office address for Maryknoll is
OSSINING, N. Y.

BUY THRIFT AND WAR SAVINGS STAMPS

Women's Work in the Missions.

AN apostle-ess of Medical Missions is the energetic Dr. Margaret Lamont, a convert to the Catholic faith, now residing in Shanghai, China. The Maryknoll Superior met Dr. Lamont and her family when he visited Shanghai and was well impressed with her spirit.

Unfortunately, although there must be in China an excellent field for such work as hers, Dr. Lamont has as yet found but little opportunity to exercise her zeal. A Catholic woman doctor is something of a novelty to our confrères in China, and pioneers in any line are usually under suspicion. Dr. Lamont sees widely and well, however, and she is neither discouraged nor hypercritical.

Lately, perhaps because she feels that she must leave her ideas to the next generation, she has brought out a very interesting little pamphlet (for private circulation), entitled

Twenty Years' Medical Work in Mission Countries.

It is readable and inspiring, with a closing chapter that outlines *A Rule in Vision* for a congregation of women that shall include doctors, medical students, fully trained nurses, and helpers in medical as well as apostolic work.

We are asking Dr. Lamont to send over the Pacific to Maryknoll a package of these little books for those of our doctor-ess and nurse friends who read these lines with sympathetic interest.

In the next column will be found a letter from Dr. Lamont, who enclosed also the following comment on her work from the Bishop of Szechuan:

I congratulate you on the zeal that you show to extend and develop the work of evangelization; and I can only encourage you to continue the crusade that you have begun, to provide a means of employment at once

social and religious for so many of the girls and young women whom the Great War will force to lead a life of celibacy.

For some decades past the assistance of women, above all of Religious, has been of great value to the missions in carrying on schools, dispensaries, hospitals, and so forth; but the field of labor in the apostolate is an immense one, and up to the present day the work of women as doctors is still to be established.

Accept my most sincere wishes for the success of your projects. I pray God to bestow upon you His richest blessings, for the salvation of many souls and the conversion of pagan peoples.

✠ J. CHOUVALLON, Vic. Ap.

Dr. Lamont writes:

I was delighted to see in a recent issue of *THE FIELD AFAR* that four medical women have been assisting for a long time at St. Martha's Hospital, Bangalore. As two of them are members of the Good Shepherd community this clearly shows that the practice of medicine is not incompatible with the religious life—at least on the missions.

Your correspondent states that one of the above-mentioned Sisters has been at Bangalore twenty-five years, and yet Dr. Agnes MacLaren, an American Catholic woman doctor, and myself have all been in India for some time during the past twenty years and have never discovered our medical Sister and fellow-Catholic. This shows what service the Catholic press is doing, in not only stirring up interest in this matter but also putting like-minded people in touch with one another.

I hope to live to see the day when English-speaking Catholics will no longer be content to take their own summer vacations, to recruit their strength for the work of life, while their missionaries are pursuing their noble toil with weakened physical and mental powers for lack of a very necessary holiday,—and this not because (as Protestants think) their rule prescribes it, or "cruel" Popes and bishops and superiors demand it, but simply because many of them have no branch houses by the sea or in the hills.

Even the Holy Family had many years at lovely Nazareth to a few in Egypt; even the Three Years' Ministry saw quiet days on the Mount of Olives and breezy sails on the Sea of Galilee, not for pleasure or idleness but for the necessary refreshment of mind, soul and body in the beautiful and health-giving spots made by "God the Father Almighty, Creator of Heaven and Earth."

I have often felt that quite unnecessary fault is found with Protestant missionaries for their rest-houses in the hills. They return to the plains like giants refreshed, and in the competition in things secular they have a great advantage over our missionaries who are exhausted by the summer heat. Schools and hospitals require a great deal of physical strength in those who work in them, if the work is to be well done and if the minds of the workers are to be open to new professional ideas.

I think every decent Protestant feels that the Catholic missionaries deserve great admiration for their heroic sacrifices. "But," asks the Protestant, "what sort of people can their friends



THE WHITE CORNETTE IS WELL-KNOWN IN CHINA.
(Photograph sent by Sisters of Charity, Ningpo.)

AND LIBERTY BONDS IF YOU HAVE THE MONEY.

at home be, to allow such reckless sacrifice of health, when money would pay their fares to some hill station or build them a convent sanatorium?"

The work of some consecrated women in the foreign missions is well portrayed in this graphic account from an Irish Sister of Charity in Chekiang, China.

This is the Sr. Mary who, in an overflow of spiritual love for St. Patrick, wrote in the name of that great apostle to several mission papers in this country, asking for some special need in her China corner. All the sources combined yielded five dollars, and Sr. Mary is ashamed to insult the memory of her patron by attaching his name again to her requests. Perhaps some good Irishman or Irishwoman whose love for St. Patrick is spiritual as well as patriotic will restore the good opinion which Sr. Mary formerly had of the Irish in America.

We have just finished the grand pagan procession of May. The streets have been gorgeously decorated, and the idols, seated in sedan chairs, paraded the town. We were very much flattered one day in the country. The people go crazy over their favorite idol, a very old one with a long white beard, called Soz-da-Chanko. He was being carried through a village, when suddenly the "White Cornettes" appeared. The news spread rapidly. The idol was left standing alone and its bearers and devotees surrounded us while our medicine basket took the principal place for that day!

Lately we have been spending most of our time in pagan villages. There is a movement of conversion on every side, and the "White Sisters" as they call us, armed with a big basket of medicine, get a royal reception. Sometimes it is a funny one. We are told to sit down and then from behind we feel hands pulling our cornettes. The Chinese often ask if they are made of paper. Then our habits are inspected. One man said: "If only their hats were made of red instead of white it would be quite pretty!" Another seized the big rosary we wear and exclaimed with delight, "And you, too, say the O-mi-do!" (a prayer recited by the pagan priest on big black beads certainly very much like ours). Of course we explained that there is a difference, but one old woman persisted, "If I can still say O-mi-do I will become a Christian at once!"

Tea—the inevitable tea—is brought in in a very dirty cup; and then we start in to work. We are invited to visit all the sick. Babies are brought out to us and to many of them we give passports to Heaven. On a second visit we bring with us a catechist, who edges himself in; and little by little the marvelous work of the apostolate begins. Perhaps next year you will be doing the same as we are at present. I hope your Cantonese will be as nice as our Chinese at Wenchow.

The Chinese missions will be well known now, Fr. Walsh's travel letters are so true to life. The last FIELD AFAR just arrived as we were starting out on a missionary journey and I startled our boatman by laughing aloud as I read it. I think he thought I was a bit mad—Chinese literature is for the most part like that known to our ancestors in the "good old days."

Your kindness in sending THE FIELD AFAR to me so regularly is often in my mind, and I should so much like to thank you by getting some new subscribers for it, but that it is impossible here. However, I will aid the American Foreign Mission Society in the only way I can,—by sending my angel babies to plead in Heaven its cause and future works.

For the Ceremony of Departure at Maryknoll, a bell was used that had been formerly rescued from a burning temple.

When in Japan, at a small town near Sendai, the Maryknoll Superior was offered this bell by the resident missionary, for whom it had been purchased. Later, at Yokohama, it was found stored in the hold of the S.S. *Empress of Russia*, and it reached Maryknoll a few weeks before the first missionaries left.

The giver of the bell, a poor missionary, writes urging that it be placed near an outside shrine of the Virgin, where at evening the aspirants will go to chant as at Paris. He adds these descriptive words:

This bell belonged to a Buddhist temple that was burned. The bell was sold and came into my possession. One could stay in Japan a hundred years without finding a similar opportunity to obtain such a bell. I hope that now it will serve to praise her who has crushed the head of the serpent.

Maryknoll-in-China Needs

\$200 for the

personal support (food, clothing and service) of each of four missionaries.

\$100 for the

travel expense of each of four missionaries.

\$100 for a year's

education of each of ten Chinese boys studying for the priesthood.

\$15 for the

monthly upkeep of each of four catechists and their valuable service.

A Pocket Suggestion.

THERE is a village on the West River in South China—one of a few on that same great stream that are being entrusted to the Maryknoll missionaries.

This particular village is not large enough for a centre with a resident priest, but every Maryknoller who plans to go inland will probably have to stay over night there.




The experienced Bishop of Canton says that we must get at least \$500 and prepare a house to accommodate two missionaries, a catechist, and a boy, and that it should have a common room which can be used for various purposes, including the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

We shall call this place *St. Joseph's Hostel*—if we can get the wherewithal to set it up. Our treasurer, who worries only when he is alone, is looking for a rich uncle or a wealthy aunt,—but his eyesight is poor. Anything from anybody will be welcome for *St. Joseph's Hostel on the West River*. And if any considerable benefactor wishes to be chief patron his tintype will, if desired, decorate the walls.

A Liberty Bond or a War Savings Stamp is always as acceptable at Maryknoll as any form of money.

We must take it, however, at the face value, not at what it will be worth several years from now.

GIVE YOUR LIBERTY BONDS TO CHARITY.

Oct.	The Maryknoll Junior	1918
		
✻ ✻ ✻	NEW YORK CITY AS SEEN FROM THE HARBOR.	✻ ✻ ✻

DEAR JUNIORS:

I wish that you had been with me on the evening of September 7, to see the ceremony of Departure in the Maryknoll Chapel. You would have seen four smiling priests before God's holy altar, giving their final kiss of peace to their Maryknoll brothers and to their relatives. You would also have heard the students singing:

*"Go forth, farewell for life, O dearest brothers;
Proclaim afar the sweetest Name of God.
We meet again one day in Heaven's land of blessings;
Farewell, brothers, farewell!"*

But if you had been here I am afraid that many of you would have cried. For though the missionaries were smiling as they said good-by, some of us who are no longer boys and girls did not smile. Indeed, in one part of the chapel nearly everyone seemed to have either a bad cold or a touch of hay fever.

Then why, you may ask, were the missionaries smiling? Why were they not sad? How could they leave all so cheerfully?

It was not, dear Juniors, because they love their parents and relatives and friends less; but because they love God more. Do you remember what Jesus, our Saviour, said: "He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me?"

There are today in China thousands of boys and girls, some just your age, who do not know that there is one true God. They never heard of Jesus and His Sweet Mother, Mary. The Babe of Bethlehem and the Christ of Calvary mean nothing to them. It is for such boys and girls as those, and for the grown folks, too, that our Maryknoll missionaries have gone to China. It is to save their souls, and so to please Jesus, our God.

Will you be helpers in this work, and say every day a "Hail Mary" and a "Glory be to the Father" for the poor heathen souls and for the Maryknoll missionaries? I am sure you will. Ask God to have

mercy on pagan China and let the Chinese boys and girls have, like ourselves, the grace of the True Faith. Your mite of prayer each day will be a source of strength to our missionaries; and when you write to me that you will say it I will notify Maryknoll-in-China.

And perhaps when you send me a promise of prayers, or a letter, or a story you will enclose your picture for my gallery of Maryknoll Juniors.

We are following the plan of which I told you in September, and your paper—your *very own* Maryknoll Junior—will be a part of THE FIELD AFAR every month (so that "old folks" may know what we are doing); and then when the war is over it will be reprinted as a separate mission paper for our own selves. It will be cheaper than sugar,—one cent a copy, or ten cents for the entire school year, when at least twenty copies are sent to the same address. And then every boy and every girl will be able to have his or her own Junior to read and to pass to friends, without having to wait until the grown-ups finish THE FIELD AFAR.

—Fr. Chin.

Every live boy who loves God should read about Théophane Vénard. To know him better is to love God more. His life, "A Modern Martyr," costs only sixty cents.

What is a dollar bill? Well, one Sister who sent one says it is a sacrifice, made of many lolly-pops and ice cream cones given up by the boys in her class in St. Joseph's Academy, New Jersey.

Blessed Joseph, guide our missionaries in heathen lands as thou didst guide into Egypt Mary and her Divine Son.

Help them to sustain with patience trials of soul and weariness of body. Secure for them abundant grace and whatever material aid they may need to set up tabernacles for Jesus among those who know Him not.
(Learn this prayer.)

Partners.



It was very well for his sister, May Ellen, who had nothing else to think about, to be "pious," but life for Jim Kennedy presented a wider horizon. He was to go to Wall St. and have a magnificent suite of offices, and be pointed out as a money king who, with his partner Jack, could make millions talk.

Fourteen-year-old Jim was dreaming great dreams, for at this very moment was not something big happening for his brother Jack? Down on Cedar St., in the rooms of the Rocky Mountain Metal Company, an election of officers was going on. The Rocky Mountain Metal Co. was the fruit of his dead father's business labors, and now Jack, as a reward for extremely successful work since his father's death a year ago, was to be elected vice-president.

Mr. Marshall had said so, and Mr. Marshall was president of the Company and life-long friend of the elder Kennedy. A bachelor, with no near or needy relatives, he was making the success of Patrick Kennedy's two sons the aim of his existence. John had already entered the field of business, and, guided by his father and Mr. Marshall, at the age of twenty-four had proved himself a satisfactory subject. Jim, though still a boy, was being moulded for a great career, and certainly gave wonderful promise. The Kennedy and Marshall holdings combined controlled the Rocky Mountain Metal Company. John was on the way to the presidency; James would one day take the position next in importance; and the two would be for the rest of their lives what, in spite of the difference in years, they had always been, "partners."

Jim waited eagerly for Jack's return.

It was an important day in the Metal Company's rooms. If Jim could have peeped inside he would have seen a very puzzled board of directors. At first everything had gone according to program. The year's report was highly satisfactory; Mr. Marshall was reelected president. Then John Kennedy had been nominated vice-president, but the directors, as a matter of course turning to John to accept the nomination, perceived him strangely confused, nervously twitching and casting sharp, quick glances at Marshall.

Mr. Marshall relieved the strain. "Yes, gentlemen, Mr. Kennedy will accept the nomination. We will record the —"

"But, Mr. Marshall, I told you this morning what I wanted to do —" stammered Jack.

"Don't be a fool, John!" cried Mr. Marshall, in sudden fury, half rising from his chair. "I told

you what to do — do it! And put that idiotic notion out of your head. You are temporarily demoted, boy!"

Then John lost his confusion. He stood up. "Mr. Marshall, you are trespassing on sacred ground. Gentlemen, Mr. Marshall is the truest friend I have in the world, but he has failed to understand something which is dearer than all the business success to which he has paved the way for me. I gave him my written resignation this morning and asked him to offer it for your approval. Kindly accept it when he presents it, gentlemen, for my decision to leave your pleasant company is made. There is a very, very compelling motive behind it, gentlemen. Good-by and God guide you."

Jim, his face shining like a new dollar, was at the door to meet Jack as he entered the Kennedy home.

"Well, pard, I suppose it is a case of calling you Mr. Vice President after this, isn't it?"

Jack stood for a moment, the door half closed, and smiled—very queerly, Jim thought.

"Why, weren't you elected, Jack?"

"No, Jim, I wasn't elected. I have determined there is something infinitely better for me to do than amass wealth, even were I to use it well when I got it. I am going to be a foreign mission priest, Jim, a member of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, and go to save souls in China."

"Great guns, Jack! You peddling sermons in Chinese? You've gone looney, Jack!"

But Jack started as if he had been cut with a whip and Jim was sorry he had spoken.

"Oh, no, Jack, you know I—I don't mean you have not well thought out what you are doing, but — well, I guess we shan't be partners after all, shall we, Jack?"



MARYKNOLL'S FIRST MISSIONERS—KEEP THEM IN MIND.
(Fr. Walsh, Fr. Meyer, Fr. Price, Fr. Ford.)

"No, I guess not, Jim—so far at least as being business partners is concerned. But there is the call to dinner. Let's go, boy."

"So far as being business partners? Say, Jack, you don't think I'd be such a—!"

Though Jim stopped, Jack noted with secret dismay his brother's contempt for his choice of a life work. "Such a fool," Jim was going to say. They all had said that, except May Ellen, his sister, but he did not expect Jim to say it. He had been hoping against hope that Jim would likewise get the grace to abandon these dangerous millions and go with him.

"Dear Jack:

"Just a line before we leave home. Mr. Marshall promised to take Jim to see our silver mines when he was twenty and so, as Jim's twentieth birthday was last Sunday, we are off today for Montana.

"Jim makes me very unhappy, Jack. In the six years since you left home he has become gradually more sullen and impatient, until I no longer dare to advise him. He seems fiendishly wrapped up in business and actually dogs Mr. Marshall's steps, drinking in hour after hour his unending talks on business, business, always business. As to religion, Mr. Marshall says it is good policy to go to church on Sunday, so the two go together, but I do not know how I persuaded Jim to make his last Easter duty. Pray for him, Jack. Advice to him amounts to nothing, but you can ask God to save his heart from becoming absolutely hardened.

"Jim has refused to accompany me to your Ordination next December, but I will be there if we return from the West in time. Soon we shall be calling you Father Jack. God grant many a pagan soul may learn of Him through you.

"Your loving sister,
"MAY ELLEN."

May Ellen's letter told volumes. Mr. Marshall, in fear lest he should lose the second Kennedy, had used all his skill to direct Jim into the money world.

Mr. Marshall, Jim, and May Ellen went west. They examined all the mining operations above ground and heard all the details of the workings. But Jim wanted to see the vein—the real silver in the living rock. Mr. Marshall finally consented, though the conditions in this mine were fearful. The task of reaching the metal had been herculean. A great underground stream had had to be led into a monster aqueduct; the bed rock was terribly hard and the depth of the vein such that the Chinese coolies had to be put on six hour shifts to keep them from failing under the strain.

Jim went down to the very depths of the mine. He saw a gang of coolies under a few skilled hands who towered above the Chinamen and bellowed at them remorselessly. They were working the vein—a wide, though not very thick, and almost vertical sandwich of ore, extraordinarily pure, it was said. Curious instruments prepared for the blasting, after which small iron cars on narrow-gauge tracks carried the ore to the main shaft, whence it went to the surface. Other cars brought down the

BOYS! Have you read

*Field Afar Stories, or
Field Afar Tales?*

These books will interest you immensely. Either will be sent post-paid to your address for sixty cents or for three new subscriptions to *The Field Afar*.



necessary blasting charges, which the men handled with extreme carelessness, Jim thought. As the shaft was deepened massive props were erected to prevent any weak spots in the wall from giving way.

Jim was fascinated. He watched every worker, noting his duty and how he did it. Most of the men were Chinese. Dirtily clad, as they hurried around with short, quick steps they reminded Jim more of rats than of men, and their blabber was disgusting. He thought of Jack. It was too bad Jack—

Great guns! What was that? Jim heard a terrific roar and felt a shock which threw him violently to the ground. The air resounded with deafening crashes and frightful screams. He raised his head, to find himself in darkness but for the small lamp of a nearby coolie, the passage in front and behind him filled with splintered props and rock from the walls.

An explosion had occurred, caused, it was found later, by a small boulder falling from the wall into a car of dynamite and carrying with it electric wires which crossed in a box of powder-fuses and ignited the cargo of the car. The props above Jim had not given way, and he and a terrified coolie were here apparently buried alive, not at all sure of many moments of life, for strange rumblings continued as the bowels of the mountains, so severely jolted, rearranged themselves.

Jim comprehended his predicament and turned to the coolie. This poor wretch was as one demented. His legs were crushed under a fallen prop, his face was convulsed with pain and fear, and he trembled horribly as he cried out in torment.

In vain Jim tried to move the mass that had fallen on the unfortunate creature. Men and tools were needed—and meanwhile, at any moment a worse catastrophe than the first might occur. Jim thought of death—and judgment. "Pray, man, pray!" he cried to the coolie; "pray to God Almighty to have mercy on us, for no one else can help us now!"

The coolie turned a tortured face and stopped for a moment the wild cries in his native tongue. "Play?" he cried, "I play to the joss, the great joss of O-zi! I play to all joss, I play to all devil, and they no hear! O Joss, I give you food! I

give you money!—everything, everything—O save me, Joss!”

Sick with horror and pity, Jim fell upon his knees. This poor heathen beside him was praying—but to the devil! And his own life had been so full of light and blessings, and what use had he made of all? The almost forgotten words of an act of contrition rose to his lips.

Then there was another crash, and the prop above the two gave way. There was a grinding roar and a heart-rending shriek from the Chinaman. The lamp smashed to the ground, but did not go out until Jim saw his companion prostrate, a great rock having crushed out his life. At the same time he felt sharp pain and crunching of bones as something fell upon his own legs. Death was at hand for him, too, he decided. He tried to finish his act of contrition but, overcome with horror and bodily sufferings, swooned into unconsciousness.

So he was found four hours later, when a rescue gang, urged to their utmost by Mr. Marshall's frantic appeals, reached the spot.

A pang of regret tempered Fr. John Kennedy's joy on his Ordination day. There was no one near and dear to him with whom he could share his great happiness; even May Ellen had not arrived.

And then as he left the chapel some one announced, “A lady and gentleman to see you.”

Well, it was May Ellen—May Ellen—and Jim! Fr. Jack sprang down the steps, caught his sister in his arms, and wrung his brother's hand until Jim winced.

“Now, give us your blessing, Fr. Jack,” May Ellen cried.

“Certainly,—and to you, too, Jim?”

“Of course!” There was almost reproach in Jim's voice.

“O, yes, Jim wants it, Jack—Fr. Jack. And Jim wants to tell you something, too.”

“Yes, pard,” Jim began, a little uncertainly, “you know the story of how I went down that mine and almost failed to come up again. Well, I met a fellow down there who actually did not come up and I have spent the last two months dreaming about him rushing into eternity with a prayer to the devil on his lips. I have been thinking ever since of a Chinaman's chance as regards salvation. So I have come to Maryknoll, and if they will accept me as a candidate here perhaps you and I can be ‘partners’ some day after all, and we can use Mr. Marshall's business principles to sell the Chinamen some shares in the kingdom of heaven.”

Are you afraid of examinations? Some children in Hicksville, Long Island, have passed satisfactory ones “through the intercession of the Holy Family, St. Rita, and Blessed Theophane Vénard.”

This letter from one of our Juniors tells what some altar boys (the *Holy Cross Juniors*) did for the foreign missions:

VERY REV. FATHER:

I am a boy twelve years old and treasurer of a society in our church composed of altar boys and called the “Holy Cross Juniors.” Our pastor, Fr. Lehane, read to us from *THE FIELD AFAR* about the seminary at Nagasaki and how you could keep a student for the priesthood there for \$50, and now we have got it. Fr. Lehane desired I should write to you and ask you to forward the money for us.

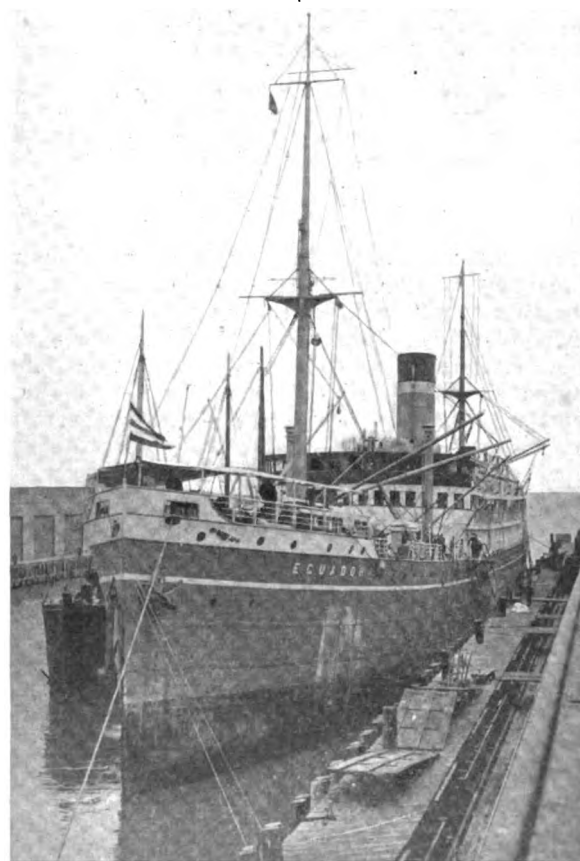
Every Saturday at Catechism all the children chipped in and helped us, either by money which they earned or by their merit cards, which are worth money. Our Sunday-School teachers, the Sisters of Mercy, helped us a whole lot. We are going to keep it up and see if we can get another student.

Our pastor says that this year we must boost *THE FIELD AFAR*. I expect we will go out and get people to take your magazine. Father says they will do it to get rid of us. He says that by and by some of us may go to where *THE FIELD AFAR* comes from.

Very respectfully,

ALBERT ESLING.

Write to Father Chin and tell him your ideas about foreign missions and what can be done for them, even by the stay-at-homes.



The steamer on which our first Maryknoll Missioners sailed from San Francisco to China.

The Pioneer's Log.

(In Vénard-Land.)

TRAINS are not numerous in Tongking but they start early, and we were up not long after four o'clock on Monday, so as to get through Mass and move towards Hanoi.

The railroad station is quite imposing and the car which we entered, fully the equal of European rolling stock, was divided into three classes, all connected by a corridor, with a lavatory and observation platform (without chairs). Missioners here usually travel in the third class, which, if not crowded, is almost as convenient as the others, lacking only cushions. There is a fourth class for the rank and file among the Annamites.

We were soon running through rice-fields of the delta, a fertile well-watered region that gives two crops of the precious grain every year, and I was agreeably surprised to find many churches around Haiphong itself, each dominating a little village. I hoped on my return to look into at least a few of them, but just now the foot-prints of Théophane Vénard were a chief concern and we had not gone many miles before the souvenirs of the Tongking martyrs began to assert themselves.

As our train stopped at a place called Hai-Duong Fr. Cothonay, directing my attention to what looked like a small cemetery with a substantial mortuary chapel, explained that three Dominicans were martyred on the spot where the chapel which contained their remains now stands. We had no time to alight and say a prayer at this shrine, but it awakened memories in Fr. Cothonay, who has made a close study of the martyrs of Tongking, a subject on which he loves to talk.

Among other incidents of the persecution period Fr. Cothonay referred to the martyrdom of Bac Ninh of 35 natives, priests and Christians, who were driven into a hole and buried, after which elephants were brought to tramp down the loose earth over them. It is recorded that on this occasion the elephants held back so persistently that the king ordered the animals to be killed. The Annamites, puzzled how to accomplish the task, did so finally with some cannon balls.

The martyred Christians were later disinterred and identified by their betel boxes,—which fact not only discloses how strong a hold the practise of chewing betel has upon the Annamites but proves that a habit rather disgusting to some human eyes does not necessarily keep a man from being a martyr in the sight of God. There seems to be hope, then, for the

canonization of even those who "loved the weed" in life.

At Hanoi, the city which we were approaching, Théophane Vénard was beheaded. Across the river that flows by Hanoi a long bridge of iron has been built and from this structure one can see approximately, not far from the bridge itself, the bank of earth on which was drawn up, February 2, 1861, a line of soldiers, backed by officials, elephants, and a host of people, among whom were some faithful Christians—all spectators of the martyrdom.

It was hard to realize as we passed out of the large and well-appointed railway station, into the bishop's modest little carriage, through paved streets and by impressive modern buildings, that Hanoi had been so recently stained by the blood of Christian martyrs.

Again evidence of spiritual fecundity was found in the mission enclosure, another *House of God* presided over by the venerable Bishop Gendreau of the Paris Society. A score of buildings, large and small, occupied, with the great church, a generous portion of land conveniently placed in the heart of the city, and here we met, in addition to the several priests of the establishment, a number of soldier-priests who have fortunately been retained in the colony. Bishop Gendreau lives in a small, poorly-furnished house, although preparations were far advanced a few years ago to give him better accommodations in an annex to a building used for priests' retreats and guests. This project has been held up and the foundation of the annex will remain, the venerable prelate says, for his successor to develop.

Fr. Duffy was at Hanoi and that afternoon, with Fr. Cothonay and Fr. Hébrard, one of the local priests, we traced as best we could the procession of which Théophane Vénard was the central figure, from the citadel through the gate to the river bank. It took but a few moments, as we were again in the bishop's carriage, and I could not but contrast our comfort with the young martyr, caged and anticipating in a few moments the stroke that would finish his earthly life.

The Chinese New Year was beginning, but, with the exception of occasional fire-cracker explosions, it seemed like Sunday. Everybody who had good clothes wore them. Stores were closed and no one, except a few rickshaw pullers, seemed to be working.

We were now within comparatively easy access of the village where Théophane Vénard was captured and after several inquiries we planned to combine this visit with one to Phuyli, further to the west, where, nearby at

A MODERN MARTYR
BLESSED THEOPHANE VÉNARD'S LIFE AND LETTERS
241 Pages. 15 Illustrations
Bound in Red Cloth
Price, 60 Cents Postpaid

Keso, we could see the seminary of the flourishing vicariate.

The next morning, therefore, after Masses at five o'clock, we set out with Fr. Hébrard, having, as usual, a hazy anticipation of what experience the day would bring.

The railway line follows the main highway, and on either side of these two arteries of travel stretch acres of rice-fields, apparently without limit and with no other avenues of approach than the narrow dykes that separate them. The road on which we looked from the car window, improved today so as to accommodate the invading automobiles, was that along which Théophane Vénard was carried to Hanoi. When about an hour out we alighted at the station of Dong-van and took some rickshaws—decidedly shaky and shabby—which brought us along the railway line a few miles. Then we dismounted at a point from which there was no sign of habitation or cross-road. The rickshaw "boys," who had evidently done their best to get us to our destination, now studied a place of passage across the railroad ditch, and when they found it one remained to guard the precious vehicles while the other two accompanied us over the dykes. Rain of the previous night had turned the uneven clay into a juicy mud, over which we slipped with occasional narrow escapes from falls into the rice-paddies. From time to time we met passing natives but nearly all were celebrating the New Year "at home."

After going through several villages and over what seemed three miles of dykes, we came to the settlement of Ke-beo or Dong-bao—the object of our pilgrimage. We were not, of course, expected and as we entered the opening of bamboo trees, with which the little village like others here is surrounded, the surprised natives saluted and followed in our train to discover what it was all about. Fr. Hébrard's costume—an Annamite cassock and a helmet hat—was familiar but the two strangers were doubtless a puzzle, arrayed as they were in raincoats and felt hats, with pantaloons pushed into their socks, and mud up to their ankles, not to mention a flame of red whiskers on the one or the not less remarkable omission of a beard on the other.

Fortunately for us, the two native

LOAN TO YOUR COUNTRY AND GIVE TO GOD.

priests who administer from this centre to a large district were at home for the holidays and when we discovered that we would not occasion starvation to them we decided to stay for lunch. We were seated in places of honor within the walls of the presbytery—a single-room building with large openings on one side—and the entire village gathered for silent observations. Tea was soon before us, with a box of little cigars made in the neighborhood. Receptacles of rough brass formed like small cuspidores were also provided on the table, and we were offered some betel leaf mixed with lime for a "chew" before lunch. We dissected the combination, to the amusement of the spectators, but waited until we got outside before we tried the stuff—and the test was brief.

As the native priests were most anxious to give us every possible honor they asked if, before seeing the spot where Théophane Vénard was captured, we would accept a New Year's salutation from the villagers. Our modesty—or lack of it, if you will—would not permit us to refuse and in less than ten minutes a program had begun that could hardly have been better with long preparation.

Musicians (sic) were in the lead, with instruments such as I had never seen nor heard. Behind them came the elders of the village, with boys carrying two immense umbrellas, and behind these, fathers, mothers, sons and daughters, babies and barking dogs. The native priests were busy keeping the crowd away from the opening, along which straw mats were being spread for the ceremony, which consisted of a speech from the leading man, who, when it was over, knelt with the other elders and made solemn bows. The women did likewise, after the "leading lady" had uttered a few words, and in the meantime Fr. Duffy and I looked wise, as if we understood it all quite as well as our companion and guide. Then a choice lot of fire-crackers was set off and the musicians started the procession, in which everybody joined.

With our socks still outside of our pantaloons, and our boots yellow with mud, we, the notables, stepped under the canopy of the mandarins and solemnly proceeded. We visited first the little church, Annamite in its construction, especially the interior, which is quite rich in lacquered work. From there we continued over a pathway of rocks until, after a few moments, we turned into a neat little corner of the village and stood before a typical Annamite hut—long, low and dark, not unlike the house of the priest. These huts are built, as a rule, of clay, hardened in the sun and covered with thatch. They have openings only at

the front and are without either windows or doors. A straw matting usually gives what privacy is desired and a few bars across the opening will keep out soft-stepping pilferers.

Such houses do not stand for many years, and that in which Théophane Vénard was hiding when arrested has disappeared, but the type has not changed, and the exact site on which the house stood has been marked with a slab bearing under the monogram of Christ, some Annamite inscriptions and these words:

Hic Beatus Théophanus Vénard a Persecutoribus captus est.

XXX Nov. A. D. MCDDDLX.

(Here the Blessed Théophane Vénard was captured by his persecutors. Nov. 30, 1860)

At this juncture we decided to take a few photographs, a trying operation in more senses than one. The Annamites, like all children of the Orient, become intensely interested in the make-up of a camera. They are at the same time, especially if free from superstition in regard to being photographed, anxious to be taken. Between these two desires the operator is at his wits' end unless he knows the language. The Annamite parish priests settled our trouble by the use of a switch, which the youngsters evidently recognized as an old but undesirable friend. They also managed with considerable difficulty to extricate a poor wrinkled old woman who had ministered to the wants of our young martyr while he remained hidden, and to group around her the numerous

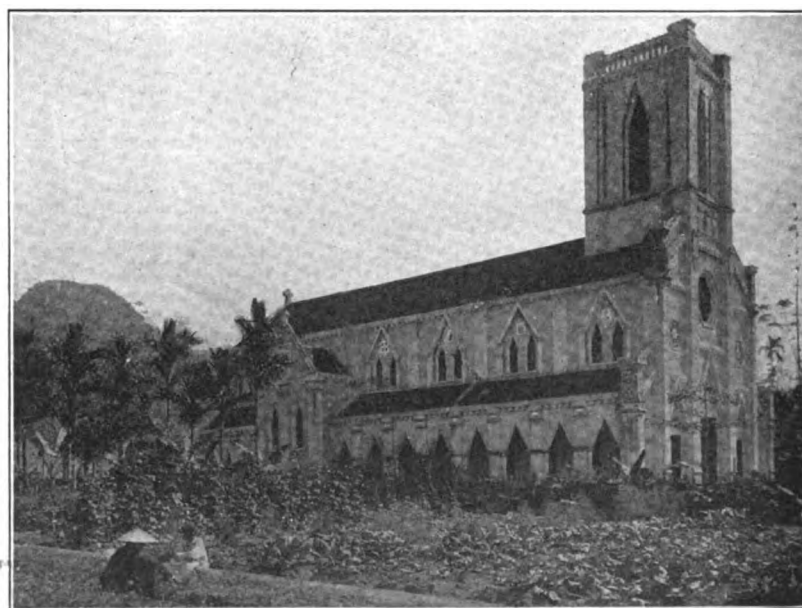


A TYPICAL RAILWAY STATION IN TONGKING.

relatives of the family who, at the risk of their own lives, had provided shelter for him. When the camera was closed the procession formed again and we went back to the rectory for lunch.

Our hosts did not share this meal with us and the congregation did not return to their homes for the noon-day repast, because these people have no such institution. Twice a day they get at their rice and fixings, if they are fortunate enough to have a supply, and with these rations they are so satisfied that they could watch us eat with positive enjoyment and without a temptation to envy.

So while we lunched the Annamite priests saw to it that the best they had should be set before us with the



AN EXAMPLE OF CHURCH-BUILDING IN TONGKING.
(Photograph sent by Fr. Martin.)

OUR BOYS ARE FIGHTING OUR BATTLES.

least possible delay, and the people crowded again around the opening to enjoy the "movies." We gave a splendid exhibition and Fr. Duffy, who is not naturally inclined to pay compliments, marvelled at the skill I had acquired in pushing rice with a pair of chop-sticks.

I don't remember what we had but it was a plentiful supply, including fowl, vegetables, rice cakes, and even home-made candy,—all of which we ate with a relish.

Like every performance, however this came to an end, much to the regret of the spectators, who compelled us to "go away slowly." Before doing so, however, I managed at the church to get a small souvenir for the Vénard School from the parist priest, to whom I promised in return a statue of the martyr. The children stayed with us the longest, following as closely as they could in their little bare feet over the rough and slippery dykes and cheering us every few moments. Again the contrast came home to me between our exit from this little village and that of Théophane Vénard. We were cheered by friends and he was hooted by enemies. And yet his gayety, I recalled, had been unsubdued, for he was the kind that goes singing to death.

The rickshaws were ready when we arrived and our little men trotted westward again, prepared to cover five miles—barefooted at that. We dismounted occasionally and walked, so as to give them relief, although Fr. Hébrard assured me that they were very much contented to drag us all the way. I have been in rickshaws scores of times now but I never feel at ease with a man pulling me on an uphill grade or for a very long distance, so that I was especially glad when we reached the parish of Phuyli and paid off our trotters.

At Phuyli, where I expected to find a few huts, there were again respectable streets, some European houses, and a substantial church that would do credit to any large town of the United States. The pastor was "at home" on the verandah of a simple structure, receiving New Year's gifts from his parishioners, who were squatted on the ground chewing betel and chatting with Father.

The Father's helmet shaded a pair of keen eyes and a grizzly beard—not to enumerate other features—and he asked questions until he felt that he had grasped the purpose of my appearance in this part of the world, after which he shot more questions at Fr. Duffy. When the interview was over and a cup of tea disposed of, this thoughtful man, taking another survey of us, discovered the shocking

condition of our shoes and set two boys to work at them before he would let us go.

We had yet some miles to travel before reaching the seminary at Ke-so, our destination for the night, and when our visit to the church was completed we secured three local rickshaws, arriving at Ke-so before sunset.

Ke-so lies off the main road, near a range of mountains that runs through Tongking into China. These mountains of lime-stone, grotesque in form and filled with caves, provide an explanation for the establishment of the mission and seminary at this somewhat inconvenient site. The mission of Ke-so was started immediately after the persecution in which Théophane Vénard and other priests from the Paris Seminary were martyred, and as the times were yet perilous it was thought best to place it near the mountains, where retreat was possible with a fair chance of security in the caves. Gradually the mission developed, until it became an imposing centre, too costly to think of transplanting near the railway.

We had left the turn-pike and were running towards the mountain range about twenty minutes, when, as we emerged from a shaded spot, we saw the towers of a large church rising above an extensive village which we soon reached.

This church, where the coadjutor bishop, Mgr. Bigolet, makes his headquarters, is quite as massive as an ordinary cathedral. It is roughly constructed on the outside, but solid and durable, and should hold two thousand Annamites.

Bishop Bigolet was very cordial and lost no time when he realized that we would leave in the morning, so that under his direction we at once inspected this *House of God*—a surprisingly large establishment, covering many acres and including at least twenty buildings. The personnel was made up of ten French priests, eight native priests serving the surrounding villages, sixty seminarians, thirty brothers, forty catechists, twenty little aspirants from the parish, and some thirty domestics or farm workers. Besides this large community, there was nearby a hospital conducted by three Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres and a house of eighty-five Annamite Sisters, known as *Amantes de la Croix* (lovers of the Cross).

We finished the inspection just in time for Benediction, which was attended by a large congregation. At its close, on the way to the refectory, all the members of the House of God assembled before the statue of Our

If you thought the life of a Maryknoll missionary depended upon you, you would have sent a "personal support" offering before now. His life does depend upon you—(or some one else). One hundred dollars will keep him in the land of the living for six months; two hundred will provide him with the necessities of life for a year.

Blessed Lady at a little Lourdes Grotto where the *Ave Maris Stella* was chanted alternately by priests and seminarians.

The still young Bishop stood in the centre that evening and as I looked at him, surrounded by his faithful priests, there came home to me with an unusual impressiveness the thought of all the sacrifices that had been made here in the Far East by men and women of the West for the conversion of souls. Yet from no one of them had I heard a word of complaint, or the expression of a longing to return to his native land. In the eyes of those who do not know them the children of the Orient are a negligible quantity, but to one who sees the image of God in every man and who knows that God wishes all men to be saved the exile's sacrifice is worth while—and it brings its consolations even here below.

I would gladly have prolonged my stay at Ke-so, but our schedule said no and we were up shortly after four o'clock the next morning—Ash Wednesday—for the journey back to Hanoi.

Our rickshaw men stayed over night in some corner and were waiting for us after Mass. They were fresh and ran well on a fairly level road, bringing us back to Phuyli just as our train was pulling in from the west. Here we said good-bye to Fr. Gavan Duffy, who after two years' absence from his mission was returning to India.

Fr. Hébrard and I settled down to a couple of hours' ride, and as we looked out into the unoccupied fields we realized that the Chinese New Year had not yet passed. The oxen, like their masters, were asleep or standing idle. Children were riding on the backs of some, and on one a boy was stretched at full length fast asleep, with a coverlet of straw protecting his back from a fine drizzling rain. Pagodas looked out at us coldly from under the great trees whose shelter they so often seek, and crosses from distant steeples warmed our hearts with the reflection that the sacrifices of Christ and of His followers have not been in vain in this distant land.

As we slowed down at the stations

WE STAY-AT-HOMES MUST BACK THEM.

we could invariably notice people passing along the road laden with little packages of paper supposed to represent money, which they were bringing to the temples to be burned so as to provide the wherewithal for the worshipful souls of their ancestors. I also remarked designs in chalk before the doors of houses, figures which my companion told me were drawn to keep the devil patient; because these pagans live in a world of superstitions which they meet and note with dread at every turn.

The Tongkingese, however, is not always worrying about his gods or his devils. He has other pre-occupations, which include his clothing, on which, if he can afford it, and even when he cannot, he is quite willing to spend a considerable proportion of his year's earnings. A typical pair of well-dressed country sports sat opposite us on this return trip and I took observations from toe to top, with the following result:

Socks—Sage green.

Trousers—White cotton, very wide.

Shoes—Patent leather, easily kicked off, as on this occasion, for greater comfort.

Coats—Outside, of embroidered silk, lined with light blue and fastened with gold buttons at the neck; inside two coats of bright colors, similar in form to the outside, the flaps being adroitly turned so as to disclose the possession of both.

Head-gear—Black silk turban.

One youth also displayed occasionally under the outside coat a belt of pig-skin, in which he kept his purse and cigarettes, and he was quite up-to-date, with unblacked teeth and the latest magazine on Annamite production.

We arrived at Hanoi that morning, Tuesday, Feb. 12, early enough to give me an opportunity to visit Fr. Aubert, whose sister is the Superioress of a convent school near Boston. On the electric car that brought us to his mission we met a white-gloved mandarin from the north of Tongking, whose French was quite as correct as his dress—and this was saying much—but whose little wife, with a black mouth and rather stupid expression, did not apparently add much to the glory of her consort. On this occasion, becoming weary of listening to a strange tongue, she removed her slippers, folded her feet under her, and took a nap.

Fr. Aubert has the "best parish in the diocese," with two solid churches almost in view of each other, a substantial residence, many out-missions, and a staff of native clergy.

I saw the interior of one church. It was not rich, but it gave evidence of a prosperity that speaks much for the generosity of the people. In some

parts of Tongking where there are wealthy Catholics the church interiors are, I was told, rich in lacquer and gold.

I am beginning to realize that some Catholic missions of the Far East are no new undertakings and that Catholic life has so advanced as to make greater developments yet possible with proper direction, constant zeal, and the co-operation of the faithful on the missions themselves.

Greater results could have been accomplished in Indo-China had the means of propaganda been more generously supplied, and one French priest with whom I spoke expressed his conviction that if the French government had seen its way to help the Church in her evangelization all of Tongking would now be Catholic.

Tongking is a field, I may add, which Protestantism has hardly attempted to invade.

We returned for lunch to Bishop Gendreau's where Fr. Cothonay was awaiting us; but before leaving for Langson at two o'clock I had an opportunity to chat with Fr. Martin, a missionary from a neighboring vicariate, who has been here thirty-four years and who had a personal acquaintance with fellow-sufferers of Théophane Vénard. Among these was a Confessor of the Faith, Fr. Matheron, who died in 1895 from leprosy contracted during his prison confinement.

Fr. Matheron had been kept in a cage for sixteen months during the persecution and was just about to be put to death when the French troops arrived. When taken from his prison, where he had always maintained a sitting posture, he was covered with vermin and his hands were bent as with palsied old age. He discovered soon afterwards signs of leprosy, and, urged by his Superiors, sought a cure at Lourdes.

His stay in France was limited to a few weeks, at his own suggestion, and after a trial at Lourdes, concluding that the Blessed Virgin did not think it best to intercede for him, he returned to his mission, settling down near Ke-so in a little village, where he was nursed until death by an old catechist.

Speaking of Fr. Matheron's last moments, Fr. Martin, who was present, told me that several of the confrères standing about his bed-side had in turn suggested useful and elevating thoughts, telling him that the end would soon come, that he would be with God, that they would be praying for him and would offer Masses for his soul. Suddenly the old priest's eyes lighted as with fire, and with a strong voice he uttered the names of those who had suffered with him during the persecution:

Rétord—Vénard—Bonnard—Schoefler—Ah! bientôt nous allons rire ensemble! (Ah, soon we shall be laughing together!)

How simply do faith and charity meet hope in the going out of a truly Christian soul!

What Others Say.

We can do without sugar, but never without THE FIELD AFAR.

THE FIELD AFAR receives much favorable comment from my patients, who read it in my waiting room.

Everything about THE FIELD AFAR appeals to me, not only the reading matter, but the paper, the printing, and all. It shows thought and taste.

I forward my copy of THE FIELD AFAR to the soldiers, for the articles are too valuable to be confined to subscribers only.

THE FIELD AFAR is like a ray of sunshine coming into our home and we look for it eagerly every month.

I should not wish to be deprived of that kind smile for anything. Hope it will be permanent.

Allow me to say that I derive great profit from reading your excellent mission paper. It is a tonic for both body and soul—instructive as well as entertaining. More power to you!

Not for worlds would I give up THE FIELD AFAR. Aside from the happiness of feeling that one is helping the mission cause, this bright little paper gives too salutary a result to be done away with.

Not fear of King Bono, but the more terrifying fact that no cheery FIELD AFAR will appear in my mailbox, inspired me to send this dollar for the renewal of my subscription.

I should miss THE FIELD AFAR more than any other paper that comes to the house, even though the reading of it gives me a new pang each time because I cannot do more to help.

Your incomparable FIELD AFAR is one of our most welcome periodicals and its monthly visit is always anxiously awaited. I hope before long to be able to send you a few more names for your subscription list.

I have taken a great fancy to America and American Catholics since reading THE FIELD AFAR. There is a bright, wide, practical, generous spirit about it that appeals very much. (Dublin, Ireland.)

PLACE YOUR BONDS IN SAFE KEEPING,

Maryknoll Chronicle.

NEW YORK stared at them, but they stood the trial and passed without arrest through Ossining to Maryknoll. They were three young missionaries, with beards that would have done credit to the patriarchs, who had come from the shadow of war-swept Europe across the Atlantic on their way to Mongolia.

Thirty days was the period of their passage, which included a glimpse of deadly mines, the Arctic Ocean, the Azores, and Newfoundland. They were glad to land in New York, and at Maryknoll they found the welcome that always awaits a foreign missionary.

These three priests are members of the Belgian Foreign Mission House at Scheut, near Brussels. They themselves are Hollanders but they made their studies at Louvain until driven out by war. Incidentally, they mentioned that today in Belgium a priest's cassock costs 1,000 francs (about \$200) and that even in Holland individual residents are allowed only a few ounces of meat each week.

At this writing the three "flying Dutchmen" are on the wing, over the Pacific. May they arrive safely—and may their beards never grow longer!

Fr. Vander Schueren, S.J., of St. Xavier's, Calcutta, was a welcome guest at Maryknoll during his stay in New York.

The Maryknoll family, spreading from Ossining through Scranton and San Francisco to China, now numbers over 100.

Priests17
Students of Philosophy and Theology35
Preparatory Students40
Auxiliary Brothers10

Adding to these the indispensable Teresians, we have 132 on the roster, a goodly number that promises well.

The question that comes to most of our friends when they sum up the total is that very common and practical one—*How do you feed them?* And we answer—with knives, forks, chopsticks, and fingers.

Seriously, we don't worry very much on that score—perhaps not enough—because God is good to us, the fields yield generously under His care, the cattle and poultry give all that a reasonable man can expect, and the food commission helps those who help themselves.

Our real problem has been that of shelter. Unavoidable transportations set back the date for a finished boiler-house at the Vénard, into which new structure we had planned to stow quite comfortably two-score young aspirants to the apostolate, and we were faced with the alternative of an indefinite sentence for about sixteen in a heatless barn.

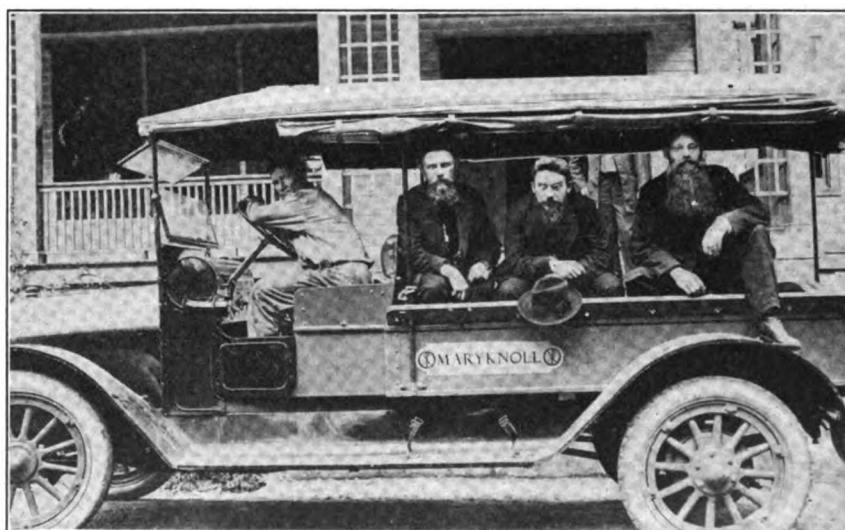
In the meantime we had been making a final addition to the pro-seminary at Ossining, so as to provide accommodation and to save building a permanent structure until the end of the war, if possible.

Keep a Maryknoll Mite-Box in sight. Place it, if you will near other silent beggars and let it run its chance. The Maryknoll Mite-Box believes in pushing over and making room.

The extra provision at the centre just met the needs of the Vénard, and as a result the two senior Vénard classes occupy this year the best quarters at Maryknoll, where they share with the auxiliary brothers the transformed barn now known and admired as St. Joseph's. Here they have their own professors, their recreation and classrooms, everything needful in fact, except drinking water, for which they do not have to go as far as they will when they get to China.

Philosophers and theologians, if we may so designate students of those exalted sciences, have had to crowd over to make room; but every man at Maryknoll is supposed to have the knack and good will to adapt himself to any and all kinds of living quarters and crowded conditions. This is no place for a fussy student. Besides, in China a jam is the thing.

As a consequence of the move to Maryknoll all the Vénard, even



FLYING DUTCHMEN EN ROUTE TO MONGOLIA.
("With beards that would have done credit to the patriarchs.")

AND REMEMBER THAT MARYKNOLL IS SAFE.

the hens, pigs, and cows, are breathing more freely. With two classes removed there are about as many students as last year, but the faculty is not so formidable.

Again, however, the old farmhouse with its substantial ell and cozy chapel is, as the reporters in daily newspapers say, "taxed to the utmost." But at the Vénard hope is always on the horizon.

The boiler house—an utterly unworthy name—of the new Vénard is rising to its roof, and while no Christmas evergreen will hang in its windows it bids fair to promise an opening before the year 1919 is far advanced.

Mother Maryknoll does not expect her young offspring to pay for the new structure, although it will probably be better and bigger than anything she has for herself. But she is counting on Liberty Bonds and War Savings and Thrift Stamps to prove that in these war days Catholics can combine patriotism and faith for the extension of the kingdom of God.

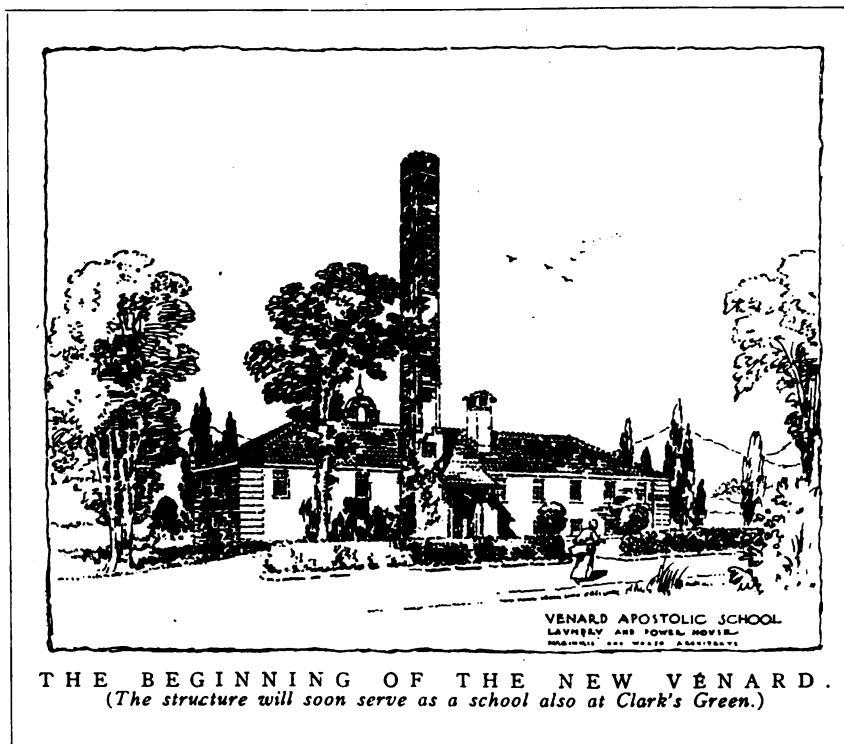
Maryknoll now has its desire partially realized, in a representation from the Golden Gate. A young San Franciscan left his home in early September and is now on the lengthening roster of American aspirant apostles.

PRIEST-FRIENDS.

TO some one we are indebted for a missal in memory of Rev. William Casey. The missal is not a recent one but is very welcome, as would others be, for our altars are multiplying.

From the Philadelphia office of the S. P. F. came these words:

The FIELD AFAR has just come. It is like a good, old friend who is always sure of a real welcome, no matter how busy the moment of his arrival. As usual, a "recess" was immediately declared and affairs of state temporarily forgotten.



THE BEGINNING OF THE NEW VENARD.
(The structure will soon serve as a school also at Clark's Green.)

The month's mail bags were light at times, but our priest-friends came to the rescue.

Through the will of Fr. Boucher of Massachusetts, a final payment of \$704.50 was received for the Chinese mission. Another will yielded \$161.91. A Massachusetts priest sent a \$1,500 annuity, which later will benefit and even now helps to secure Maryknoll. Priests in Missouri, New York, Indiana and Connecticut sent fifty-dollar offerings.

One of our priest-friends, who evidently reads this paper with his best glasses on, asks us to explain to the local undertaker of his town why, in a recent issue, we levelled such a shot at the high cost of funerals!

He refers to the suggestion that enough could often be spared from unnecessary funeral expenses to provide a Perpetual Membership for the deceased.

The shot seems to have made a noise, but as the undertaker's name remains on our list we are

quite satisfied. Perhaps the undertaker will think of the recommendation when preparing for his own funeral.

From Batavia, Illinois, comes this letter with \$50 for the education of a native seminarian in the diocese of Nagasaki, Japan:

The kiddies in catechism classes took to the idea of keeping a student for the priesthood as ducklings take to water. I often read to them or tell them the contents of THE FIELD AFAR and the interest they manifest is certainly flattering to you. God grant that some of the future laborers for the vineyard may be chosen from this little flock!

Under the compelling idea of "getting" another student, some of the high financiers suggested—no, clamored for, fought for!—investing \$12.50 of their own funds in a waste-paper baler. I have an idea that parents must look sharp to have waste paper to start fires this winter!

Do not for the present go to the expense of buying chalices for Maryknoll.

Several priest-friends have given us their extra ones for our new Mission and we have received others from the estates of deceased priests.

"EVERYBODY WELCOME AND EVERYTHING FREE"

Maryknoll-in-China.

LAND—Yeong-kong is sighted! Now don't forget that Yeong-kong (call it *Young-kong* if you will) is to be one of the Maryknoll mission centres, and that until recently it has been in such a disturbed condition that an ordinary white man could not get near it.



FR. GAUTHIER AND HIS BUCKET OF RICE.

But now our first letter from Yeong-kong has arrived—

Fr. Gauthier has landed.

Call him Father *Goatee* if you will but remember that he is just now of the Maryknoll Mission, at its service through the courtesy of the Bishop of Canton and happy to be of use to the young Americans. He writes under date of July 15th.

DEAR FR. WALSH:

I am late in answering your letter but I made up my mind to write from Yeong-kong, which for a long time I have been trying to get to.

After my last trip to your place in Lo-ting I wound up in the sanatorium at Hongkong. You know I am not so young as I used to be.

Eight days after I left there I managed to get a junk for Yeong-kong.

I found it at Kong-Moon (which you will remember) and it was packed. Had others been with me they could not have gotten aboard. I think that when you men arrive we will have to hire a sail-boat at Hong-kong, especially if they have much baggage—and they will need many things which they cannot get here.

I found the little remnant of Catholics here in the town quite upset as a

result of the war, and outside in the country district still disturbed by brigands. These thoughtful "gentlemen" managed to pick up quite a few rifles and a good stock of ammunition left around by the fleeing armies and they have been busy ever since, but that can't last.

The mandarins here have called on Canton for help and I hope that by the time your men arrive everything will be quiet.

The missionaries' house is quite good and large enough for two priests. It is well ventilated and the well-water is pure, although a French priest would not mind if it were mixed with a little grape-juice.

Every morning there are about twenty persons at Mass and nearly forty on Sunday. The catechist teaches every day.

Two villages, one of more than a hundred and the other two hundred souls, are asking for instructions, but in each place, if we accept the invitation, it will be necessary to build a small oratory which will serve also as a school, and to establish a catechist—better still if we could have two, a man and a woman. You know how customs are in this country and that if we wish to get the women we must have women catechists.

So tell your missionaries—if you can catch them as they come eastward—that there is work ahead for them; and, I may add, some disappointments, but with zeal and the love of God they will come "over the top."

My best wishes to all at Maryknoll. Remember that I belong to the family.
—A. Gauthier.

An encouraging line comes from Lo-ting (a northern center of the Maryknoll Mission) that our catechist has rounded up eighty well-disposed Chinese whom he is instructing.

Fr. Fraser arrived at Vancouver from the Far East early in August. He was accompanied by a French priest with whom he plans to begin, in Canada, a special work for foreign missions. Though associated with the Maryknoll Mission only a few months, Fr. Fraser rendered excellent service, visiting a portion of the district, noting conditions, and taking photographs.



THE MARYKNOLL
MISSION CIRCLES.

THE Maryknoll Mission Circles are preparing for a year of vigorous activity along the line of mission effort. Their formation and work is simple, yet the aid, spiritual and material, which they give to the mission cause is great.

A Maryknoll Mission Circle is a group of women who meet to work and pray for Maryknoll and the foreign missions. It is a club which combines duty and pleasure, for it is based on the realization that all have a share in the responsibility of fulfilling the message of Christ, "Going, teach all nations." One of its fundamental principles is that of sacrifice—sacrifice of a part of time and money which would otherwise be devoted to personal pleasure. Each member also promises a daily prayer for the cause of foreign missions.

The members, varying in number from five to twenty-five, meet monthly. Circle business is attended to, stories or topics relative to mission needs are read and discussed, and some work for Maryknoll—generally sewing—is done. Occasionally somewhat larger social affairs are planned, and all that have been held so far have been unusually successful.

Besides the general aim common to all Maryknoll Circles, each Circle may have a particular line of activity. The collection of cancelled stamps and tinfoil and old jewelry, the spread of THE FIELD AFAR as a means to arouse mission interest, the distribution of mite boxes, the sewing of household or altar linens for the Seminary at Maryknoll or the Maryknoll Mission in Kwangtung, China, are some of the particular activities. Monthly dues of five or ten cents are ap-

WHEN THE PEOPLE GIVE TO THE K. OF C.

plied to the education of a student at Maryknoll, or to any special Maryknoll fund in which the members are interested, or for associate membership in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society. The spiritual benefits of membership are applicable to the living or the dead.

During the summer months, when the regular activities were abandoned, we advised Circles to "talk Maryknoll." This is the response from one:

I have no difficulty in "talking Maryknoll" because as soon as I start everyone else wants to talk it, too!

Maryknoll Circles are getting in closer touch with the Circle Centre. Recently the members of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Circle, under the patronage of the Immaculate Conception, spent one Sunday visiting the points of interest here on Sunset Hill. These fifteen High School girls are planning to continue their co-operation of last year. Every week they will generously give their time for clerical assistance to Maryknoll.

The vast treasure of spiritual aid which Circle members give to the work of Maryknoll will surely bring untold blessings into their own lives. From Brookline, Massachusetts, a Circle under the patronage of Mary, Queen of Apostles, sends these spiritual gifts to our departing missionaries:

<i>Masses</i>	105
<i>Holy Communion</i>	105
<i>Spiritual Communion</i>	420
<i>Visits to the Blessed Sacrament</i> ..	235
<i>Visits in honor of the Blessed Virgin</i>	235
<i>Benedictions</i>	200
<i>Rosaries</i>	250
<i>Litanies</i>	270
<i>Acts of mortification</i>	360
<i>Hours of Adoration</i>	54
<i>Stations of the Cross</i>	150
<i>Ejaculations</i>	1400
<i>Hours of labor</i>	700

Until the end of the war all tin-foil given to Maryknoll will hereafter be devoted to the needs of the Red Cross.

STUDENT BURSE PROGRESS.

A Burse or Foundation is a sum of money, the interest of which will support and educate, continuously, one of our students for the priesthood.

MARYKNOLL BURSSES (Complete).	
Cardinal Farley Burse	\$5,000
Sacred Heart Memorial Burse	5,000
John L. Boland Burse	6,000
Blessed Sacrament Burse	5,000
St. Willibrord Burse	5,000
Providence Diocese Burse	5,000
Fr. Elias Younan Burse	5,000
Mary, Queen of Apostles, Burse ..	5,000
O. L. of Miraculous Medal Burse ..	5,000
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Burse ..	5,000
Holy Trinity Burse	5,000
Father B. Burse	*6,273.31
Bishop Doran Memorial Burse	5,000
St. Charles Borromeo Burse	5,000
St. Teresa Burse	15,006
C. W. B. L. Burse	5,302.60

MARYKNOLL BURSSES (Incomplete).	
Abb. John J. Williams Burse	*\$5,279.21
St. Joseph Burse	3,349.07
All Souls Burse	3,281.84
Cheverus Centennial School Burse	3,199.12
Fall River Diocese Burse	2,680.05
Holy Ghost Burse	2,526.19
Cure of Ars Burse	2,325.81
St. Columba Burse	2,197.00
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse	†2,034.89
Our Sunday Visitor Burse	2,000.00
St. Patrick Burse	1,922.20
Bl. Julia Billiart Burse	1,820.79
Pius X. Burse	1,581.00
St. Anthony Burse	1,296.60
Precious Blood Burse	1,246.25
Holy Child Jesus Burse	1,241.81
Bernadette of Lourdes Burse ..	1,196.00
St. Anne Burse	1,095.72
St. Dominic Burse	1,093.07
Fr. Chapon Memorial Burse ..	1,103.37
Holy Eucharist Burse	1,013.00
St. Vincent de Paul Burse ..	1,008.00
O. L. of the Sacred Heart Burse	912.86
St. John the Baptist Burse	584.33
St. Francis of Assisi Burse ..	524.55
Our Lady of Mercy Burse	516.04
Bl. Margaret Mary Burse	516.00
Dunwoodie Burse	428.70
St. Stephen Burse	352.00
Bl. M. Sophie Barat Burse ..	336.00
Susan Emery Memorial Burse ..	307.20
Holy Family Burse	255.00
St. Francis Xavier Burse	249.51
St. Lawrence Burse	238.75
Fr. Chaminade Memorial Burse	217.40
St. Rita Burse	216.85
Immaculate Conception Burse ..	172.58
St. Agnes Burse	166.82
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse ..	161.00
St. Boniface Burse	154.40
Children of Mary Burse	116.00
All Saints Burse	102.00
Trinity Wekanduit Burse	100.00

A new burse cannot be listed until it has reached one hundred dollars.

THE VÉNARD BURSSES (Incomplete).	
Little Flower Burse	\$2,673.49
Blessed Sacrament Burse	1,604.94
Bl. Théophane Vénard Burse ..	1,422.00
C. Burse	710.00
Sacred Heart of Jesus Burse ..	274.00
St. Aloysius Burse	140.00

* On hand but not operative.

† \$1,000 on hand but not operative.

THE MARYKNOLL RING!



Everything that comes from Maryknoll ought to be good. This ring will stand under criticism.

Sterling silver	\$3.00
10-karat gold	5.00
14-karat gold	6.00

Field Afar Office, Ossining, N. Y.

RECEIVED AT MARYKNOLL.

Stole; oil case; altar linens; books; used vestments; monstrance, censer, sanctuary lamp; sick-call burses; cancelled stamps, tinfoil, etc., from Pa., Md., R. I., N. Y., Conn., Ga., N. J., Newfoundland; old gold and jewelry from N. Y. and Pa.

NEW PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES.

Living—Rev. Friend; E. C.; Mrs. J. T. L.; C. D. W.; C. J. B.; F. C.; J. H. McA.; E. C. M.; M. L. H.; M. McM.

Deceased—Stanley M. Hollis; Thos. and Maria Grady; Michael and Elizabeth Conlin; Rev. Michael J. Supple; Mrs. Philomena Sirois; Mrs. Dorsey; William and Julia Harris; Mrs. M. Carmela; Mme. Agnes MacVeigh, R. S. H.

One of our zealous students returned from a four-weeks vacation with \$1,200, which he had succeeded in gathering for the Fall River Diocese Burse. Pastors helped him, and encouraged their good workers to organize twelve efficient teams which in a short period started up several activities, including a very successful whist party at New Bedford, Massachusetts.

SAY a prayer, please, for the souls of:

Rev. P. J. Lynett	Lieut. John Doherty
Rev. J. Fitzsimmons	Patrick Donnelly
Sr. M. George	Frank Donnelly
Sr. M. Amata	John Donnelly
Sr. M. Austin	James Dunphy
Wm. A. Purcell	Mary J. Kelly
Maria Grady	Frederick Murphy
Walter Spearing	Katherine Finn
Teresa Symth	Mary A. O'Donnell

We ask a special remembrance for the soul of Sr. Mary Austin, of Frederick, Maryland, a nun of the Visitation, to whose initiative we owe the foundation of the Blessed Margaret Mary Burse.

BUY A STAMP OR A BOND. GIVE IT TO GOD.

66.05
FI

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS LIBRARY

DEC 1 1 1918

THE FIELD AFAR

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

MARYKNOLL

*Diligentibus Deum
Omnia Cooperantur
in Bonum : : : :*



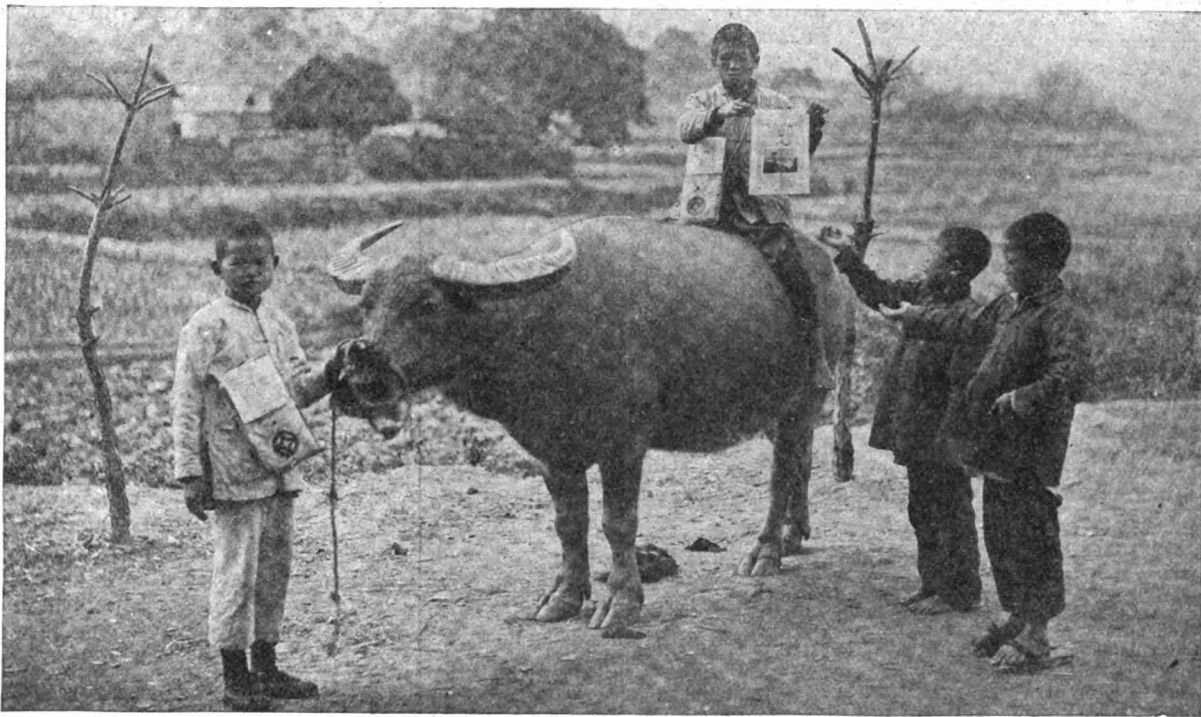
*To Those Who Love
God All Things Work
Together for Good.*

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Number Eleven

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Twelve Issues Yearly



IT IS READ FROM COVER TO COVER IN EVERY LAND

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In this circle is our legal title.
It will be appropriate in any
Catholic's will.

THE FIELD AFAR

Founded in 1907. Appears on the fifteenth day of each month. Owned by the
Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.
of Ossining, N. Y.

President and Treasurer: V. REV. JAMES A. WALSH.
Secretary: - - - V. REV. JOHN J. DUNN.

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OFFICES OF THE SOCIETY MARYKNOLL - - OSSINING P. O., N. Y.

THE FIELD AFAR is the official organ of the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary. Checks and other payments may be forwarded to the Very Rev. James A. Walsh. Advertising rates will be sent upon application.

MONTH of All Souls. They suffer but they are content because they realize the Justice of God and are conscious of His Love that awaits the end of their exile. Ours is the opportunity to shorten their purgatory, as those whom we precede to the Judgment Seat may later do for us. More certain shall we be to leave such pleaders after us if now we plead for those who have left us.

* *

LIGHT is breaking over this darkened earth and narrowness is giving way to world-wide effort for liberty and for truth.

The mission-spirit is keeping pace with this awakening, which in fact it has stimulated if not actually initiated.

The greatest uniting power in the world is the Catholic Church, and American Catholics are learning this lesson from their Mother.

* *

WE come to you without a cover but we have dressed up our first page so that we look quite presentable. At least, we hope so.

The Government is limiting us, however, and we are allowed to use only ninety percent of the paper which we seemed to need last year. This means—for the present—no drive for a much larger circulation, no hope of getting many more friends or of helping to open their hearts—and purse-strings. However, it does not mean that we shall have no room on our subscription lists for the friends of our friends. Every day, in obedience to authority, we must take off names of delinquent subscribers, and we are as anxious to replace these as we are sorry to lose them.

So send along the new subscription and remember that the work of Maryknoll is largely dependent, under God, upon THE FIELD AFAR.

If the present issue is late the cause may be found in this message from our printers:

We may be unable to print The Field Afar on time this issue. The Cylinder Press Feeders and Pressmen in the city of New York have been on a strike since Monday and this has completely crippled our press-room. The matter has been placed in the hands of the War Board for adjustment.

ONE of the greatest lessons taught by the present war has been the value of co-operation. The personal interests of all good Americans have been merged into the one great purpose of winning the war, with the result that the Government has been able to raise more than \$14,000,000,000 through taxation and the sale of Liberty Bonds.

We recall hearing a few years ago a man who called himself a good Catholic remonstrate because \$100,000 was contributed from this country for the spread of Christianity among pagan peoples throughout the world.

Fourteen billion to "make the world a safe place to live in"; one hundred thousand for the conversion of souls who know not Christ. But the war is broadening us and making us feel how narrow we have been, how little we have done, and how much we can do to establish the kingdom of the Prince of Peace if we can only get away from the parochial idea. And those better days are coming.

* *

IN its September number *Catholic Missions* of New York, the organ of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, made editorial comment on the departure of our first missioners. This is of course as it should be and we are pleased to acknowledge the kind word of congratulation and good-will as expressed therein.

Several Catholic editors in this country watch and note the pro-

gress of this national work, none more keenly or with stronger appreciation than he of the vigilant *Transcript*, Hartford, Conn., who in a recent issue published a column editorial that appeared later in many papers, secular and religious, throughout the country.

To *The Missionary* (Washington, D. C.) also we are grateful for a long and favorable comment on the Departure, from which we are tempted to quote:

It seemed a long time to Maryknoll—those years of mingled waiting and endeavor. But to the rest of Catholic America, especially to Maryknoll's countless clients, it seems a very miracle of swiftness, the act of flashing of the Erie Canal, for which irksome period of this divine enterprise is passed away.

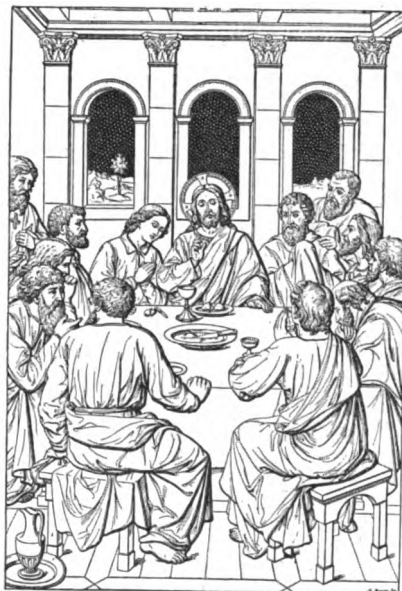
It is related of Governor De Witt Clinton that, little less than a century ago, when he addressed the vast throng gathered to celebrate the opening of the Erie Canal, for which first and last he had battled with all the political quidnuncs in State and Nation, he electrified his hearers with these introductory words: "The long agony is over!" Yet the present great waterway, which bears the commerce of our inland empire to the lordly Hudson, had then only begun to trickle along in a big ditch across the State. But the agony was over—it is always felt in the beginning; it is eternally true that "it is the first step that costs."

Of those who have always encouraged Maryknoll the Paulist Fathers, the Catholic Missionary Union and this its magazine, stand among the foremost. And in this we but help the American apostolate, firmly convinced that converts will be gathered at home in proportion to those we shall make among the heathen.

* *

EDITORIALS on foreign missions are not common in the secular press; either, but one came to us recently from the *Minneapolis Tribune* (sent by a friend in that city), which is worthy of note. The writer remarks that the war activities have made more difficult the raising of funds for the missions, and says:

This neglect of missions is not logical; neither is it yet necessary. There are many economies that may yet be practised to avoid infringing on mission funds. Mission work at home



THE LIVING BREAD THAT WOULD NOURISH ALL MANKIND.

and abroad is the life of the church. The mission is not an appendage to the church. It is not a work of supererogation, a work to be supported with a surplus, if any, and to be dropped in a lean year. Even the most cursory study of mission work in Africa and the Orient shows that it was the factor which awakened those peoples to an intelligent realization of the higher things in Western civilization. It was by the help of the missionaries that America obtained its splendid hold on the heart of China.

It is well established that the Christian church which centers its activity in itself is doomed to decay. "There is that giveth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."

Home missions are by many considered more important than foreign missions. But this war is teaching the world that there is no such word in any tongue as "foreign." Not long ago Russia was none of our business. To-day American boys are dying for liberty because Russian mujiks want liberty without dying for it. Christian America is not safe with China heathen. There will be no peace on the whole earth until there is good will among all men.

Everybody who knows China is well aware that with its domestic difficulties settled it could become a mighty nation. China has a deep respect for the United

States, which, we understand, has joined with Great Britain "in offering friendly services to the quarrelling factions of the North and South." China has marvellous resources but no money, and consequently no strong army, no ammunition, no order. If other nations supply money it will be only under guarantees which may yet bring to the United States the honorable task of helping to teach a younger Republic how to run itself.

* *

Some Notes.

OUR fallen heroes are being remembered at Maryknoll. Already several of them have been placed on the Perpetual Memorial list and in remembrance of one a student here is being trained for the apostolate.

A *Militia of Prayer* has been organized, to last during the war. Its members pledge themselves to spend at least a quarter of an hour each day in prayer for the success of the Allied armies. Its slogan is *Prayer will win the War*. The general secretary is Mr. Louis J. Frank, St. Bede's Chaplaincy, 3741 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Wouldn't it be fine!—if we did not have to bill our subscribers, admiring and otherwise. During September we dunned 1558, an unusual number for us, but we *do* hate to lose them.

Of course it costs money to dun but we are satisfied to pay in stamps, paper, and labor, if we can keep a friend, and—*that is what we think of you!*—Don't mention it.

The Martyr of Futuna

(Blessed Peter Chanel S.M.)

"One cannot peruse these edifying pages without being moved to add this simple martyr to one's own litany of the Saints, so convincing, so appealing is his sanctity."—*Ave Maria*.

210 pp., 16 illustrations,
75 Cents Postpaid.

The *Catholic Students' Mission Crusade* is beginning to bear fruit, as evidenced by interesting letters from several seminaries.

At the first conference in Techny, Ill., about twenty-five educational institutions were represented.

The object of the Crusade is to educate every Catholic student of the country in mission work, both home and foreign, and the Field Secretary is Rev. John Handly, C.S.P., of Chicago.

Under the title, *Little Grey House on Hill*, we read in a New York Catholic weekly about a month ago a fine appeal, whose author was nameless but probably known, requesting a hundred thousand dollars for the new Maryknoll-on-Hudson. We gasped, although in these days when millions are spent for war every minute we should not have done so. But we did; we gasped,—and waited. The dream passed and we have forgotten it, but a seed might have fallen in good ground just the same, and we are grateful to the writer.

Our President looms large and high today on the world's horizon. While occupied every moment with the tremendous problems of the war, he takes thought of the days of peace that are to follow. He has pointed out the need of keeping up interest in foreign missions; now he writes on education:

I would urge that the people continue to give generous support to their schools of all grades and that the schools adjust themselves as wisely as possible to the new conditions, to the end that no boy or girl shall have less opportunity for education because of the war and that the Nation may be strengthened as it can only be through the right education of all its people.

Maryknoll Educational Cards

Views of Maryknoll and the Missions with accurate information on mission activity here and in fields afar.

26 Subjects in a Set - 50 cents

The appointment of His Excellency, Archbishop Petrelli, Apostolic Delegate to the Philippine Islands, as Nuncio to Peking was received with joy by all who have at heart the spread of Catholic faith in the Chinese Republic. This important step was halted, to the disappointment of many, but we are of those who still hope to hear that it has been taken. The number of Catholics is constantly increasing in China and at present the Church there has no co-ordinating spirit to draw together its many scattered energies. Our self-effacing missionaries have done much, but many great needs have not been met.

Several young men who were destined for Maryknoll have fallen on the field of battle. From one we had heard only a few days before the announcement of his death and his dreams were of his future life here. God accepts the will to-day, and these young soldiers will surely take their place with Him as volunteer Soldiers of the Cross.

Scores of other soldiers, living and dead, are being enrolled for Masses and prayers as members of this Society, some for brief periods, others in perpetuity, and we are always especially pleased to write in our books the names of these brave Catholic boys.

Many of our correspondents have lost relatives in the world-conflict—sons, fathers, brothers, or husbands. Our sympathy goes out to each and all, and with it goes the assurance of prayers from the Maryknoll communities.

Of one young man, a lieutenant, we have heard from his bereaved mother, who kindly sent her son's last letters from the front. Before returning the precious lines it occurred to us that our readers would be edified by them, and we quote this short extract:

For the Faith

(A New Maryknoll Book)

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JUST DE BRETENIERES
of the Paris Seminary
MARTYRED IN KOREA IN 1866

This book has 174 pages, and sixteen illustrations. It is attractively bound in dark red cloth, stamped in gold, and will sell for

One Dollar Postpaid

Do not worry—I am going into the scrap with the greatest faith that the good Lord will answer all the wonderful prayers that are being said for me and will guide me safely through all my trials and then back to you. And another thing, Mother,—I have been to Confession and Communion and I will go forward with the grace of God, please God.

There are American heroes on the battle fields of France and Flanders who have risen and are rising to the highest ideals of Christian heroism. This noble son will go back to his parents, in spirit now—and later in eternal union.

Religious Orders in the United States will yet take up and develop some of their fine traditions relating to foreign missions. Already they are beginning to point with pride to the splendid work of their predecessors and of their confrères in other lands.

Fr. Angelus, O.M.Cap., of Pittsburgh, a good friend of Maryknoll, calls to our attention the fact that for more than three hundred and sixty years the Capuchin Order has been engaged in foreign mission fields. He writes of its work in the islands of the Pacific, in Abyssinia, in Dutch Borneo; of Capuchin heroes of the South American jungle, in Chile, Bulgaria and Somaliland.

If you wish to support, during his first year, one of the Maryknoll missionaries, two hundred dollars will be required.

The Capuchins have in all forty-four missions, containing one hundred and fifty-two million heathen,—a very large field for not more than a thousand missionaries, who manage, however, to baptize yearly at least fifty thousand. The Order is gathering for itself helpers in the missions and mission helpers at home. In America a *Tertiary Mission Bureau* has been established at Pittsburgh and its slogan is: *A Little of America's Waste for the Missions!*

* *

THE question comes up periodically:

Is there any difference between a perpetual association with Maryknoll and a perpetual membership in the Society for the Propagation of the Faith?

There certainly is, and if you are anxious to secure as many spiritual advantages as possible for yourself or for your beloved dead, we urge you to get into both if you are in a position to do so.

However, they are two absolutely distinct societies, each with its own special advantages,

The Society for the Propagation of the Faith gathers money in many countries and distributes it as widely as its means will allow, to the missions scattered over the earth. This Society is centered in France, and has branches in America. The centre of these American branches is under the direction of Monsignor Frèri, in New York City, who is assisted by directors in several dioceses, notably in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Albany, and St. Paul.

Maryknoll—as the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America is now popularly designated—is a training house for priests. It is a distinctly American foundation, and depends upon this country for its existence. Its first group of missionaries are now on the way to their mission in China.

A Loss to the Cause.

AMONG the victims of the influenza epidemic was one whom the cause of missions could ill afford to lose, the Rev. Joseph F. Boehles, assistant to Monsignor Dunn of New York in his splendid work for the propagation of the Faith.

Fr. Boehles loved the missions because his heart was Catholic to the core, a well-spring of Christ-like zeal wisely exercised and intelligently expressed.

We of Maryknoll have lost in this young priest a close observer of our development and a zealous champion of all our efforts. He was one of the few intimate friends who longed to be present in our small chapel to witness the first departure of American missionaries. He could not come because he was booked for confessions that Saturday night, but he hastened from the sacred tribunal to the Pennsylvania Station at a late hour to give his hand-clasp and word of blessed encouragement to the departing missionaries. May he soon be interceding for them and for us in Heaven!

Chinese in the United States.

THERE is in New York City a young Chinese priest, Peter Chan by name, whose presence is a strong object-lesson to American Catholics. Fr. Chan is a native of South China and has made his studies with the Society of Jesus, of which he is a member, for the past twelve years. He is hardly more than thirty-two years old, speaks several languages, including English, and is a credit to his Church as well as to his race.

There are scores of priests in or near the great metropolis, and thousands of the faithful, who would find real pleasure in meeting this product of early missionary work in China (Fr. Chan belongs to a family which has been Catholic for several generations)

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(Fr. Judge, S.J.)

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and Fr. Chan would gladly meet them. His address is:

*Church of the Nativity,
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FR. PETER CHAN, S. J.
(At present in New York.)

Our Procurator in San Francisco has run across the track of a certain *Kan*, the "Cigarette King" of China, who lately made a second gift of two million cigarettes to the boys of the American Navy.

It is stated that this "King Kan" ships through San Francisco every year \$6,000,000 worth of Eastern leaf tobacco. His cigarettes will hardly be worth running after but the enterprise of this cigarette king is certainly admirable.

Splendid Promise.

TO *St. Mark's Holy Name Society* in Peoria, Illinois, belongs the credit of beginning the education of the first Chinese boy destined for the sacred ministry in the Maryknoll mission-field.

One hundred dollars has already been received and set aside for this purpose, and notice has been forwarded to the new missionaries to find the fortunate youth. The Rev. J. J. Burke, in sending the offering, suggests that we publish occasionally in *THE FIELD AFAR* a list of parishes and societies which are actually educating Chinese boys or supporting native catechists in the Maryknoll Mission, and we hope that the example of Peoria will enable us to do this.

Enclosed with the remittance from Fr. Burke is the following statement from another priest in the Middle West:

I was much impressed by the suggestion made in *THE FIELD AFAR* by Fr. Burke of St. Mark's Church, Peoria, Illinois. It seems to me an opportune time for the Catholics of the United States to do something worthwhile for the conversion of the great Chinese people. A thousand, or at least five hundred, *Holy Name Societies* can and should adopt a Chinese boy and educate him for God's holy altar.

I have a small parish of not more than fifty or sixty families, but it is my intention when I recover from a present illness to ask my people to give one hundred dollars a year to the holy cause. God grant that one hundred parishes will do the same this first year of America's work in foreign missions, and that the good work will go on until China is Catholic!

Such possibilities thrill one. Will they be realized soon? We believe so.

A **HOLY** Name Society in Peoria is supporting a Chinese student destined for our mission-field in China. A parish in the Buffalo diocese, after bearing the expense of board and tuition for a Maryknoll student now a priest, offers to continue this help in favor of another.

The diocesan seminary at Dunwoodie (N. Y.) is getting up a Maryknoll Burse; and we have heard of another that plans to erect one of the first Maryknoll Mission chapels. And now, from St. Meinrad's Seminary in Indiana, comes a letter which we reproduce in part before sending to its "lucky strike" in Canton, China:

No doubt you are acquainted with the scope of the work of the Students' Mission Crusade, which was formally launched and organized during the month of July, 1918, at a Convention assembled at Techny, Illinois.

The work of the Crusade has appealed to the students of St. Meinrad's Seminary and, to use the modern terminology of the war drives, we have decided to do our bit. Of course we do not expect to move mountains, but we hope by our co-operation to assist in furthering the noble work of our brothers in the field afar.

In order to accomplish something we have decided to attempt something tangible. Hence, in behalf of the Seminary Unit of the Mission Crusade, I wish to inform you that we have adopted Fr. Francis Xavier Ford, one of your pioneers, as the recipient of our mite. Small though it may be, we feel that it will aid materially in the advancement of the Cause of Christ. Also, it may be a source of encouragement to Fr. Ford to know that there are some back in the States who are anxious as to his welfare as a missionary. Kindly forward this letter to him, to inform him that St. Meinrad's is "on his trail" and wishes him Godspeed and success.

We realize that pecuniary aid is not the only means to advance the work of missions, consequently we have inaugurated the observance of *Mission Day* once a month. On that day the seminarists will offer Holy Communion and other good works for the intention of the missionaries and for the success of the missions. Furthermore, we have decided to install a mission library in the Seminary, for the distribution of literature dealing with missions at home and abroad. In this way we hope to keep vital the interest in mission work that should animate every Catholic student and particularly every seminarian.

This is only an attempt on our part, but we make it with generous and willing hearts, in the hope that Christ will bless our efforts as we know He blesses the efforts of those who, by noble self-sacrifice, bring the light of faith to the heathen.

Field Afar Tales

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Our Missioners in Transit.

SEPT 6., A. M.—Packing finished—almost; there's always something to go in at the last moment. Left by 8.21 train for Scranton, arriving at 1.52 P. M. Found Fr. Byrne, Director of the Vénard, and friends, who escorted us to the School. After a last look at the familiar surroundings, now dearer than ever, and supper (5.30) we said good-bye to the four Teresians at their own little home and hurried to the Cathedral where we assisted at the services of Holy Hour.

After Benediction the Bishop spoke,—of his early interest, how near Maryknoll itself had come to being in the diocese of Scranton, of the pride the people of Scranton took in the Maryknoll that is there—the Vénard,—and how evident the hand of God is in the establishment of the work at this time when the missions are in such sore need. At Bishop Hoban's request Fr. Price also said a few words,—emphasizing the opportuneness of the work, the big part that America must play in the cause of foreign missions in the future, owing to the war, and the benefits that will react to the Catholics of this country because it is only through a truly apostolic spirit that ardent faith can be kept alive.

We were waylaid after the services by a large number of Scrantonians, true friends that they are, who came to say good-bye and Godspeed. The Vénard students also were there and as they said good-bye and knelt for a last blessing there was not one, I venture to say, who did not renew his resolution to be a missionary.

Sept. 7.—After Mass at 7.—Fr. Walsh at Mercy Hospital, Frs. Price and Meyer at the Immaculate Heart of Mary Sisters' in the Cathedral parish, and Fr. Ford at the Cathedral itself.—Bishop Hoban, Fr. Byrne, and several friends accompanied us to the station. The 8 o'clock train was on time and soon, in company with some of the Vénarders going to Maryknoll, we were speeding away from Scranton, away from so many loyal and warm-hearted friends. All of us have spent some time among them and we venture to say that in no diocese of the country

will be found a livelier faith, a truer generosity, or a deeper reverence for God and His anointed.

We reached Maryknoll about four o'clock, to find Dr. Mahoney, pastor of Ossining, with his assistant, Fr. Collins, and Fr. Phelan, our professor of Church History, there to say good-bye. As it was Saturday they could not remain for the ceremony of departure. Miss —, a staunch benefactor, had come also bringing vestments and other supplies for the Mass outfits. At the table that evening were Monsignor Dunn; Fr. Bruneau of St. Mary Seminary, Baltimore; Fr. Cyril, our French professor; Fr. Caruana, of Brooklyn, an old friend, now in khaki; and Dr. P. J. Flagg, of New York, our medical instructor. Monsignor Dunn brought a message from His Eminence, Cardinal Farley, that moved all. We had intended going personally to ask his blessing but found that because of his illness he could not see us. Monsignor had spoken to him of our departure. Weak as he was, he said that we were in his thoughts and bade Mgr. Dunn to bring to "his children" a blessing.

The evening passed all too quickly and at 8 o'clock the ringing of a bell that once had hung in a Japanese pagoda—significant, was it not?—called the community together for the final ceremony of departure. The four missionaries kneeling before the altar recited the "Propositum," expressing their firm intention of spending their lives as missionaries. Being simple it was all the more impressive and cannot be soon forgotten by those who took part. After the chanting of the beautiful "*Itinerarium*," or office for those going on a journey, in which the travelers recommend themselves to the divine protection, Father Superior gave a brief address. What must have been his feelings and emotions at that moment! We who had known him and now heard the words from his lips could realize something, I think, of what they were. Here he saw a beginning of the fulfillment of what he had so long longed and prayed for. Still, we had not been proven by trial. And there was the pain of separation, for ours had been the privilege of being among his first associates and disciples. We had shared his plans, his hopes and fears, even, to some extent, his difficulties though these he bore as much as he could alone. Our goal, he said, had been reached; our first were going out. There had been good men who had said that candidates could not be found, and others who believed that American youth would not make good missionaries. Now, we had candidates; but their ability as missionaries must be shown. But just as American youth had proven themselves as soldiers in the face of so many misgivings, so we

might be confident that Americans will prove good missionaries.

Upon these first men rests a great responsibility, because to them we look for the first proofs of the abilities of Americans as missionaries. But it is also upon all at Maryknoll, because they also are of the first—laying the foundations and establishing traditions. We must bear the burden together. We should consider that there is an invisible vine joining Maryknoll-in-China with Maryknoll here: a part of the True Vine that is Christ, and drawing from Him through Maryknoll here the elements that shall make it flourish. Those who go out will not be forgotten by those at home. The prayer that is said daily for Maryknoll-in-China will have a deeper meaning and will be said the more fervently because as it is said each one will visualize the absent brothers. Fr. Superior asked that at the end of the rosary said each evening in common there be added an Our Father and three Hail Marys for those on the field afar and that they might do likewise for those at home. Then he blessed the crucifixes of the missionaries, the banner of the King under which they had so shortly pledged themselves to fight until the end. With no other symbol, with no other weapon they were going to battle.

Then followed the farewell. The four missionaries stood on the altar steps, received the embrace of their Superior, and embraced in turn with the salutation of the Church, "*Pax tecum*," the priests, students, and brothers; after which at the rail they gave their blessing to the Teresians.

Stories From The Field Afar

Fifteen Short Stories that breathe the Foreign Mission Spirit.

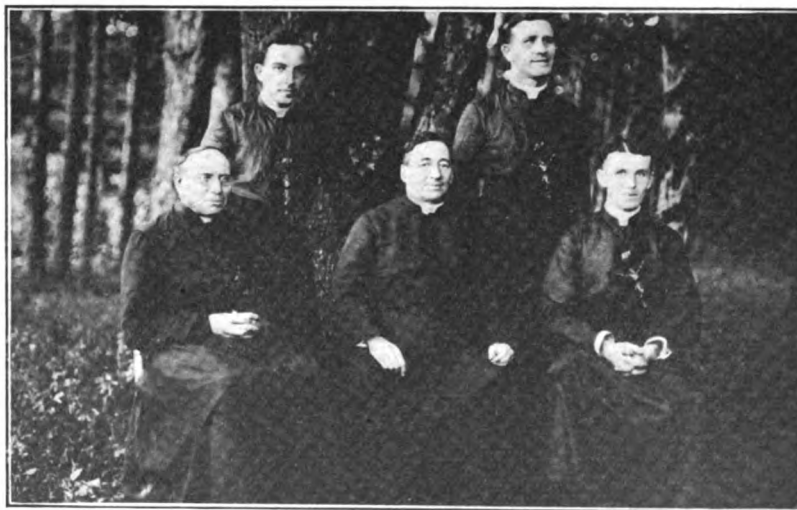
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Then the King was raised upon His throne, Benediction was given, and the ceremony was over. By the kindness of Mgr. Dunn and Dr. Flagg we were to be taken by automobile to catch the midnight train for Baltimore. Outside a veritable mob, albeit our own brethren sought a last word and hand-clasp. The faithful Teresians, too, had formed a little "hold-up party" of their own. At the last moment we found that if we did not wear overcoats during the ride to New York we should stand little chance of reaching China but, as so often before, the brethren did not fail us, and while they may never see those coats again they can comfort themselves that they saved the lives of the first missionaries from Maryknoll. At last all were aboard, the motors began to whir, a sudden start—and we were off.

Maryknoll, my Maryknoll, good-bye! We shall probably never see you again, nor look again upon all those, brothers in Christ, who have helped to make you for us Mary's Knoll.

But the same Voice that now calls us away brought us to know you and so we go, with grief for the parting,



WHEN THE PARTING SHOT WAS FIRED.
(Fr. Price, Fr. Ford, Superior of Maryknoll, Fr. Meyer, Fr. J. E. Walsh.)

but glad that our lines have been so long cast in pleasant places and rejoicing in the unity of purpose and action that you have given to us. And this parting, even, is only a physical one. United by love of Christ and souls we shall be ever one in heart and deed, depending on one another, bound together by an invisible but potent bond that even death cannot break, that will be only strengthened the other side of the grave.

Sept. 8.—Arrived at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, in time for Mass, and after breakfast greeted many friends and former classmates. For two of the party, at least, the name "St. Mary's" recalls happy and peaceful days,—and profitable ones, for the good Sulpician Fathers are not only instructors but examples. But we had come to Baltimore especially for the purpose of seeing his Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, and obtaining the blessing of one who had given to Maryknoll every encouragement from the beginning. We found him remarkably active and he showed a keen interest in our work.

Fr. Price spoke at the last Mass in the cathedral on the work and at 2.40 we found ourselves on the train *en route* to Washington, where a stop-over of a little more than two hours would give us an opportunity of visiting his Excellency, Archbishop Bonzano, the Apostolic Delegate, whose heart, we have good reason to believe, is still among the little yellow men where he spent the first six years of his priesthood as a missionary in Shansi. Ill-health forced him to return to Rome and now we, on our way to China, found him the representative of our Holy Father in America. He was very kind and three-quarters of an hour passed all too quickly,—at least for us. He had many good points to give us out of his experience and at the end we received his blessing—doubly precious because it came from the personal representative of the Holy Father.

Sept. 9.—A good Italian priest of Cincinnati met our train from Washington and soon we were speeding out into the suburbs to the new home of our friend Rev. Peter Dietz, whose brother is a Maryknoll priest. Fr. Dietz had asked Fr. Price to bless his new "Academy of Social Democracy," a work that is as yet getting much less attention and appreciation than it deserves. His aim is to counteract the venom of Socialism by applying the true remedy for existing social evils—the putting into practice of Christian principles. Students at the academy will take up the study of social conditions and the cure or amelioration of the evils. Nurses, settlement workers, and all

who seek the welfare of others find here a training that will be most helpful.

By the kindness of Fr. Siefert, the local pastor, we went from Fr. Dietz's to Mt. St. Mary's Seminary where we received a warm welcome from the rector, Rev. Dr. Beckmann, an enthusiastic worker for the missions and one of the organizers of the Students' Mission League which has for its purpose to arouse interest in and extend the knowledge of the missions in Catholic seminaries, colleges, and secondary schools throughout the country. At Archbishop Moeller's also we found a welcome and a blessing for the missionaries and their work. At Grandin Road the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur greeted us as old friends and showed us every kindness. Their hearts are large and the Tabernacle Society under their direction sends out many hundreds of dollars worth of altar furnishings annually to poor priests and churches. Fr. Price spoke a few words to the assembled nuns and novices, with the rest of the party as "Exhibit A."

Sept. 10.—An all night—and part of a day's—ride brought us to St. Louis where we said Mass at St. Vincent's Church in time to have breakfast and dinner at the same hour. Here we were fortunate enough to meet the Visitor of the Vincentians, Fr. Finney. At Archbishop Glennon's a hearty welcome awaited us and an assurance of deep and helpful interest in our work. The diocese of St. Louis has given five men to Maryknoll, with promise of others in the near future, and the Archbishop assured us that he would gladly give up all who might wish to join our work. We had only a few short moments to give to the gorgeous Byzantine cathedral whose interior is still uncompleted, but the altar and the mosaics of the side chapels gave us a good idea of the designer's general scheme.

A brief visit was paid to the Madames of the Sacred Heart in the Cathedral parish and to the Visitation Nuns at Cabanne Place, and then we separated—Fr. Meyer to visit relatives and the others to go to Kenrick Seminary at Webster Grove and to the Marillac Young Ladies' Seminary just outside the city. At Kenrick the party was greeted by the Vincentian Fathers, with the Rector, Rev. Dr. Ryan, at their head. We found here also our friend Fr. Donovan, founder and director of the St. Peter Claver Sodality for African Missions. At Marillac, the mother-house of the Sisters of Charity from Emmitsburg, western province, we were greeted by the Mother Superior and the Directress of Novices, who are working hard for the completion of a bursary at Maryknoll.

Maryknoll-in-China Needs:

\$200 For the personal support (food, clothing, and service) of each of four missionaries.

N.B. Provision has already been made for one.

\$100 For the yearly travel expense of each of our four missionaries.

\$100 For a year's education and support of each of ten Chinese boys studying to be Maryknoll priests.

N.B. Four have been adopted.


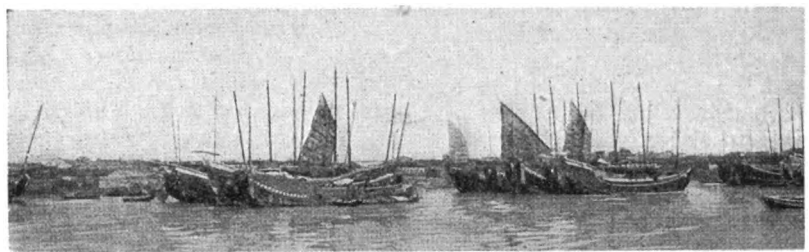

\$180 a year or

\$15 a month for the regular maintenance of each of ten catechists. This covers house rent, food, travel, books, etc.

T Last month we asked for
H \$500 to build the West
A River Hostel (with assembly-room and chapel) to accommodate our missionaries passing into the interior.
N This amount has come
K through a priest to whose
S generosity we owe much.

Sept. 11.—The good sisters at Marillac had telegraphed ahead so that when we arrived in Kansas City, Mo., we found the latch-string out at St. Vincent's Hospital and St. Anthony's Foundling Home. We were right at home with the Chaplain, Fr. O'Connor, C. M., and we judge that he has many friends, from his genial smile and warmheartedness and from the number of automobiles that seemed to be at his disposal for our entertainment. We visited the Academy conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph. The building we saw is part of a grouping which, when completed, will rival any similar school, east or west.

Bishop Lillis was out of the city but at the Cathedral rectory we found Fr. Tief, a Hartford, Conn., man, and at Mgr. Walsh's Fr. McGowan from Scranton, so we felt very much at home even though we were far from civilization. Several of the party were very much disappointed that they had not yet seen a real cowboy, but imagine their feelings when a Haynes car whisked us over miles of boulevards, past beautiful homes, with great open spaces at every turn where the children of the city can play in the open air and sunlight upon the greenest of green turfs, with no signs or policemen to disturb them. In Jackson County alone, outside of Kansas City, there are three hundred miles of as good paved roads as can be found anywhere.

Nov.	The Maryknoll Junior	1918
		
<p>✻ ✻ ✻</p>	<p>A FAMILIAR SCENE IN A CHINESE HARBOR.</p>	<p>✻ ✻ ✻</p>

MY DEAR JUNIORS:

Do you know you have made me happy this month? In my letter-tray every morning I have met friends new and old. From the Atlantic to the Pacific I find you reaching out eagerly for your own message from Maryknoll, the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America.

But there are many, many more of your friends whom I have not yet met, and I want to meet them. Are you going to introduce me? Yes, to all of them, even to those who are far away, for Maryknoll is *national*. It belongs to no city, to no state, but to the whole nation. And because it is *national*, the Juniors must not be from any one city, nor from any one state, but from every state.

I remember an old advice about the best way to be happy on Thanksgiving Day. It is "to give something away." Give away some of that love for the missions that is down in your own heart. Let it out to others and it will spread like fire, burning more intensely in your heart as well as enkindling it in your friends.

How can you give the mission spirit? You have, perhaps been saying a "Hail Mary" for Maryknoll and the missions, but—have you asked your chum to say one? You can do this and more. Let me know your friends. Write and tell me about them. Get them to write to me. In the contest, and in answering the questions I have given you this month, you will have to get information. You may find things that are new to you. Tell them to me for they may be of interest to all the Juniors.

In doing this you will be doing for our missionaries what the men in the munition plants are doing for our boys overseas. Our missionaries depend on this help, for on the memorable night when America's first apostles left Maryknoll one of them said, "We go with courage because your prayers will follow us."

You need the blessings this activity will bring

into your own life; our missionaries can be blessed through your activity, and all China, too. There is a country in which the whitened harvest of souls has not been gathered. These immortal souls are reaching out to you for the crumbs,—the prayers and sacrifices that will enable Maryknoll to send out American priests to gather them. You are going to "do your bit." I know it and may God bless you in return.

Your friend,

Fr. Chin.

We are grateful to the "Friends of our Lady" who wrote:

Accept this little offering to fit up a room in honor of Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

A Sunday-School in Central Falls, R. I., has sent the generous gift of \$46 to help Maryknoll's work. The boys and girls gathered this sum in their mite boxes.

Some children in Taunton, Mass., want to help to educate a priest for our Maryknoll Mission. They go to St. Jacques' Parochial School and they have sent through their pastor a check for \$8.83, which they collected in their mite boxes.

Every Junior should wear a Maryknoll Pin which can be secured for twenty-five cents or for one new subscription to *The Field Afar*.

Fr. Chin has been glad to greet the landowners among the Juniors. Here is one who is going to be even more than that:

DEAR FATHER:

In the Junior pages of *THE FIELD AFAR* I saw that I could buy some land at Scranton at one cent for two feet. I enclose fifty cents for a hundred feet. Please send an owner's certificate. I also would like to become a Maryknoll Router.

(J. L., Union Hill, N. J.)

Write to Father Chin and tell him your ideas about foreign missions and what can be done for them, even by the stay-at-homes.

That Prize Story Contest.

You Maryknoll Juniors gave Fr. Chin a difficult task as the result of that prize story contest. It was hard to decide which was the best combination of circumstances under which to have Francis Lou kidnapped and returned. To have him stolen on the mountains where he had been helping to pick tea with his father, to have him chasing a butterfly into the very cave of the brigands, to have him clapped into a bag on the streets of the village within sight of his own home; these were some of the ways Francis fell into the hands of the brigands. Now, Fr. Chin had the problem before him—which of all these ideas had been worked into the best story? Was it easy? What do you think about it?

Before telling you the result, Fr. Chin wishes to congratulate all those who answered in this contest. He is much pleased with the interest for he realizes that the writing this story was not the easiest task in the world, because as yet you are not familiar with the customs and manners of the people. But your teachers and your parents can help you and Fr. Chin himself is going to tell you much. From Pennsylvania particularly came so many truly good stories. Two other stories, one from California and one from Rhode Island, deserve particular mention. But the very best, the prize-winner, is from

Edward F. Barrett, Jr.
322 E. Samuel's Ave.
Hazleton Heights, Pa.

Next month, perhaps, Edward will tell the Juniors something about himself, and about his prize book of mission tales.

With our next contest we shall look for even more answers. Some of the girls think that these contests are not for them. They are for *all* our Junior friends,—boys and girls. So you may keep Fr. Chin busy reading stories about the land he loves.

A Birthday Present in China.

How surprised your good father would be if, on his next birthday, an express wagon should draw up at the door and leave a *coffin* for him, with a card bearing these words: "From your children, with dearest love."

I imagine your father would not be pleased and would think that you were in a hurry to have him die. But a Chinese father would be "tickled" with such a gift; no more acceptable present could be offered him. The Chinese are not much troubled about a future state but they do like to have nice coffins, and they would show such a gift to every visitor, telling at the same time how good the children were to remember their father with so useful a present.

Christ Loveth All.

*What matter if the flesh be white,
Or black or brown?
The dying Saviour wore for all
The thorny crown:
What matter if the poor abode be in
Far lands unblest.
The Heart of Jesus covers North,
South, East, and West.*
—Mary Allegra Gallagher.

Every live boy who loves God should read about Théophraste Vénard. To know him better is to love God more. His life, "Modern Martyr," costs only seventy-five cents.

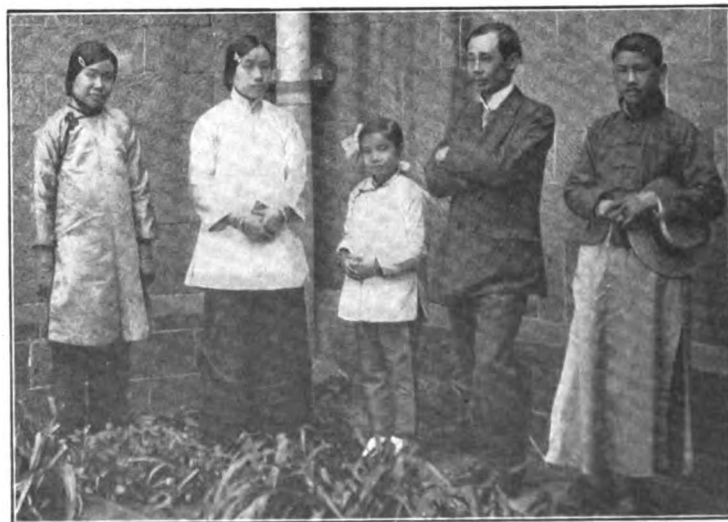
The Courage of Lim-Chou-An.

(A True Story, told by a Sister in China.)



LIM-CHOU-AN was a little pagan Chinese girl who had been enrolled in our boarding-school. Her name in Chinese meant "Happy Moon," but the poor little maid was far from happy. Her mother was dead, her father had married again, and there was no place at home for Lim-chou-an. According to the custom of the country the child was already promised in marriage.

Happily, the intended husband was of a Catholic family and his parents required that the future bride be baptized. The innocent little one soon became very much interested in our holy faith and was glad to become a Christian. She then passed into our Christian school, where she remained even during the holidays, for her father did not want her at home and Paula, as she was now called, preferred to stay at the convent. She grew steadily in piety and vir-



(In China—where the mothers and daughters wear the pantaloons, the father and sons wear skirts, with an occasional change to American clothes.)

tue and used often to say, "Now that I know the beauty of religion I wish I could be released from the engagement my father made for me." Of course these wedding engagements in China are almost always money affairs, where the girls are actually sold by their parents.

The day came when Paula's father appeared and asked for his daughter. It was the appointed time for the marriage. The sorrowful child went to her unhappy home but on her arrival amazed all by her declaration that she would never marry. She was at once punished by many kinds of ill-treatment. Even her clothes were taken from her to prevent her from going to Mass. But through all this abuse Paula remained calm and firm, ready to endure every torment rather than consent.

In spite of Paula's refusal the two families continued to prepare for the wedding. Rich clothes, jewels, and wonderful gifts were gotten, and all the ceremonies that Chinese etiquette requires were gone through. At last the great day dawned. Many guests had been invited, and many more came through natural curiosity, so that soon the Cathedral was filled. All went well until the time came for the priest who was celebrating the Nuptial Mass to ask Paula if she would take the young bridegroom as her husband. Paula at once replied, "Father, if I must obey I submit, but everybody shall know that I do it against my will."

Picture the scene! Many pagans were there. Women fainted. Paula's father, mad with rage, sprang upon his daughter, crying out, "I shall kill you!"

"Kill me," was her gentle reply.

But the priest having declared, "My child, you are absolutely free," some friends took the brave girl away in order to shield her from her father's fury.

Paula's case was taken to court and tried, but to our great joy the Chinese judge decided in her favor. This was the first time such a decision was ever given in a Chinese court. Paula's father was obliged to let his daughter go free, but because of his anger she went again to stay with friends. Her gentle heart could bear no resentment, however, and from time to time she visited her father in the hope of winning his affection. At first he treated her very harshly, but after a while his heart softened, and at last he even gave his full consent for his daughter to return to the convent. Here she is now, contented and happy in the hope that the grace for which she so bravely fought will soon be given her, for little "Happy Moon" is to have another change of name and be "Sister Maria Paula," a native Chinese nun.

Bob: Where's my "American Missionary?"

Bob's Mother: Your father is reading it.

Bob: Same old story. He read "Theophane Vénard" before I did, and now he is doing it with "Father Judge."

BOYS! Have you read any Mary-GIRLS! knoll books? Here are some.

Field Afar Stories (2 vols.) .60

A Modern Martyr .75

An American Missionary .75

These books will interest you immensely. Any one of them will be sent postpaid to your address for three new subscriptions to *The Field Afar*.



The Maryknoll Mission is in Europe, Asia, or Africa—which? Can you bound it?

Your new friend, Fr. Chin, stroked contentedly that part of his face as read the letter from which we quote:

I am sending check which represents the savings of my Sunday School children. This is true sacrifice money, for the children are not rich in this world's goods, but they are truly happy to be able to do something in behalf of your noble work.

Half of this contribution from my Mite Box (\$2.50) is from my little four-year-old nephew, for "the poor little boys who haven't any home" in pagan lands. I am praying for the continued and ever greater success of your glorious work.

I am sending another dollar from little Anne R's Mite Box. She is an only girl with five brothers and after they sell their papers on Sundays she is always on hand to gather the odd pennies they have left over. She certainly does deny herself many things to fill her Mite Box.

This mite was collected from two children who were visiting me for a few months. We made it a rule to put a penny in the Mite Box for every failure in table manners. We were watched carefully, you may be sure, and at some meals as much as three or four cents went into the Box.

Another friend from Nova Scotia writes:

We have re-opened school and the mite box gatherers have returned. We hope this year that the "Boxes" will have better luck than they had last year with the great enemy T. N. T. I have shown the children the illustrations in *THE FIELD AFAR* and they are enthusiastic in their small way. May I have seventy-five mite boxes to begin with?

The children in our schools under the leadership of sisters whose hearts are truly missionary have begun this new scholastic year with vigor and spirit. From one school that has six Maryknoll Routers we get:

I only wish it was in my power to do something more substantial for your noble work, still I feel sure you will be pleased to know that I and the thirty-four pupils of my class are to say daily a special prayer to Our Lady for the four noble missionaries who have started for China. Six of my children will take monthly ten copies of *THE FIELD AFAR* and dispose of them, hoping in this way to spread the work of Maryknoll.

Get some Thrift Stamps for the Mission Cause.

WHERE MARYKNOLL MISSIONERS HAVE LANDED.



PERHAPS at home you have a better map of China than the rough sketch on this page. If not, our drawing will help you to realize in what section of that great country our American priests are going to begin their campaign *for Christ and Souls*.

We want you to follow these American missionaries with daily growing interest, and they have begged us to ask you to follow them especially with your Communion and prayers. Here is one way in which we at Maryknoll remember them and we hope that it will appeal to you:

When we get around to the last bead on our daily Rosary we go back towards the cross, saying one Our Father, three Hail Mary's, and a Glory be to the Father—for our missionaries. Do you catch the idea?

Here are some questions for Maryknoll Juniors to answer:

1. How many provinces are there in China?
2. To which province does the Maryknoll Mission belong?
3. What is the principal city in that province?
4. What are the two principal centers of the Maryknoll Mission?
5. Along what river would you sail to reach the western boundary of the Maryknoll Mission?
6. What great missionary died on an island near the Maryknoll Mission? What is the name of that island?

To the first ten who answer correctly Fr. Chin will send a Maryknoll Pin.

Blessed Joseph, guide our missionaries in heathen lands as thou didst guide into Egypt Mary and her Divine Son.

Help them to sustain with patience trials of soul and weariness of body. Secure for them abundant grace and whatever material aid they may need to set up tabernacles for Jesus among those who know Him not. Learn this prayer.

A Router I Would Be.

If that is the case you are going to be a silent partner of the Maryknoll Society, and you might run the danger of being a live member some day.

In any event, Fr. Chin wishes us to print his

Router Rules.

Carry copies of THE FIELD AFAR to your friends—

1. For each copy you will pay six cents.
2. Sell each copy for ten cents.
3. You require no permission to sell to your relatives and friends—but
4. Secure your pastor's permission if you wish to sell to strangers.
5. For every twenty papers you sell we will send you a Maryknoll Pin (if you already have one you may sell or give this to some one else).
6. You must ask for this pin when you write.
7. As soon as possible after the delivery of your papers send your returns in postage stamps (any denomination) at our expense.
8. If you have any papers left tell us how many and Fr. Chin will instruct you what to do with them.



FATHER LEO TING AND HIS BOYS.

(Fr. Ting is a young Chinese priest. He knows how precious the True Faith is and he is working hard to teach it to these boys in his catechism-class.)

The End of the Log.

(With an Old Friend.)

LANGSON, where Fr. Cothonay lives, is well up in the north of Tongking,—about five hours by rail from Hani—and it was not very long before we left the rich low lands of the delta and were running through valleys bordered with high hills. We were climbing gradually into a mountain region, sparsely peopled, that occupies an extensive portion of upper and west Tongking and I began to picture occupations of a Catholic missionary self-exiled in the heart of this strange country. He would certainly have to spend much of his time in travelling—and as a rule he would be obliged to get about on horseback—but at home how would he pass his time when catechism lessons and necessary occupations were over?

I put the question to my companion, who confirmed what every experienced missionary advises and answered: "He should have a hobby." Then Fr. Cothonay spoke to me of a Paris Seminary priest in a neighboring vicariate, who for fifteen years has remained in his present mission, fifty miles from the nearest priest and two hundred miles from any center of civilization. The missionary has learned four dialects and prepared two valuable dictionaries of strange languages (the Tho and Meo) never before recorded. The dictionaries have been published by a society in the Far East, which gave the priest a mere pittance for his labor of years but enabled him to do what a lack of means would otherwise have made impossible.

It was night when we reached Langson, where a priest with attendants was waiting for us, and we had but a few steps to go before reaching our "hotel," for such in fact was formerly the present house of the French Dominican priests at Langson.

I was awakened next morning by the chanting of prayers directly under my room, and I realized that here, as in China, six o'clock and even five-thirty is a very late hour for rising in the seminaries.

The day was cloudy, however, and this, together with the fact that I was a traveler, excused my late appearance.

I found Langson something of a surprise. I had visualized a rather large and dirty village with narrow streets such as one might find in almost any considerable district of China; but here was a city laid out for the future, with wide streets and substantial structures that made one

feel that he would find an apothecary shop (or a chemist, if you will) at the next corner and blocks of stores away from the residential boulevard. But no!—the railway station—customs buildings—post-office—Resident Governor's house—a small hotel—some private houses—and—*finished*. Some day Langson may arrive, but just now the French Government is at the initial investment stage,—an interesting period, nevertheless, in the experience of every center of human activities.

Our first excursion brought us to the post-office and to the market place, on our way to see a tract of land which Fr. Cothonay purchased a couple of years ago "for a song"—and a few dollars. At the post-office a turbaned Annamite youth was stamping letters and speaking French as if his ancestors had been doing likewise; and at the market place the natives were chewing betel and squatting on the cold earth and selling trifles just as their forebears had done for generations. From the market we found rickshaws and crossing a small bridge reached the site of "Fr. Cothonay's hope" in a short quarter-of-an-hour.

This "hope" consists of several acres of land, including some scores of protruding boulders, a long low building in brick and cement, and several mud huts, all backed against a range of limestone hills. Half-a-dozen Christian families are there and each has his rice-field as well as his hut. The Mission provides both and in return the Christians give a portion of their rice crop to the Father, so that there is no loss although the investment produces a very small margin of profit—one or two per cent—for the Mission,—proof strong and positive that Catholic missionaries are not trying to rob their parishioners. Fr. Cothonay has built the foundation of a church for this new settlement, as he anticipates a rapid growth—if he can win his monied friends to the colonization idea.

The huts built of mud and thatch provide for two families and cost about sixteen dollars, or eight dollars for each family. A rice-field large enough to supply a year's grain for one family adds to the investment fifty dollars more, making a total initial investment for each family of about sixty dollars, on which, at five percent, three dollars worth of interest would be lost yearly to the Mission, which loss is more than compensated for by the rice-crop division mentioned above.

Fr. Cothonay plans to build the new church with mud but I urged him to wait and use brick, especially if, as

Bernadette of Lourdes

The only complete account of her life ever published.

Translated by J. H. Gregory.

Price—One Dollar, Postpaid

Special rates for quantities to the Reverend Clergy and all Religious.

For sale at Maryknoll.

he now feels, he expects to be buried within its walls.

As New Year's salutations were in order we entered the catechist's reception room,—a not over-clean place,—brushed a spot clean and sat down, while the families gathered to spread their mats and make their bows.

When this was over Père Cothonay gave one of his characteristic sighs, we both grunted, then smiled, and sauntered magnificently down to the rickshaws for a further exploration of the wonders of Langson. And wonders there certainly are in the limestone caves that honeycomb these mountains of northern Tongking. We went into one which, like many others, had been turned into a pagoda. It was like a fairy scene, with its massive stalactites, great hanging pyramids of stone carved by nature into grotesque forms, giving a background for the altar and its hideous gods. Passages ran into the mountain from several points and they seemed endless, giving a good idea of their usefulness as hiding places and something of a creepy feeling at the realization of the discomforts suggested by them.

We passed out from this "cave of Satan," beautiful yet beastly, into God's sunshine and as we did so Fr. Cothonay pointed to other caves which were actually occupied as living quarters by some lepers who begged on the road from passersby, but who failed to come out and importune us, perhaps because they sensed the fact that we were fellow-mendicants. Caves and lepers, bandits and pirates—what thrills these magic words once gave me when, as a youngster, long before the "movies" took root in the pockets of our people, I heard—not to say read—of such things! And here is the reality, to some extent at least, failing to excite an imagination that has been growing cool with advancing years.

As we were returning to the "hotel" Fr. Cothonay expressed his regret that I could not meet a certain one of his parishioners whose house we were passing and who happened to be "out of town for New Year's." This parishioner, an Annamite woman, is as yet only a Christian at heart and not by baptism but if her zeal continues she should make a valiant member of the Church Militant.

When she realized for the first time that her gods were of tin and other structural material she went back to her house, pulled from the wall a rather valuable painting of many idols, and was about to burn it when Fr. Cothonay suggested that a place in New York State called *Maryknoll* could make good use of it as a horrible example. And my host—who had called to my memory the little office where THE FIELD AFAR Editor works occasionally and this identical hanging back of his chair—remarked with another sigh that he had never learned whether or not the thing had arrived in America—a charge that was repudiated of course, because—well, could any priest fail to write an acknowledgment? I know by long experience that priests have a poor reputation in the matter of answering letters, and I have even heard the seminaries blamed for this defect of character, but—perhaps “they” slipped up at Maryknoll. “Accidents will happen,”—and Fr. Cothonay was pleased to know at last that his gift had not been lost in transit.

I took an excursion into China that afternoon. It was only about ten miles to the end of the railway hut and a short half-mile climb brought us to the gateway that pierces and ornaments the straggling wall of this extensive, if not as yet great, republic of Asia.

One of the priests accompanied me and Fr. Cothonay gave a New Year's treat to a few of the “boys,” who were in glee at the opportunity to “see China and die.” The house-dog also followed us into the train but Fr. Brebion refused to take him on the ground that the railroad company charges more for a dog than for an Annamite.

The last few miles of this short journey brought us through a region without any sign of human life—and the “great door” of China was guarded by only one sleepy soldier, who was too comfortable to stand as we passed over the line that separates nations.

There was not much to see; the outside of an official's rather imposing European house, a village of about a hundred persons, a dingy-looking pagoda, a police-station, and some groups of silent staring Chinese—this was the sum of attractions—certainly a poor “day's outing” for the average American, especially when it is realized that there was not on the premises anything that looked like a refreshment stand. The poor youths who came with us seemed happy, however, storing some unsubstantial memories. Above all they were glad to be safe with “Europeans,” to whose skirts they clung quite closely in



THREE TONGKING TYPES.
(Mr. Push, Mr. Squat, Mr. Pull.)

evident suspicion of the strangers within whose gates they had penetrated for the first time in their uneventful lives.

The next day Fr. Cothonay and I made another sortie into the streets of Langson, calling on various distinguished personages, from the *Resident* (the provincial governor) to the proprietor of the real hotel, examining “future hopes” in certain parcels of land that belonged to other people, and winding up the morning with a brief reception at the home of the misfits, the “miserables.”

The “miserables” are so named, not because they are what they are through their own fault, but because there is no place for them in the activities of Langson. They are a collection of unfortunate men, women, and children, blind, crippled or silly, in some cases thrice afflicted, who live in huts provided by Fr. Cothonay.

They have been burned out several times so that recently the Government insisted on a substantial roof in place of straw and that portion of their establishment is now the most respectable of its kind in the vicinity.

They hobbled out to meet us, led us to one of the huts, spread mats and made noises on strange instruments, which we endured in an atmosphere for which I cannot find a fitting adjective, relieving ourselves finally by the deposit of one Mexican dollar on the principal instrument.

It was Fr. Cothonay who made this contribution and he told them to get a New Year's feast, after which he explained to me that the entire group is supported from alms gathered by a certain number who go out regularly into the town for this purpose, placing their returns conscientiously in a common fund. It was raw and cold that morning and I still have a recollection of one shivering man who followed us a few paces asking for clothing or a blanket.

In the afternoon we listened to another concert, this time from the students in the *House of God* under the direction of a Dominican Father, who brought more music out of an ancient harmonium made near Boston than I had heard since I left that City of Symphonies.

The *Resident* called after the concert to return our visit and I could not but contrast the elegance of his house with the reception room into which he was ushered—the mission refectory—with its unadorned walls and its table covered with cloth-of-marble, brown



NATIVE SISTERS AT LANGSON WITH SOME OF THEIR CHARGES.
Which are which?

in color so as to appear respectably clean even after many years of use.

Fr. Cothonay would like to welcome some of Maryknoll's sons into Tongking, and so far as he is concerned he would tomorrow give them the half of his territory, much of which he has not yet seen. And I don't blame him, not because his mission is remote and sparsely settled, but because as Prefect-Apostolic he has the same responsibility for souls as if he were a Bishop and the realization that for lack of men the souls entrusted to him are not cared for pains his truly priestly heart. But if Maryknoll were to accept the responsibility what could be done to provide priests? I had to remind Fr. Cothonay that Maryknoll is only six years old, but he expects to see the child a big man one of these days—and then—God knows.

Written on the door of my host's room were these words:

"Quodcumque facitis in verbo aut in opere, omnia in nomine Jesu Christi."

"Whatever you say or do, let it be all in the name of Jesus Christ."

So may it be with our work, dear Fr. Cothonay, and the Bearer of the Name that is above all names must guide our footsteps.

Here finishes in The Field Afar the wandering of a Maryknoller under the title, The Pioneer's Log. The return-trip to Hongkong, a more or less thrilling journey to Sancian Island, and the home passage across the Pacific by way of Shanghai and Japan have yet to be set up in type but The Pioneer's Log will now give place to the Maryknoll Mission Chronicle, which begins with this number.

In The Pioneer's Log as it appeared monthly there were many omissions, due to lack of space. These will be supplied, and the concluding chapters added, in a book which is even now in the hands of the printer and will appear under the new title:

OBSERVATIONS IN THE ORIENT

BY A MARYKNOLLER.

While this new volume will be profusely illustrated and otherwise attractive it is our intention to dispose of it at the lowest possible price.

Yeong-Kong Occupied.

FR. GAUTHIER, who has been "holding down" Yeong-kong, the center of the new Maryknoll-in-China, announces that THE FIELD AFAR has made its first appearance in that distinguished city. He writes:

THE FIELD AFAR for June has just reached Yeong-kong. The happy news it brings us has made the whole Christian community of Yeong-kong leap with joy. Most pleased of all is certainly the poor old missionary, who, while waiting for the young recruits from Maryknoll, has done his best to retain the ground already conquered. However, fortifying ourselves in the trenches to keep back the enemy is not enough; we must now step out and go forward to new conquests, and for that the contingent from Maryknoll will be of immense service. We shall soon see the happy effect of their presence, just as in France we see the wonderful results of the presence of the American troops.

Now that Yeong-kong is known to THE FIELD AFAR it will soon be known to its multitude of generous readers. THE FIELD AFAR will be a messenger of good tidings to both sides. To Yeong-kong it will bring encouragement, and to Maryknoll the story of the good fight fought and the victories gained. "Man sui," a Chinaman would say—"long life" to THE FIELD AFAR—long life and prosperity to Maryknoll and the Mission of Yeong-kong—and long eternal life to the generous readers of this messenger of good news! Yours devotedly,

A. GAUTHIER.

Our first news of Yeong-kong came accidentally through a Protestant mission magazine, in which we found the following news under the caption:

THE OUTBREAK IN YEUNG-KONG.

Fighting in Yeung-kong, South China, between the local troops and some northern soldiers had led to such a serious situation that the missionaries there sent to the American Consul at Canton for help. An American gunboat, then in Hongkong, was sent to their relief, and Rev. Charles E. Patton, of the American Presbyterian mission, describes what happened:

"A sad sight enough the city presented. Every shop had been looted, the doors shattered and patched up with bits of box boards. Bullet holes were everywhere. The streets were almost deserted, the people having fled to the country, and they looked more like horse stables than anything else.

The fine big church building (Protestant) was a pile of broken bricks, a complete wreck. The situation had been very grave a few days before. Just then the Cantonese army had driven the Northern troops of Lung Chai Kwong beyond to the Kochou region.

"The whole affair was evidently the outgrowth of some small misunderstanding on the part of a rough element among the Cantonese soldiers, whose conduct was disavowed and reprimanded by their own commanders."

The Chaplain.

The Maryknoll representative



REV. NEWTON THOMPSON, D.D.,
FIRST LIEUTENANT, U.S.A.

among our army chaplains distinguished himself as a soap-box orator around the "little berg" situated on Manhattan Island. We have not heard how many Liberty Bonds have been landed by the waves of his oratory but many FIELD AFAR subscribers can vouch for his ability to do his bit in this important line of patriotic help.

On the Knoll.

MARYKNOLL was honored on Oct. 16 by one of the first visits made after his arrival in New York by His Excellency the Most Rev. Pietro Di Maria, Apostolic Delegate to Canada.

His Excellency was accompanied by Archbishop Sinnott of Winnipeg, Monsignor Filippi, secretary to the Delegation, Monsignor Carroll of New York, and Fr. Louis Stickney, Chancellor of the Baltimore Archdiocese.

Through his connection with the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda and as a former Rector of the College of Propaganda, our distinguished visitor found himself at home in the centre of a work that is evidently, in his eyes, one of great importance to the Church at home as well as to the mission field itself.

He extended his congratulations and he gave us his blessing, but what lingers with us at Maryknoll is the memory of his keen and sympathetic interest and his repeated insistence on the fact that the Holy Father is looking to America to make up, in men and means, for the serious losses inflicted on Catholic missions by the world war.

Since his return from the Far East the Maryknoll Superior has not had much time for talk-tours, but he is obliged for one reason or another to make occasional rapid flights. When the opportunity presents itself he stops in these flights to speak a word at some center of activities. Recently on a return trip from Scranton he had the pleasure of visiting the Newark, (N. J.) diocesan seminary at South Orange and St. Elizabeth's, the large educational establishment at Convent Station. At the seminary he addressed the faculty and students and at Convent Station the Sisters of Charity in charge. At both places he found

that much interest had already been aroused.

The Superior talked also recently to two divisions of the New York Archdiocesan Sodality Union,—which, by the way, is a movement full of possibilities for great usefulness. These talks were given on the invitation of the Rev. William J. Daly of Peekskill, the General Director of the Union.

There is land to till and there is wood to burn at Maryknoll above the Hudson but, if we must admit it—and we are glad to do so—living accommodations for human beings are getting scarce. Our slogan, *There is always room for one more*, is actually in danger of temporary suppression.

Fahncy! as a Mill-Hiller would say; or, as an American youth would express it, "*Do you get*



His Grace, the most Reverend Archbishop Sinnott, of Winnipeg, Canada.

His Excellency, the Most Reverend Pietro Di Maria, Apostolic Delegate to Canada,

Standing above are their hosts of New York City and Ossining town.

this?" Including the twenty-five Teresians down at the roadside across the fields, there are more than a hundred persons at Maryknoll, distributed in five separate buildings.

At the Seminary we manage to keep a couple of rooms for passing guests, because it does us good to see our friends and it does them good to see this youngster grow, but many of our aspirant apostles are "doubled-up," though not in great suffering. This crowded condition is excellent training, we tell them, for the life of a traveler in China, where, whether one likes it or not, he must often get into a swarm.

There are, however, some disadvantages, not to speak of dangers, such as the recent epidemic threatened. But God fits the back to the burden and the place to the need. No condition bothers us at Maryknoll unless it threatens to become chronic and the present jam will be relieved when the Vénard Laundry and Power-House, our rising preparatory-school building near Scranton, shall be finished.

You, dear reader, have probably received an attractive circular which carried a drawing of that Laundry and Power-House (now ready for its roof) and a letter inviting friends to send in, according to their means, Liberty Bonds, War Savings Stamps, or Thrift Stamps. We are not going to embarrass you by asking if you were impressed to the penpoint of answering that studied appeal, but you will be glad to know that at this writing there is good promise that we can one day place in enduring bronze within the walls of the new building these words:

Erected during the World-War, from the Liberty Bonds and War-Savings Stamps of American Catholics, in whose hearts love of Country is founded on the love of God.

Will you kindly recall this plan of ours the next time you discover that Liberty Bond or War Stamp in your bureau drawer? Remember that it will be safe at Maryknoll.

If you do not wish to lose those War-Savings Stamps send them to Maryknoll for the new Laundry and Power House into which the Vénard Apostolic School is anxious to move.

Since our last issue the roster of Vénard students has risen to forty-three, with several more nearing the entrance line, so that we shall not be surprised to record fifty-plus before the next scholastic year. This is gratifying, although it will shake our Treasurer out of his easy chair before long and set his brain in a whirl. Even now he has a habit of starting up occasionally as if he had been pinched.

What will wake him is not, however, the increase to a half-hundred Vénard students, but the realization that places must be found at Maryknoll for the Vénard graduates; and this will bring to his imagination not only the new Vénard, but the new Maryknoll, because the Proto-Seminary of the American Foreign Missions will have reached its limit of extension after its next scholastic year, according to all present reckonings—and "what will the robin do then, poor thing?"

Fortunately the Maryknoll Treasurer is not justified in worrying about this robin. So far he certainly has had no cause to complain. At times, especially when building, he has asked himself as the first of the month approached, "Where shall I turn to borrow it?" but, thanks to the Providence that has set this movement on foot, he has not yet been obliged to turn for that purpose. God has been good to us, inspiring priests, nuns, and Catholic faithful as the instruments of His benefactions. May we merit a continuance of His bounty!



THE MARYKNOLL MISSION CIRCLES.

CONNECTICUT Circles are remembering Maryknoll's pioneers in the mission field:

We are offering a rosary every day during October for the intention of our first four missionaries who are on the way "over there." (Danielson.)

Enclosed is a money order for the fund for the first missionaries. We cannot send so much as we would like, but we will try to make up in prayers what is lacking in money. (Hartford.)

Surpluses at Maryknoll are not just now a surplus stock and there is a golden opportunity for some Circle to supply some.

If this appeals we invite correspondence, because we have a uniform style, even in these war days. It is, however, simple.

Plans for stimulating and widening interest in Maryknoll Circles are many. One active organizer in Massachusetts promises "a good time."

The nature of my party is a good Irish dance. I don't expect to make much on it, but it will be the means of meeting more people and advertising the purpose and work of the Circle, thus giving us a larger field. Already we have secured quite a few new members.

Not long ago we had a gift for a *Maryknoll Catechist Circle*. No one of our Circles is as yet engaged in the support of a catechist, but the idea is a good one and this gift will be applied to the first Circle that starts to support a catechist—for which support the Maryknoll Mission aims to secure fifteen dollars a month to cover all necessary expenses.

The cancelled stamp, trading stamp, and tin-foil gatherings of our friends in New York City may be left with Miss Julia Ward, 16 East Forty-Eighth Street, who has kindly volunteered to receive them for Maryknoll.



THE Vénard nowadays has somewhat of a dual personality—one third of the roll-call being in temporary exile at Maryknoll, patiently awaiting the time and space that will allow return to Alma Pater at Clark's Green, Pa. The fortunate others, who could be accommodated at home, are making up in zeal for their loss in numbers, and are steadily advancing in massed formation against the barrier of studies that is hindering their departure for China.

For the missionary fever is high.

Maryknoll may be somewhat concerned in the welfare of foreign missionaries, and in particular of "Our Four" who left in September, but we Vénarders naturally feel that, having supplied three of the Big Four, we are thereby entitled to a keener and more personal interest in the exploits and the "fate" of this apostolic advance guard. Accordingly, when an occasional postal or scrap of news filters through the censor's hands, it is instantly pounced upon, devoured, memorized and archived in perpetuum.

In the meantime, while waiting for another letter from the celestial kingdom, the Vénard husbandmen meander along the verdant cowpaths, gently picking prunes for our high-pressure canning plant. To date, over 3,600 quarts of steaming vegetables and fruits have been interned.

On rainy days—and they are many—the students and brothers turn within, to seek consolation in the flowing brush. Inspired with the ardor that begets "Housemaid's Knee," the entire corps, faculty, brothers, and students have engaged in a ferocious struggle with wall-scrapers, putty-knives and brushes, paint and alabaster—and, not infrequently, iodine—bringing out all the beauty that lay dormant in our dwelling, a stately Colonial mansion of Spanish architecture, Queen Anne style in sections, with a little touch of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew here and there—a combination that made infinite appeal to all the artful designers in the community and challenged their genius to camouflage.

When all is ready, we shall have a house-warming—if we can get the coal. (Otherwise, a lawn fête, perhaps, on a sunny afternoon.) Though near to a mining district we do not find it easier on that account to secure the precious stuff, but while there's paprika why worry?

Visitors have been few,—partly due, we suppose, to the gasless Sundays. But the kind interest of our friends is as manifest as ever. One well-wisher bequeathed to our jealous care a race horse that once could walk a mile in two minutes using only his hind legs; while still another benefactor has benefited us with a galloping beauty called "Blackie." And so is our transportation problem solved.

Among other benefactions we wish especially to record a gift of linen toweling from a Scranton Circle that has shown a constant devotion to the Vénard and its needs.

The improvements made at the Vénard, and those still in the making, are due in large part to the helpful suggestions of the Teresians, four of which now live at the cottage known as "Our Lady of the Missions," which has become so permanent a factor in Vénard life that we occasionally find ourselves whistling the song: "How Did We Ever Get Along Without Them?" Like Maryknoll, so, too, is the Vénard forever indebted to the loyal devotion of these apostolic disciples of St. Dominic and St. Teresa.

Why worry about that Liberty Bond? Maryknoll will keep it for you and with it back its young school near Scranton.

MARYKNOLL-IN-SAN FRANCISCO.

The Maryknoll procurator in San Francisco writes:

The week preceding September 21—the day our four missionaries sailed from San Francisco—was an eventful one in the history of the Maryknoll Procure. The exact day of their

arrival was not known until a telegram came from Sacramento, but the Women's Auxiliary had everything in readiness for their reception.

The travelers arrived on Saturday the fourteenth. On Sunday Fr. Price preached at the Cathedral. During the week various schools and convents were visited and at St. Patrick's Seminary at Menlo Park the four missionaries received a warm welcome. Thursday evening, at the Procure, the San Francisco Women's Catholic Foreign Mission Auxiliary gave a reception in honor of the future apostles.

The much loved Archbishop was present and gave the principal address of the evening. He paid a glorious tribute to the vigorous vitality of Mother Church, who, despite the ever-increasing needs that the war has occasioned, is able, nevertheless, to send missionaries to pagan lands to extend the kingdom of Jesus Christ.

The Rt. Rev. Giuseppe Tacconi, Bishop of South Honan, China, was present that evening, as were also three Lazarist missionaries—Hollanders—en route to China.

Saturday, September 21, was sailing-day. The departing missionaries and their friends were at the pier early. About eleven o'clock, when tickets, baggage, and so forth, had been all attended to, the dean of the party woke up to the fact that he had forgotten to take any breakfast. It was too early for the one o'clock luncheon on the steamer, and impossible to go to a convenient restaurant as the steamer's rules forbid a passenger to go outside the gates again once he has come on board. Had this lapse of memory occurred a day or two later, out at sea, it would no doubt have been looked upon as quite usual.



"OUR LADY OF THE MISSIONS."
(The Teresian "cottage home" at Clark's Green.)

CROSSING.

Can we cross?
The waters represent
our bills for the Laundry and
Power - House—
our pro-College—
near Scranton;
the bearer, our
benefactors. Keep
our feet dry and
our head above
water.



A valuable library has been presented to Maryknoll by Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Grubel and family, to be known as the Grubel Memorial Library.

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Arizona		1
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Dist. of Columbia	19.00	11
Florida	1.00	1
Idaho		3
Illinois	87.85	30
Indiana	106.00	21
Iowa	255.00	33
Kansas	25.00	3
Kentucky	512.00	2
Louisiana	5.00	5
Maine	2.00	3
Maryland	582.00	7
Massachusetts	6,665.43	244
Michigan	27.12	20
Minnesota	200.83	5
Missouri	322.00	49
Montana	2.45	1
Nebraska	6.75	1
New Hampshire	48.00	6
New Jersey	572.43	52
New York	2,670.39	293
North Carolina		1
North Dakota	1.00	4
Ohio	372.10	15
Oregon	3.50	2
Pennsylvania	1,572.43	66
Rhode Island	212.67	22
South Dakota	2.00	5
Tennessee	10.00	1
Texas		5
Vermont	2.00	1
Virginia		3
Washington	4.50	3
West Virginia		7
Wisconsin	63.00	5

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Australia	1
Canal Zone	1
Canada	1.50
China	1
Cuba	1
France	2
Ireland	1.00
Japan	2
Newfoundland	11.00
Virgin Islands	2
Total of New Subscribers	1,542

RECEIVED AT MARYKNOLL.

Books; altar linens and Benediction veil; chalice; surplice; burses; camera; old gold, jewelry, etc., from N. J., O., R. I.; cancelled stamps, tinfoil, etc., from N. Y., Mass., R. I., Pa., Md., N. J., Mo., Conn., Nova Scotia.

We wish to express thanks for anonymous offerings from M. C. M., \$25; "An Admirer of your Mission," \$5.

MARYKNOLL LAND.

Total area at Maryknoll, 4,450,000 ft.
Sold up to Oct. 1, 1918, 2,774,325 "
For sale at 1 cent a foot, 1,675,675 "

VÉNARD LAND.

Total area at The Vénard, 6,000,000 ft.
Sold up to Oct. 1, 1918, 1,176,726 "
For sale at 1/2 cent a foot, 4823,274 "

Several Liberty Bonds have come to secure Perpetual Memberships for our soldier-boys who have fallen in battle. Others are applied to those now in the fighting line.

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Living—Rev. Friends (3); Mr. and Mrs. M. J. C.; Corcoran family; Mrs. E. M.; E. B.; F. G.; B. R.; J. B.; Mrs. J. M.; E. J. M.; A. J. M.; C. E. M.; E. J.; Mrs. E. J.; Mrs. A. E. K.; M. T., D. H. M., C. A. T., N. T. T.

Deceased—Rev. Peter C. Quinn; Patrick Corcoran; Ann Corcoran; Margaret Lee; Corcoran family; James A. Burton; Joseph Fenton; Bertha A. Goebbels; Alexius Broker; Hannah McLaughlin; Derby McLaughlin; Thomas A. McPartland; Anna M. McPartland; Mary Donoghue; Margaret Gallagher; Mrs. Katherine Hickey.

WE request a prayer for the souls of:

Rt. Rev. C. W. Cur-Wm. Kapschull
rier Mrs. K. Walters
Rev. J. T. Durward Mary Leach
Rev. P. D. Meagher Leo Divire
Rev. Joseph Boehles Edward McIntyre
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Abp. Williams Catechist Fund, complete, No. 3..... 4,000
Abp. Williams Catechist Fund, incomplete, No. 4..... 1,500
Yeong-kong Catechist Fund, incomplete, No. 1..... 3,200
Our Daily Bread Fund.....726.05
Maryknoll Propaganda Fund 5,000.00
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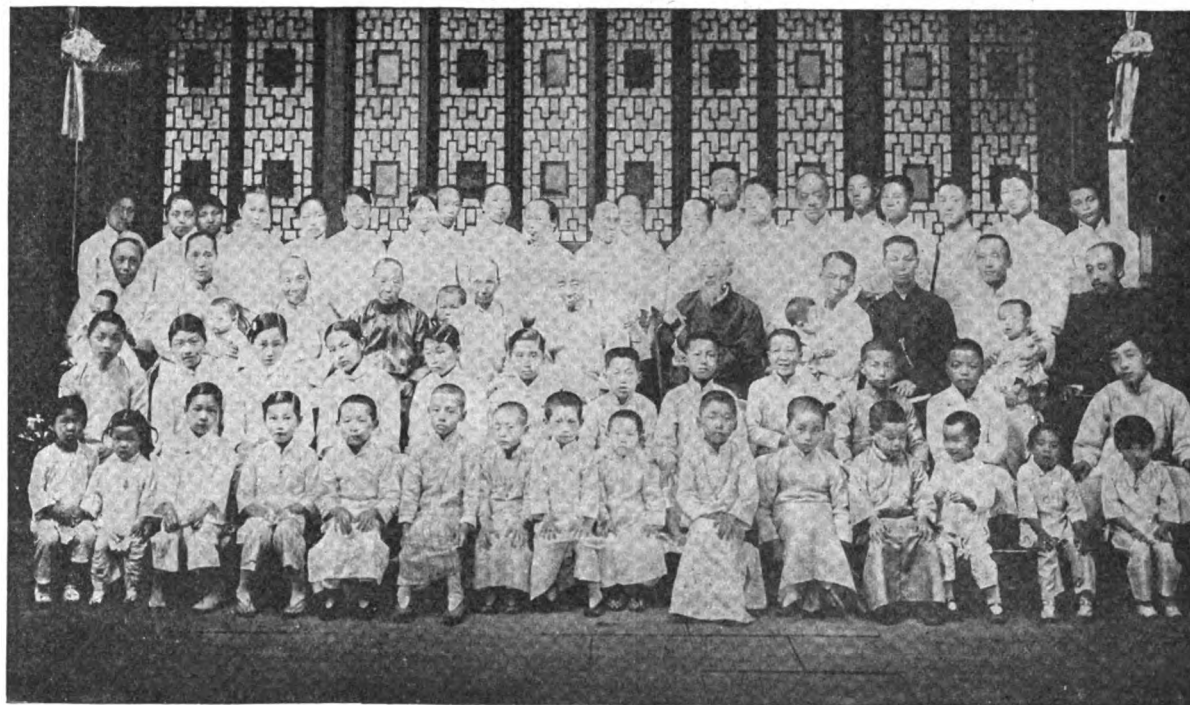
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God All Things Work
Together for Good.*

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THE TSU FAMILY (CATHOLIC) AT SHANGHAI. TWO SONS ARE AT MARYKNOLL.

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A BLESSED CHRISTMAS TO YOU!



In this circle is our legal title.
It will be appropriate in any
Catholic's will.

THE FIELD AFAR

Founded in 1907. Appears on the fifteenth day of each month. Owned by the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc. of Ossining, N. Y.

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THE FIELD AFAR is the official organ of the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary. Checks and other payments may be forwarded to the Very Rev. James A. Walsh. Advertising rates will be sent upon application.

And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, God the Mighty, the Father of the world to come, the Prince of Peace.—*Isaiah IX, 6.*

* *

THE dew has dropped from the heavens and the clouds have rained down the Just One. The earth has opened and has budded a Redeemer.

The Prince of Peace walks among men, seen by some, unnoticed by others, who if less self-centred could discern Him, unknown as yet to a large proportion of the sons of men. Are we who have experienced His love trying as much as we can to extend His Kingdom over this earth?

* *

THE mission-movement in Pittsburgh has developed an organization of Maria Mission Circles, whose activities have at times been noted elsewhere in these columns. An edifying resolution of these Circles is embodied in this suggestive paragraph:

As a Christmas gift to the Christ Child I will donate to the missions a sum greater than for any one of my other Christmas gifts.

We believe that this idea will appeal strongly to many whose hearts are full of thanksgiving to the Prince of Peace, the Light of Whose Countenance now falls upon this earth obscured for years by the smoke of battles. Peace has come for men of good will.

* *

WHAT our national leaders, ecclesiastic and civic, say of the *New Internationalism* is full of significance for the future of foreign missions:

The President has told us "the world is no longer divided into little circles of interest. The world no longer consists of neighborhoods. The world is linked in a common life and interest, such as humanity never saw before. . . . What disturbs the life of the whole world is the concern of the whole world."

In the world to-day the strongest response to the new internationalism

must come from the Church of the ages. The Catholic Church cannot remain an isolated factor in the nation. The Catholic Church possesses spiritual and moral resources which are at the command of the nation in every great crisis. The message to the nation to forget local boundaries and provincialism is a message likewise to the Catholic Church. Parochial, diocesan, and provincial limits must be forgotten in the face of the greater tasks which burden our collective religious resources.—*Cardinal Gibbons.*

* *

THE war is over. Why stand gazing back on the gaping ruins, the blood-stained earth, the fields banked with the graves of young men? The past is useful only as it urges us to something higher to-day and for the future.

The hour has struck for great movements, and the clarion call sounds for another kind of war—an unbloody one, the sole object of which is to draw by love from under the standard of Satan the millions who serve him because they know not Christ. Big as we Americans thought ourselves, we can never again be as small as we were. Henceforward we shall be satisfied only when doing great things, not alone for our country but for the world.

The world-wide spirit is sweeping over us and the more deeply we breathe it the better we like it.

The world for Christ should to-day be the slogan of every man whose heart is Catholic.

* *

There are Christians who worship their Divine Master but who prefer not to think of Him either in the straw of Bethlehem or on the hard wood of the Cross.—*Fr. Berthe, C.S.S.R.*

* *

A FEW years ago we visioned China as a mighty giant rousing himself from the sleep of ages, and we looked forward to activities that would shake the earth, making the East rub its eyes with surprise.

To-day, after closer observation, we think of the new Republic as a big boy, capable indeed of reaching gigantic proportions and of rounding out a great career, but actually misbehaving

P E A C E O N E A R T H

himself so badly that he must be put under special guardianship.

If the big boy recognizes his weakness and inexperience, he will come forth from his training-school a mighty force.

He needs above all things the grace that comes through the merits of the Sent of God—Jesus the Christ—and every member of the mystical Body can help to gain this for him. Say a

Prayer for China.

Lord Jesus Christ, Who alone art the Saviour of the whole human race, Who already "rulest from sea to sea and from the river to the confines of the earth," mercifully open the treasures of Thy most Sacred Heart to the wretched inhabitants of China who still sit in darkness and the shadow of death, that through the intercession of the most Blessed Virgin Mary, Thy Immaculate Mother, and of St. Francis Xavier, they may abandon their idols and prostrating themselves before Thee may be united to Thy holy Church. Amen.

* *

Send The Field Afar as a Christmas gift to your friend or to some neglected missionary.

* *

MARYKNOLL doubtless owes much more to spiritual co-operation than to material alms. Perhaps it would be well to say that it owes its material alms to spiritual helps.

Thousands—and this may be taken literally—thousands of Catholics in all walks of life and in every country of the world are praying for this venture of the now strong American Church.

An example of spiritual enterprise as yet unheralded will indicate the measure of this co-operation which we call Apostles' Aid. Two bright young New York women, who could if they desired waste most of their time on social frivolities, made a tour last year of parochial schools and academies to secure prayers for Maryknoll. They were graciously received all along the line and promises were cheerfully and generously given. God alone knows what will be the fruit of that consecrated service.



People of Sion, behold the Lord shall come to save the nations.—Isaiah xxx.

THE PACIFIC.

O depths of mystery,
How can you calmly sleep
And sluggish stretch your breadth
Of shining, peaceful deep
Between the East and West,
Between the Day and Night,
Between the Heathen Dark
And God's all-saving Light?

Arouse your dormant waves
And roar with spumed sea
That God hath come on earth
To reign eternally.
Beat urgent on all shores
And roll unceasing pleas,
And call earth's priests to preach
God's word across your seas.

Again Christ walks your waves,
O swelling path of light,
And men are saved to God
By means of your great might.
—F. X. F.
Aboard the Ecuador, Oct., 1918.

Suggestions for American Missioners.

ADVICE is coming for our American missioners. Evidently they will be watched. The latest is a warning that the "*rush and push of the States can seldom be applied here.*"

An addition has been made by

the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda to the territory set aside by the Bishop of Canton for the Maryknoll Mission. This addition extends principally from the western line and includes the two more important centres of Tinpak and Sunyi. The entire coast line of the new Mission stretches now about seventy-five miles along the coast of the South China Sea, and northward to the West River. The salient in its eastern line is occupied by the Portuguese mission from Macao.

Far Eastern mission leaders are beginning to realize that America can send soldiers of Christ over the seas to fight the hosts of Satan just as surely as she has sent unselfish patriots to battle in Europe against the spirit of militarism.

Several bishops have recently turned to Maryknoll, expressing the hope that with increasing recruits it would take from them some share of their overwhelming responsibilities. The following letter came recently:

Propose to the Prefect of Propaganda the project of sending two of your priests to me. After resting a while I would send them to Fr. J— where they would study the language for some months. Then they could go out to make their first foundation. Fr. J— would help them to get installed, probably buying a good tract of land for a few dollars and building a few primitive houses. The natives would flock to them and little by little Christianity would become established.

Afterwards your second foundation might be at the town of H—, on the western shore. There is an abandoned

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T O M E N O F G O O D W I L L

church and priest's house, built there before the war. Both these regions are mountainous, much like what you saw in Langson.

Of course these missions would be difficult, but they would be true missions among infidels. You could not expect bright results—that is, many conversions—during the first years, but in the course of time I am convinced your missionaries would form in these mountains a truly Christian people.

These poor tribes have been waiting nineteen hundred years to enjoy the fruits of Redemption. They cry to you through my voice. They cannot do it of themselves, because they do not realize their own misfortune, but I lend them my voice, my pen, my supplications, my tears; will they not make an impression on you, young American priests? See that hill east of Jerusalem, the Mount of Olives. Our Blessed Lord a moment before His ascension said to His disciples, "Going, teach all nations." Behind the Apostles you were standing and to you also were addressed His words. Will you not carry out that command for this unfortunate province which has been forgotten until now? Oh, what a reward will await you!

The question of the language might frighten some, but for young men of good will it is not too difficult. There are two languages spoken here, the Tho and Meo. These are the languages of the two principal tribes, Thos and the Meos. The former who live on the lowlands, claim to be the original inhabitants and their name means *land*. The latter live in the mountains and their name means *cats*, because the Thos say that the Meos climb like cats. A Breton missionary, Fr. Savina, has recently published the first dictionaries of the two languages. These books would be treasures for you. Fr. Savina spent fifteen years living in the huts of the natives, noting the words of their languages one by one, talking with them until he knew their tongues better than they themselves. The work is almost superhuman. Fr. Savina's bishop has lent him to me for a time and he might be able to help initiate your first missionaries.

I pray always to Our Lord and Blessed Théophane that the Holy Ghost may touch your minds and hearts. I should be so happy the day a cable would arrive with the words: *Maryknoll accepts*. Good-bye, dear Fr. Walsh, God bless you and yours.

(Tongking, Indo-China.)

Yes, we take Thrift Stamps and we are glad to get them. Those that are coming now are helping to erect the first portion of the new Vénard Apostolic College, near Scranton.

Comments on the Maryknoll mission-field have come from many points of the compass and we publish a few as indicative of the spirit in which the announcement was received abroad.

Why, oh! why, did you not come to us? (*Uganda, B. E. Africa.*)

We are disappointed that the Philipines cannot hope for any of your missionaries in the near future. But *paciencia!* (*Bishop MacGinley, Nueva Caceres, P. I.*)

You are lifting the veil that has hidden from American Catholics this beautiful country, so full of possibilities for the Church and for the world. (*Kwangtung, China.*)

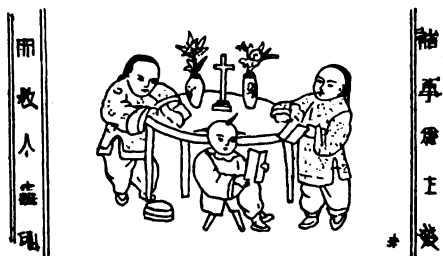
The arrival of your "chosen ones" will mean the commencement of a new era in China. A more rapid development in the missions will quickly follow, although your apostles will doubtless have a sharp tussle to begin with. But of course they expect it and are prepared for it. (*Chekiang, China.*)

The day has come at last, the day of joy! I offered the Holy Mass yesterday for the four new apostles who left San Francisco for Maryknoll in China. I am sure many more priests have done the same. When will the first band of Maryknoll missionaries come to this land of promise? (*Barbaza, P. I.*)

I learn with pleasure that your Society has been allotted four sub-prefectures in Kwangtung province. This is a good beginning but of course four sub-prefectures will soon be small for a Society that seems destined to increase rapidly and which has so many Chinese residents from that Province in its own country. (*Kiang-si, China.*)

Take good care of your Thrift Card. If it is lost the money paid for stamps cannot be recovered. Why not use it in our new building, which must be paid for out of Bonds, War Savings Stamps and Thrift Stamps?

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Statue of Bl. Théophane Vénard (in old ivory or bronze)....\$3.00

I cannot help feeling more than a little envious of the fortunate mission to which you are going to give "first-aid." I am sure the result will be the same as the American army now obtains on the battlefields of the West, but the result in the East will be a thousand times more glorious still and much more to God's greater honor and glory and the salvation of souls. (*Madras, India.*)

D O N ' T W O R R Y O V E R P R E S E N T S

Father Gauthier Expectant.

MARYKNOLL'S "Big Four" have not yet entered upon their inheritance, but have been making the most of their time in and around Hongkong and Canton.

Their guide, however, Fr. Gauthier (or Fr. Goatee, as one of our Juniors calls him), has prepared the city of Yeung-kong, their future center, for "the coming of the Americans," and the following letter from him gives information that is interesting and valuable to all our readers who wish to follow rather closely on the heels of the first American apostles from Maryknoll:

I have been a month at Yeung-kong, and have not yet left the town. It is impossible at present to visit the Christians, who are very busy gathering the first harvest of rice or preparing for the second. Besides, the insecurity of the roads scarcely allows one to travel without danger of being robbed and made prisoner. The pirates are working everywhere, even a few miles from here. The mandarin has advised me not to go out into the country without an escort. I prefer not to travel at all because I know how little one can rely on such protectors, who often prove an embarrassment. We will make the visits when quiet has been re-established in the country, and that will not be long delayed. The peasants, exasperated by these continual robberies, are beginning to organize a local militia, and the mandarin has put himself at the head of the movement. By the time your missionaries arrive here I believe that calm will have been restored.

I have managed, however, to get word of my arrival to the Christians in the outlying districts, and delegations have come from nearly every point. They are really happy to learn that American Catholic missionaries are coming to establish themselves here. You may be sure of a welcome for your men. The Christian community of Yeung-kong is anxious to develop. The seed planted here some twenty years ago sprang up abundantly, and seemed to promise much until unfavorable circumstances interfered with it. However, the roots are still here, and may yet give a splendid harvest. Your missionaries will have to work hard and to suffer—"Euntes ibant et flebant"—but I feel that they will also taste the sweet

joys of success, "cum exultatione portantes manipulas suas."

I want to bring to your notice the two or three Christian communities where a revival movement is especially in evidence. A little village called Tcheungtin-ngan (which will sound to you like "chucking tin cans") near the market place of Tai-Pat (a good place for an Irish name) has renewed a desire, formerly manifested, to be converted in a body. It has about 300 souls, 20 of whom are baptized. It would be well worth while, if you can spare the money, to establish a Christian center here. Though 25 miles from Yeung-kong, supplies could be easily obtained from the nearby market. A priest living here could work in all the villages which the market supplies in a radius of 12 to 15 miles. He would have to build a house, a church, and a school, and that would cost about \$2,500 for the three: \$1,000 for the church; \$800 for the school; \$700 for the house.

The village of Tai-Shap, 6 miles from Tcheungtin-ngan, is also a promising proposition. Your men will find there 10 baptized persons, and about 100 catechumens, asking only for instruction. One of the catechumens is actually doing his best to teach catechism to some 20 children there. One building would suffice here. It could serve as chapel and school, and could have an extra room for the mis-

sioner when he passes on his visits. This building would cost about \$800.

At Ping-Kang, market for this section, there was formerly a chapel which was destroyed in a local persecution that scattered the Christians. Now a number of these Christians are returning and at the head of this movement are two fairly influential bachelors. There also you will have to spend \$800 to build a combination school-chapel and a room for the priest to occupy when he passes.

There is also an opening at Tsap-Po on the island of Hai-ling. This very prosperous port has greatly developed in the past few years, and has now nearly 2,500 inhabitants. There are 15 baptized among these and a missionary sent there could work over the whole island, which has a population of nearly 50,000.

Here at Yeung-kong itself it will be necessary to enlarge and start new works. The town with its suburbs includes more than 30,000. The house is large enough for two or three priests, and there is a school for children, but to develop you will have to buy more land.

The American Presbyterians who came here some years before us have done considerable pushing. At present they have three chapels in the town with 200 or 300 converts; but their principal establishments are about half a mile outside the eastern gate. They have residences for five or six American families, a hospital,



THE MARYKNOLL MISSION CENTRE AT LOTING.
(Our first Catechist is he in American clothing, with collar and tie.)

GIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE FIELD AFAR

a school for boys, and a school for girls. The American staff consists of two ministers, two doctors and two or three lay professors. Their Chinese staff, however, is much larger, with 20 catechists and about 40 preachers or Bible distributors, besides a dozen schoolmasters and as many schoolmistresses, also about 50 women employed, some in the hospital, others in the schools and chapels. In the town itself they have a catechumenate for women, where as a rule some 20 persons are being instructed, each receiving \$3 a month for food. The Presbyterians also direct a small local paper, which appears three times a week and helps them much in their propaganda work. At this moment they are even organizing a local Bank at Yeung-kong, and they themselves will be the principal stockholders. The money they spend here exceeds \$30,000 a year.

In China there is much good to be done, but you must have money. Without it you can do little because the people are very poor. However, one can rely on the generosity of the Christians in China when their means allow it. Our catechumens so far have not been the rich, for it is always among the poor that the work of evangelizing begins—"Pauperes evangelisantur." Nevertheless you may depend upon the good will of the neophytes of Yeung-kong. They have already given certain proof of their generosity by contributing in a large measure to the building of seven or eight chapels or oratories that your missionaries will find in this district. There are perhaps few districts where the catechumens themselves have given so much. It is certainly a proof of their attachment to religion, for the Chinese, like many others, value a thing according to the amount it has cost them. But I warn you that the amount Christians can contribute is relatively small, compared to what will be necessary to make this a flourishing Christian center. Nor must you forget that for the last ten years the prices in China have doubled and trebled, especially in the maritime provinces.

—A. Gauthier.

Of our new book, **FOR THE FAITH**, the Rev. Dr. Scanlan of St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, N. Y., writes:

My hearty congratulations on this splendid addition to the collection of inspiring books which the Catholic Foreign Mission Society is producing. I found it excellent reading and one which will do a great deal of good.

The Echoes of Our Missioners' Footsteps.

THOSE four Maryknoll missioners went away quietly, but they have not been altogether unobserved or overlooked, as the following letters testify:

I am sending \$5 to help pay the fares of the first American missioners to China.

Every day I pray for the success of the Maryknoll Mission and its priests. May God give them grace and strength!

This \$10 is to aid the young missioners who are leaving Maryknoll for China. It is a small mite, but every little counts.

I am enclosing a Liberty Bond which I long intended to send. I feel in sending this Bond to Maryknoll I am helping to dispatch not only soldiers of war, but also soldiers of peace.

We do not want to let your first missioners leave for China without sending them our little mite and the best wishes of the Community. We also assure the little band of a share in our prayers, that God may grant them a safe voyage and bless the great work they are undertaking. ("Marycliff," Mass.)

We are grateful for the privilege of having had in our midst for a few hours your four missioners China-bound. Fr. Price aroused considerable enthusiasm among the sisters when he called for volunteers for a "Notre Dame In China." I hope we shall live to see the day, if not to take an active part in the work. (Notre Dame Convent, Cinn.)

Enclosed you will find a check for \$25 for the American Foreign Mission. It is money earned by a young lady who is very anxious for the return to the Faith of several persons and who feels that her earnest request will be granted all the sooner when petitioned for by the Maryknoll pioneers.

Our daily prayers follow them and in our visit to the Blessed Sacrament the Community say three times "Stella Maris, ora pro nobis." We are certain that the happy four will land safely and do good work for the Master, and surely from heaven our beloved Cardinal Farley will obtain for them many special graces. (Sacred Heart Convent, Cinn.)

THE MARTYR OF FUTUNA.

(Blessed Peter Chanel, S.M.)

"One cannot peruse these edifying pages without being moved to add this simple martyr to one's own litany of the Saints, so convincing, so appealing is his sanctity."—Ave Maria.

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For the four generous missioners to China. A little home for their Eucharistic Lord when they carry Him to the sick. The Sisters of the Visitation are deeply interested in your great and holy work. (Received with four sick-call cases.)

We are all rejoicing that the first band of missioners has departed for foreign shores, and we wish to have a little share in the good work. Of course our prayers will be always with them, for their work is very dear to our hearts, but we realize that material assistance is also needed. We are sending, therefore, our mite (\$10) and wish it were a thousand times more. We add to it a Mass offering of \$50, which was a jubilee gift and which we are glad to devote to the Maryknoll Mission cause. ("Carmel, Phila.")

The sudden appearance at Marillac of the Maryknoll missioners to China was as startling as it was welcome. While we did not pray verbally for a visit we had certainly wished it ardently enough and Our Lord was pleased to grant the desire of our hearts. The Sisters were all assembled to receive their blessing and all felt that it was one of the greatest of privileges. In return your good missioners will be remembered in many an earnest prayer. You see, our interest in and love for foreign missions come to us by right divine, as Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul. We feel that your first representatives are the chosen of Our Lord. May God bless their courage, zeal, and generosity, and may He grant them long and fruitful years among the heathen! We shall await with eagerness the "Maryknoll-in-China" column in **THE FIELD AFAR**. What a happy inspiration had that good priest in Pennsylvania to suggest "Maryknoll" as the general prefix for all American foreign mission work. May our Blessed Mother bless your work! (Normandy, Mo.)

A Liberty Bond or a War Savings Stamp is always as acceptable at Maryknoll as any form of money.

T H I S I S T H E P A P E R

Maryknoll Mission Chronicle.

Sept. 21.—At last "the day!" Another friend of Maryknoll in San Francisco was on hand and after the Mass of St. Matthew, the Apostle, and our last meal in the Land of the Free, we made for the dock, where our boat pulled at her moorings as if eager to get away. There were no further difficulties about baggage and we could not help congratulating ourselves as we watched the inspectors go through other people's trunks. Fr. McShane, Bro. Thomas, and Fr. O'Neill got permission to go on board for a few last words. Then they left us, and our pulses were a little quicker as we saw the gangplank raised and felt our craft begin to back away and then turn her nose out into the bay. There was no delay, and as we came up after lunch we were passing between the Golden Gate posts.

They were soon left behind and out on the after deck we sang softly, "Ave, Maris Stella." Over one at least there came a sense of powerlessness—or was it simple homesickness—as he began to realize what fancied strength we find in familiar surroundings, that fill up our minds and make us feel masters in their little world, though it is they that really rule, until they disappear to leave the mind free and open to better things—or worse.

We posted a bulletin to the effect that there would be Mass in the steerage, where a hundred Marines, or at least most of them, were already moaning in their bunks.

Sept. 22.—There are very few Catholics—just how many we have not yet been able to learn—on board but none at all were in evidence at Mass, owing doubtless to seasickness and to the fact that our notice had been so recently posted. The sea was a little rough and Fr. Ford felt that he could not trust himself in a standing position but the rest of us had little difficulty. In the steerage, despite their seasickness, there were nearly a dozen at Mass.

Sept. 23.—The boat is crowded with passengers but there are still empty places at the table. We four are at a small table with a Mr. J——, a freight clerk on the boat. He is a pleasant young fellow, the son of a Congregationalist missionary, and spent his early years in and about Canton. Later he helped introduce Standard Oil products into the province of Kwang-Si and knows that region and the West River quite well. He has a brother a "medical missionary" whose work seems to con-



sist in a chain of self-supporting dispensaries,—otherwise, drug stores.

Fr. Price met a Mr. B—— and another gentleman from Shanghai. Mr. B—— knows the Jesuits at Sicawei and though not a Catholic says that the Catholics are the only missionaries who are really doing good religious work. He contends that more can be accomplished by the spreading of literature than by preaching, on the ground that the Chinese have a great reverence for the written word and are eager to read, even getting others to read for them if they cannot. Our dining-companion, on the other hand, holds that they will pay little attention to literature given them, at least if it comes from foreigners.

Fr. Ford was with us for supper. Met a Mr. G——, a Catholic, en route with his young wife to Yokohama, where he has been in business for fifteen years. A Chinese nurse and a young Japanese lady are the only representatives of those races among the first-class passengers but all the waiters and cabin-boys are Cantonese and they are an interesting study. They are very quiet, even when gambling on the after deck. How far their traits may be national we cannot say, but they are observant, neat, and faithful.

Sept. 25-26.—One day on the ocean is much like another. After Mass in the morning we have the day, outside the time required for the Breviary and other religious duties, free for reading or study—or sleeping. To what influence it is due we cannot say, but we do know that even the mighty have fallen victims.

Sept. 27.—Getting out correspondence to be mailed at Honolulu is the order of the day. Met a Dr. G——, a medical missionary from Ningpo, who saw his first service there in 1889. He knows Sister Xavier at the hospital there and pays a high tribute to the practical medical knowledge of the sisters. He is a graduate doctor sent out by the Baptist Missionary Conference and in addition to his medical

work sees to it that services are held in the hospitals he attends and himself distributes literature. If we were able to support them, what a great work on similar lines could be done by Catholic doctors. He says that there are of course certain physical dangers to be guarded against—chiefly dysentery and malaria—but that it will add much to one's peace of mind in China—as well as in other places—to remember that diseases cannot be transmitted by odors.

Here are some notes from our table talk with Mr. J—— that may be of interest. The Chinese say that the white and black races are the two extremes, that the yellow skin is the happy medium, the really natural color of the human race. In the beginning man used his fingers to tear apart his food and convey it to his mouth, then a knife and fork, the fork serving the double purpose of holding the viands while cutting and of being used as a shovel, and finally—in China, of course—perfection was reached by having food, meats particularly, sent to the table already cut up, where the genteel chopsticks are used—to push it into the mouth, whence the bones are spat onto the floor! Furthermore, being nearer the barbaric state we eat too much meat, while John Chinaman eats only the proper amount! And we are reminded of the warning of the Scotch poet against criticism and also of his prayer that we might get more on the outside of ourselves and look in, which we think applies to people and nations as well as individuals.

Sept. 28.—The cry of "land! land!" does not perhaps mean so much to the seafarer in these days of steam and wireless, and yet we confess to a feeling of relief as a dim outline appeared on the horizon. To our left a little later we could just make out the heights of Molokai, but we came no nearer and we saw it fade again with regret that the time was not given us to make a pilgrimage to the ground hallowed by the long presence of a living martyr. We soon came nearer to Oahu, on which stands Honolulu, and for two hours skirted its shores, all the while near enough to enjoy the panorama of jagged lava heights in green flora and native brown that met the fleecy clouds which now and then dipped down into the valleys between. As we crept into the harbor a quarantine officer came on board to look in the eye the passengers lined up along the rail, and another official looked at our passports. Then we went to lunch and came up to find that we were close in, with the gangplank down, and in a moment, like true landmen, we rejoiced to find ourselves again on terra firma.

T H A T W H I T E N S T H E B L U E S

From Other Fields.

FROM an ordinary paragraph in any missionary's letter:

Since the beginning of the war no new priests have come from Europe. Several of our strongest men have died here on the mission and those remaining, many advanced in years or weak in health, are doing double work.

Catholic missionaries have frequent occasion to smile at the errors appearing in some mission publications. Even THE FIELD AFAR can "mix the babies," as it did some time ago when it labelled Bishop Legrand of Dacca, India, as Bishop de Castro.

Bishop Legrand says that he is too much of a beggar to be taken for his distinguished confrère, and he takes advantage of the correction to ask for a new seminary,—one of our own present preoccupations, by the way. Bishop Legrand belongs to the Congregation of The Holy Cross and has with him Fr. Hennessy, a well-known American priest.

Sr. Agnes, a seemingly young (one never can tell the age of nuns) Sister of Charity in Peking, can always find use for a spare dollar.

When the Superior of Maryknoll visited her establishment he found Sr. Agnes quite disturbed over two things. She was trying to keep a hundred or more little yellow faces out of the dirt until the visitor had remarked their neatness; but she was most of all exercised over the fact that the visitor from America should turn up in China at a period when the climate is favorable to the traveler, rather than in the heat of summer, when he could have suffered more, sympathized more, and possibly secured more for the work of this particular mission.

It was only her point of view, and the Maryknoller, who was quite satisfied to receive the onslaught, now repeats that Sr. Agnes can find good use for a spare dollar. She has much to do and little with which to do.

Mother Mary Paul, the New York nun, who is safe in the heart of Uganda, writes to the Maryknoll Superior:

We must thank you for the pleasure you have afforded all readers of THE FIELD AFAR in having your travel letters printed therein. We have followed closely your graphic accounts of that great journey and are interested in all you tell of it.

Dear Father, did you ever realize before what deep-down joy is stirred by meeting a fellow-countryman in a strange and distant land? No telling can ever convey what that experience brings. And one's fever for home-letters! Now you know.

Taking the liberty of one who may be deemed an "ancient," I am going to beg that you do not forget poor old Africa. If you have more rice than you know what to do with please send some of it here, for it is costing us over \$100 a month to supply our poor sick in the "Little Flower Hospital." Never in my day have we witnessed such distressing results from drought and famine. Never before have we received so few donations and letters. Perhaps some readers of THE FIELD AFAR may be inspired to spare a mite for this Mission. With all the demands, it must be difficult to donate for foreign work also, but we are filled with hope and are willing to wait.

Look over your old silver and gold. What is the use of keeping broken rings, single cuff-buttons, and other things that will never be repaired or mated? Put all your jewelry junk in an empty confectionery box and send it up our hill.

Fr. Ford's Travel-Notes.

JAPAN is not popular in the East because it runs its commerce on principles of atheistic ethics. It grafted its newly acquired Western life on a pagan stock of morality that had thrown aside even the restraints of Shintoism.

China is destined to the same mistake unless it first be converted to Christian morality. Neither is there time to waste, as the opened ports are welcoming the first traders of the Occident.

Opposite us at table sits a young man still in the twenties, clean-cut, with a steady eye and smile, delicate in thoughtfulness and pleasingly shy. He likes Thackeray and China, and China best of all. He spent six years in our district, going up and down the Si-kiang, and he has grown to love the Chinese as a people he can un-

derstand and trust, as thrifty and intelligent and with ideals of honesty and truth. He is a Standard Oil agent. My estimate of Standard Oil rose quickly at the news and I marveled that God can find few willing instruments for China while commerce has its choice of men.

Here lies a nation of four hundred millions attracting thoughtful men who come for commerce and remain from love. The great bugbear that deters the timid soul—the hardships of a life of exile—is lightened by the sight of business men who live this life of exile in preference to one of ease at home.

This agent—he bears a name as common as Jones—is typical of the Eastern trader. China has caught them all by her charms and holds them by ties of joy in her living. Their praises of her people are enthusiastic and testing this praise is their gladness to get back to her again.

Any swelling of the head at the thought that four American priests are representing the United States in China is easily punctured by the fact that the boat that bore the four carried also thirty Protestant missionaries.

There might be found a fervent son of Erin who would claim that an American priest is worth ten ministers, but even were this granted for the sake of argument, the non-Catholics of America have the handicap of several thousand in the field already.

Thank God, the mortifying disproportion will yearly diminish as Maryknoll sends her newly-ordained and zeal for the foreign missions softens the crust of indifference that used to harden us to the call of the heathen.

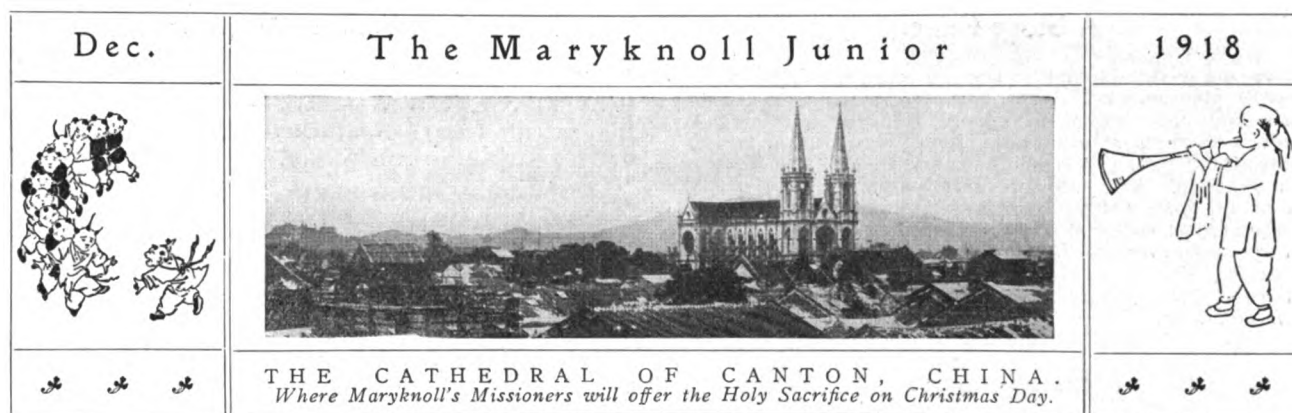
The close of the war will divert the newly-constructed American bottoms to the Pacific. The Pacific coast and Honolulu are preparing for the influx of trade and the next few years will witness a doubling of American exports to China and Japan.

China is to take a new place in commerce. The dragon is awakening and is hungry and in her pangs will swallow eagerly what America puts forth.

The American brands of Protestantism are shipping missionaries to satisfy the intellectual and religious cravings, and side by side with commerce they are covering the sea-coast of China with schools and hospitals.

This is the only time for American Catholics to act. When China is once thoroughly aroused and its hunger appeased, the opportunity will have passed and a definite trend will be given to its moral growth.

T H E B E S T C H R I S T M A S G I F T

**DEAR JUNIORS:**

The same to you! And many!

I should like to thank you each one personally for your interest in our Maryknoll Junior and its big brother, THE FIELD AFAR. Your many letters have shown that you were waiting for your *own* paper, and now that it has come both you and I are rejoicing.

How pleased I should be if I could go around the circuit and shake your hand on Christmas morning and tell you how glad I am. But I cannot. For how, tell me, could I, on December 25, get to Spokane, Washington, and St. Augustine, Florida; to Maryknoll-on-the-Hudson and Maryknoll-in-San Francisco; to Maryknoll-in-Scranton and Maryknoll-in-China—to all these places and many others between them?

The old sleigh and reindeer that Mr. Santa Claus used to bring my toys have never seemed to wear out and might do for such a big trip. Personally I never saw Mr. Claus, but I would borrow his outfit to get a look at you, if I were not such a poor begger as I am. Perhaps, however, I should not be welcome unless I were loaded with gifts, and between you and me, I am always strapped. If I made the rounds and left nothing there would be chin about Fr. Chin, and what abuse I should get!

But though I cannot shake your hand I can be with you in the spirit of prayer. On Christmas Eve, just before midnight, we at Maryknoll will be awakened by the sweet songs, "Holy Night" and "Venite Adoremus."

While you are soundly sleeping I will kneel before the Crib and ask the tiny "Junior," the Divine Babe, to bless you all. And in Christ's Mass, when He is born again upon the altar as He was in the stable on that first Christmas morning, I will offer the Divine Sacrifice not only for the Juniors of America and China, but for the "juniors" in every part of the world, especially those in pagan lands,

who have as yet no Christ's-Mass although Christ came on that first "Holy Night" for *all* peoples.

When you attend Mass on Christ's Birthday and receive the newly-born Babe into your hearts, I wonder how many of you will pray for the heathen "juniors" and make a gift of your Christmas Communion to the Christ-Child for His missions? How many, I ask myself, will hang beside their own stockings a little stocking for the Divine Babe? How many Juniors will place near their Christmas trees a Mite Box to receive their coins of joyful sacrifice?

A right bright Merry Christmas
Filled with holy joy,
A cheery happy New Year,
To every girl and boy!

—Fr. Chin.

Funny Food for Funny Folks.

Junior: Father, are you related to Chin-Chin?

Fr. Chin: Yes indeed. I'm his better half, also his father.

One of our youthful Vénarders at the Mercy Hospital in Scranton was coming out of ether (the doctor had taken from him only one appendix).

"Little Flower! Little Flower!" cried the boy.

Later the non-Catholic nurse said to him: "I heard you calling for a little flower; have you made a special study of botany?"

In flu enza from Spain and he caught it. Temperature 104 and gaining—couldn't play, sleep nor eat—couldn't even work; doctor worried—nurse grieved.

Sister gave him THE FIELD AFAR—he is well and kicking (football only).

All good doctors are now prescribing F. A. as a "flu" preventative and cure.

I S T H E F I E L D A F A R

A Story Prize.

Are you a story-writer? Did you ever try to be one? Here is your chance. Write one of less than 300 words (use only one side of the paper) on the subject: "A Junior's Christmas in a Pagan Land." Sign your name, address and age, and send the story to Fr. Chin before Jan. 5, 1919. You may get information anywhere, but the actual story-writing must be your own. Only stories on the subject assigned will be considered for prizes.

First prize: book—"A Modern Martyr," or "Chinese Lanterns."

Second prize: picture—"Théophane Vénard" or "Bernadette of Lourdes."

Fact Finders.

HAVE you ever felt the satisfaction of discovering something? It's great! We can help you enjoy this sensation. If you find a fact about any missions in the world, send it to the "Chin Father" (as the Chinese would write it). He will announce it in this column for the benefit of all. You will then be a *Fact Finder* and your name will be inscribed at Maryknoll in letters of lead.

About *Facts* and *Finders*.

1. No one can be a fact finder who is under 7 or over 107 years of age.
2. Facts found must relate to missionaries, martyrs, mission countries, Maryknoll and other missionary organizations.
3. All facts should reach Maryknoll before the tenth of the month.
4. For the five best series of facts presented next month, Fr. Chin will send premiums. In deciding, Fr. Chin will consider the fact and the way it is expressed.

How will you find these mission facts,—about Alaska, for example, about Oceania, about Asia, about Africa? Suppose you ask at your public library, and let us know what happens; or perhaps, if you are in a Catholic school, one of the sisters or brothers can give you some points. You might try your Sunday-School director; or "ask Dad, he knows." Send your fact to *Fr. Chin, Maryknoll, Ossining, N. Y.*

Maryknoll A, B, C's.

By dropping sacrifice coins into the Mite Box, the
child of America
makes known the
Child of Bethlehem
to the
child of China.

No one of us is too old to learn these new A, B, C's. Fr. Chin will gladly send as many Mite Boxes as you and your friends wish.

Every Junior should wear a Maryknoll Pin, which can be secured for twenty-five cents or for one new subscription to *The Field Afar*.

A Submarine Sequel.

(How the U-boat was a factor in saving many souls.)

PROVINCETOWN — bark — struck — by — submarine — near — Nantucket — shoals — signals — distress — try — to — reach — her."

These words came registering their message on the wireless apparatus in the Provincetown Life-Saving Station. They were received by Roy Connors, a boy of seventeen, the favorite of the crew. Son of one of the guards, Roy had played about the Station as a child and on his father's death some years before had been practically adopted by the men. Although only seventeen, Roy could pull an oar as well as the best. He had never been known to shrink from any duty, however difficult or dangerous.

Calling a companion to watch the wireless, Roy ran to the tower to try to sight the wreck. The ringing of the bell called the guards to the main building, where they received Roy's message. At once all was bustle. The snow-laden winds were howling and the window panes rattled, but there was no confusion among the guards. Oilskins, lanterns, and ropes were rushed into place and the men ran to their boat and pushed it to the water's edge.

A moment more, and the crew bent to their oars. The boat sprang forward—rode lightly on the breakers—was tossed back. What a struggle it was!

In the distance the red light gleamed from the mast of the distressed ship. Slowly it was burning out—yet upon it depended the lives of many on board.

At last the goal was reached. The work of rescuing was begun. Roy, first on board, stumbled over the figure of a boy of about his own size. As he stooped to the prostrate figure he noticed a rosary in the clenched hand; and then to his amazement he saw that the boy was Chinese. A Chinese boy with a rosary! And with a strange pricking of shame Roy remembered his own rosary which he had not used for years.

But the work of rescuing claimed his attention and he had no time for his own thoughts until the Station was reached and the rescued men cared for. Roy begged to be allowed to put the Chinese boy in his bed and care for him himself, and he worked over the half-frozen form until life returned. The almond eyes opened, the lips murmured strange sounds, and then the exhausted form settled comfortably in the bed and Roy's protégé was asleep.

Worn out with the night's labor, Roy would have followed his example, but there was something he wanted to do first. A little shamefacedly he drew the rosary from the now relaxed fingers of the

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sleeping "Chink," as the crew had good-naturedly called him, knelt down by his chair, and began the beads. The "mysteries" he could not manage at all, but the words of the prayers came readily enough, and Roy found himself enjoying the fight with sleep until the last decade was finished. Then his weary head sank on his tired arms, and huddled on the floor by his chair, Roy slept beside his "patient."

Hours later, when Roy awoke, he found the Chinese boy's eyes fixed upon him. "You Catholic?" asked the boy with a smile, pointing to the rosary in Roy's hands.

"Yes," answered Roy.

"I'm glad!" and the joy of his face told even more than the words.

To Roy's delight, he found that "the Chink" could speak and understand English fairly well. The two at once settled down to a good talk, and Roy learned that his new-found friend's name was Francis Wing, that he had learned English at the Mission school in the big river town where he was born, that he had come to America to get an American education, and that he was earning the money for it by working as a cabin boy on the coasting vessel which had been wrecked.

"But some day, some day, I shall return," said the boy. "My country needs apostles. My father died for the Faith when the Boxers attacked the Christians, and my grandfather professed Christ before him. Some day I shall go back, and then I shall work as a lay-apostle and help the missionaries to make known the Faith to my people. Millions of them know not the true God, and many, I know, would be as good Christians as my own family were if only there were teachers to teach them of Christ."

Roy felt a strange sensation, an inner awakening. He seemed to hear a voice bidding him go into that waiting vineyard, help save those many souls.

That night and many nights after, Roy pondered on the strange thoughts that filled his mind. During the days he asked Francis countless questions. The Chinese boy had been given work to do at the Station and the two lads were inseparable in their free time. As they were walking along the shore one evening some weeks later Roy remarked, with his eyes on the setting sun, "The sun is just rising now in your country, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Francis, "after a night of many centuries, the sun at last begins to shine on my people. Roy, my friend, some day I shall go back to my native land. But oh, they need priests so there! How I wish that some from your country—that you, yourself—would follow me!"

And Roy's answer filled Francis with joy: "I will, Frank, please God. For I have already written to Maryknoll and they are willing to try me as a candidate for the Catholic Foreign Mission Society."

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CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS IN THE HOUSE-CHAPEL OF THE TSU FAMILY, SHANGHAI.
(Two members of the family will this year worship at Maryknoll.)



THE SISTERS' DARLINGS.
(For one of these abandoned babies \$2.00 was paid.)

The Christ-Child.

*Little Babe in manger sleeping,
Wake and see our tear-filled eyes.
Thou art author of our weeping,
Thou, the God of Paradise!*

*For we weep that thou so holy,
Creator Omnipotent,
Thou shouldst deign to be so lowly,
Naked, cold and impotent.*

*Yet we weep for pure rejoicing;
Hast thou not Redemption's power?
Grateful adoration voicing,
Angels join us in this hour.*

*Humble shepherds represent us
Worshipping the Saviour's birth;
Glorifying God who sent us
Peace to right-willed men on earth.*
—Rev. B. Reilly, O.P.

Junior Circles

COME, Juniors, take a peep into my letter tray and see in how many different ways you are "doing your bit."

Since my name is Aloysius I am very much interested in the Saint Aloysius Burse. During Mass I pray for the success of this work and I am happy to make the enclosed offering for the burse. (A. C., Heckscherville, Pa.)

I have been working on one of your land slips and have finished the deal. I am sending you the proceeds in this letter. (J. C., New Haven, Conn.)

Enclosed find two dollars which I saved up in my mite box. I have often sent you dollars before as my grandmother always has your paper and asks me to save my pennies for your work. (A. T. C., Chelsea, Mass.)

I am just a little orphan, but I will help you build the Vénard Apostolic College as much as I can. These four Thrift Stamps are not very much but every little thing helps. (M. P., North Braddock, Pa.)

This building fund card was sent to my mother. When I saw it I was determined to save the amount required. I am sending the money with the intention that I pass for second year High School. (M. V. T., Phila, Pa.)

Seal your gifts and letters with Maryknoll Sealing Stamps. Each stamp is a part of your Christmas gift to Christ, and it may make a new friend for His missions.

1 sheet (1 doz. stamps) 10c.
6 sheets (72 stamps) 50c.
13 sheets (156 stamps) \$1.00

13 is a "lucky" number. For one "green-back" you will get 13 sheets of yellow back. Mail it now.

E V E R Y B O D Y

The secretary of the Junior Boys' Circle of Parkersburg, W. Va., writes:

We meet every Sunday, begin with prayer, read *Field Afar Tales*, give out holy pictures (prayer prints) and then I ask, "Who has any money for the mite box?" The senior Juniors are pitted against the junior Juniors and there is great rivalry each week to see who has the most.

A Junior told Fr. Chin that his mother made a little red stocking for him. It is already hanging—receiving his Advent sacrifice nickels and pennies, and he says that before Christ's birthday, December twenty-fifth, he will have a good Christmas present for the Divine Child. He will thus help Jesus to spread His kingdom overseas, and to give Himself to pagan boys and girls of other lands. That's to be this Junior's gift to the Christ Child. Here is what some other Juniors have done:

I would like you to send me a mite box and I will put it on my toy table during the Christmas holidays so that I can share my gifts with the Infant Jesus. (A. F., Phila., Pa.)

Enclosed find one dollar which I wish to send to the missions. I would like to have the Holy Sacrifice offered up for the suffering souls. This is my Christmas offering for the Infant Jesus. It is all that I can send for I am only eleven years old. (J. H., Lawrence, Mass.)

Put a Mite Box at the foot of your Christmas tree. Jesus may then receive His Christmas gift. Ask Fr. Chin for this "mitey" necessary article to complete your Christmas joys. Merely write "Mite Box" on a postcard and mail it with your address to Fr. Chin.

Gathering the Fragments.



Until you have over five pounds, it does not pay to mail ordinary stamps to us. Do not sort different denominations nor bundle them: separate foreign stamps, then write for further information.

Sell tin-foil to your junk man, and send the proceeds to Maryknoll.

Ask your parents, aunts and uncles for their old jewelry—watches, rings, brooches, pins, etc. Box them and mail to us. This Chinese stamp-man will smile graciously when he receives your box.

L I K E S I T

Good News!

EVERY visitor to Maryknoll will recall that the ideal portion of the Knoll was on the other side of a wooden fence that ran only fifteen feet south of the pro-Seminary *but did not belong to us*.

Invariably came the exclamation, from bishops, priests, and laity, "You *must* build there," and as often we merely answered, "Perhaps."

In the meantime, prayers were offered frequently, and some of our particularly interested Saints were expected to make special pleas, because medals struck in their honor had been scattered along the edge of the coveted property.

The years—not so many—passed, and we were almost beginning to resign ourselves to forget once for all the advantages of a completed Knoll; when a sudden turn came—a fair price was agreed upon—and, on November 16, we secured

The Field at Home.

This purchase will rejoice the hearts of all whose eyes have rested on what *was* our neighbor's land.

We have paid on this future site of the Maryknoll Seminary just one hundred dollars to bind the bargain, and we expect to come into possession of the title on Christmas Eve, when we are supposed to pass over forty per cent of the purchase price and assume a mortgage for the remainder if we cannot escape it.

We are hoping that among our forty thousand subscribers and added thousands of readers we may find *two hundred individuals, or parishes, or church societies, or schools, or Sunday-schools, or fraternal organizations, to send us one hundred dollars each*.

Does this idea appeal to you? To the extent of a Christmas gift?

Bonds will be as acceptable as money.

The war has been hard on the missions, but not so unkind to Maryknoll. The country's needs stimulated charity and in the process the charity of the faithful has been broadened, so that our work was even better sustained during those awful days than previously.

Peace Day at the Knoll was most appropriately celebrated by the father-of-the-flock. The sirens of New York broke the stillness of our meditation hour and just before Mass began we learned the "glad tidings of great joy"—the re-birth of the nations.

Plans matured rapidly. "Classes had to be abandoned" and "the washing must wait." When the kitchen force caught the fever, however, there was nothing to do but drive everybody off the grounds.

With a small body-guard that soon disappeared the Superior stayed on the premises, and he claims that it was the most peaceful day he has had since Maryknoll came into being.

A new flag welcomed the returning joy-trampers and a *Te Deum* marked the close of what may yet prove to be, after our dear Lord's Birthday, the most momentous day in the history of the world.

"Maryknoll" spells devotion to Our Blessed Lady, but until recently there was no outward sign on our buildings or grounds that this devotion played an important part in every Maryknoller's life.

Of course we have yet to build here a permanent structure, but the pro-seminary addition plans provided for a statue of the Immaculate Conception, and before the war we were arranging to get one in wood from Brixen, in the Austrian Tyrol, where our Superior, laid up for repairs at the time, discovered some years ago a wood-carver who could turn out something good at a price not too high to frighten the Maryknoll treasurer. Then came the war and,

Stories from The Field Afar

Fifteen Short Stories that breathe the Foreign Mission Spirit.
160 Pages, with 17 Illustrations.
Price: Sixty Cents, postpaid.

just as with you, dear reader, we kept putting it off. Recently, however, in a moment of remorse we ordered a cement statue—a really good one, but necessarily high in price because it must be exposed to the elements. For the statue, which we hope will remain always on our grounds, we will gladly welcome a benefactor, to whom, on request, we will communicate the cost.

Do you remember a sheet of paper that fell some weeks ago under your eyes, revealing a drawing of the new power house and laundry for our Vénard College? You read it and you noted that it called for any spare Bond, or War Savings Stamps, or even Thrift Stamps, which you might have nearby or would later purchase and like to turn into the gold of charity.

Perhaps after reading the request on that sheet of paper you took action on it. In this event you were one of several hundreds who incidentally gave moments of genuine pleasure to a broken-down missionary whose daily task lies in opening and recording the Maryknoll mail. "Ah," the gray-beard would say so often, "the United States Government and Maryknoll are playing into each other's hands."

And it certainly looked so, at least while the gentle rain fell upon our parched bank-account and brought forth enough golden-rod to drive our contractor away with an attack of hay-fever.

We did not of course expect to cover the cost of construction (\$40,000) within a few days or

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weeks after making that drive, but we cut a notch at the \$6,000 mark after a fortnight, and the goldenrod is still growing. A priest wrote:

The idea is good. I bought this little yellow jacket, a hundred dollar bond, out of pure patriotism and now it is in my way. Between the bother of keeping an eye on it and the opportunity to give the Maryknoll builders a push in the right direction, I know that I shall be far more content to feel that you have patted my yellow back and will see to negotiating it later for the Great Cause.

Another, attempting to conceal his real motive, wrote, enclosing a yellow fifty:

Thanks for the opportunity. I would surely forget that scrap of paper and it probably would not come to light until after my exit from this vale. Take it and welcome. If I give up for another, you may expect another. Keep the ball rolling for your College at Clark's Green. We can build it if you remind us.

The usual response, however, was not in Bonds but in War Savings Stamps, individual or on cards, and as we watched the stamps come in we were inclined to congratulate the benefactors on making sure that these patches of green, so easy to lose, were being put to a use that would return a spiritual interest payable for eternity, perhaps even in time.

Many liberty loan souvenirs came as thanksgiving offerings from the relatives of soldiers and sailors, some as alms for young heroes who had died, and not a few were further expressions of gratitude for escapes from the dreadful influenza—the scourge that passed so ruthlessly over the land. We are thankful for all these evidences of good will.

And this leads us to the public expression of our own deep gratitude to God that out of a hundred persons at Maryknoll and out of two score at our Apostolic College, not a single case of influenza developed. One of our priests was stricken while on his propaganda in New Jersey, but the good Franciscan Sisters at

St. Michael's Hospital in Newark nursed him safely back to health and to Maryknoll.

We wish that all our friends and benefactors could have been so fortunate, but we know from their letters that many still grieve the loss of dear ones.

God was especially good to Maryknoll. May we not believe that it is because He has some special work for all here yet to accomplish? —

During the influenza epidemic one of the Teresians, a graduate nurse, was requisitioned by the Ossining Hospital, and—which should go without saying—rendered efficient service.

It will interest our readers to know that the epidemic brought a blessing to the missions. With so many priests ill and hundreds of the faithful taken from this earth, requests for Masses were so multiplied that priests unable to offer them asked us, as they did the Mission Aid Societies, to scatter their surplus intentions so that the Masses could be said with the least possible delay. In one month alone we had the satisfaction of forwarding to about twenty-five missionary bishops or religious superiors no fewer than *five thousand* intentions. These reached their destination in most cases within three or four weeks and were at once distributed. Had it not been war-times, most of them could have been cabled with comparatively small cost and begun within a few days.

Some one asks if at Maryknoll anybody is occasionally unhappy. We answer by asking, "*Does it ever rain?*"

Comparatively speaking, the dwellers at Maryknoll are better off than multitudes of good people, but it takes another term of comparison to realize this and that term gets away from us occasionally.

Then, too, you know, dear questioner, that the devil, who, fortunately, is not omnipresent,

pays occasional visits even to communities dedicated to God. He seems to start up everybody at the same time, makes molehills look like mountains, and manages to obscure the light so that things seem dark to all.

But these are passing experiences that are generally followed by reactions.

Evidently our inquirer has noted the absence of minor chords in THE FIELD AFAR. This is to a considerable extent true, not because we have no troubles, but because we know that everybody has some and it is not our purpose to unload ours on them.

Edward McIntyre, of Philadelphia, was killed in action. His hope had been to present himself as an aspirant at Maryknoll shortly after his return from France. He will be another intercessor in Heaven for this young Society.

This young soldier in his last letter to Maryknoll wrote:

We are now away into the interior of France and seem to be still going. We don't stay long in one place. Always pushing ahead—it won't be long before we are in the trenches. That's when I will need and appreciate all the prayers I can receive. I can approach the Sacraments frequently while in this place, but while on the march I cannot. I always make at least one visit to the Blessed Sacrament every day if there is a church nearby.

If I ever come back to the U. S. A. I will surely come to Maryknoll to see the Brothers and then again later to stay. I can realize now how it is the Brothers are anxious to return to Maryknoll at the close of their vacations. I also am anxious to return to Maryknoll and take up my duties as a Brother of St. Michael. Somehow I cannot stop thinking of Maryknoll. It is no exaggeration to say that I think more of Maryknoll and the Brothers than of anything else. When we were near any town I visited the church every day and said the Rosary and evening prayers and prayed for a safe return and to get back to the Seminary. Now that we are well out in the country where I cannot get to any church I walk up and down the road saying my Rosary and thinking of the Brothers walking around the grounds in twos and threes saying theirs. Pray for me.

T H O U S A N D S

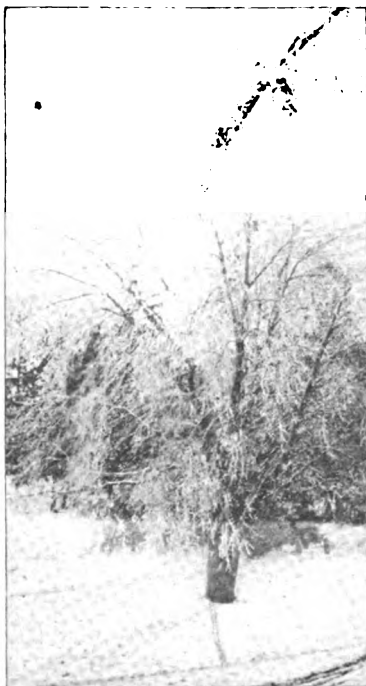
W O U L D

R E A D

I T

Splinters from the Vénard Log.

GRATITUDE is the rarest of virtues. It is usually a passing impulse only. The month of November, however, that period of thanksgiving, brought an almost daily



A WINTER SCENE AT MARYKNOLL.

reminder of blessings that call for our grateful acknowledgment. Among other things, we are especially thankful that not a breath of the terrible epidemic recently raging touched the Vénard. Special prayers were offered daily for the protection of Divine Providence and it was apparently His Will that we should be spared. This foreign mission work is very important, you see, and The Master would not have one minute's interruption of our preparation to make Him known among the Gentiles.

Another source of thanksgiving is the abundant crop of fruits and vegetables that His sun and rain and fair weather coaxed into fruitful bloom, enabling us to face the winter with every chance of a successful defense should the Vénard be besieged by Boreas and smothered under snow. The boys performed quite a nautical feat in gathering the potatoes, which

succulent life-savers were swamped by floods of rain and had to be rescued in pouring downpours by divers "animals" who resembled nothing so much as Jules Verne's heroes in undersea exploits. By the combined efforts of all, plus a little kindly advice from passers-by, several hundred bushels of potatoes are now resting breathlessly in our newly-finished underground reinforced-concrete fruit-and-vegetable cellar. This subterranean palace has a capacity of about three thousand bushels, and, judging by present contents, it should scare away, and far away, the wolf that hangs around kitchen doors.

The greatest cause for thanksgiving is, of course, the return to earth of the reign of peace and the almost forgotten happiness of being able to sing without half-feeling it to be sarcastic the beautiful anthem, "Peace on earth, good-will to men." The war's horrors and responsibilities have surely made thousands of young men "think in their hearts" as never before, giving them at an earlier age a more serious and less selfish outlook on life; while America's share in the great conflict has developed a spirit like the chivalry of old. Such influences will doubtless give to some of our Catholic youth militant a truer appreciation of the nobility of the missionary's life and a genuine desire to perpetuate their present devotion to ideals by a career in the Church Militant in pagan lands. Accordingly, we are looking and praying for a striking increase in vocations to the Vénard and to Maryknoll.

Unexpected progress has been made on the new building through the removal of obstacles, such as delays in freightage and so forth. The walls were finished the day the armistice was declared, and since then the building has rapidly been approaching the stage that warrants the speedy repatriation of our exiled sons and brothers now at Maryknoll.

The new building is an attractive combination of pressed brick, terracotta and tile, fire-proof throughout, with ample accommodations for sixty students, including large dormitory and study-hall, class-rooms, lavatories, and so forth. The view from any of the windows is superb, commanding on every side a beautiful vista of mountains and valleys. If there are here any hidden geniuses of pen or brush, the inspiring picture of The Master's painting should surely arouse their latent talent.

Maryknoll is, of course, a tolerable place for a reasonable length of time, but in the long run, as the Vénarders residing there well know, be it ever so homely there's no place like the Vénard. Anticipating the return of the exiles, herculean efforts (not to be bashful, our normal Vénard brand) are being made for their support in the Maryknoll style to which they have been accustomed for the past five months. With the home-coming of the fifteen "strangers" the Vénard contingency will acquire a strength of fifty (excepting appetite, which will figure around seventy-five).

Cleaning-up, repairing, and painting



A VÉNARD CHRISTMAS MASS SOUVENIR.

I F T H E Y

O N L Y

K N E W

I T

have been engrossing our spare time and attention. Amateur mechanics count the day well-spent if they have not spoiled each other's work. But they do pretty well, and we are gradually evoking order out of chaos, so that the New Year will find us newly-garbed, at least within doors, with bright newly-painted woodwork that the morning clean-up squad can keep looking like that of Spotless Town. Nor is it through vanity that we have been working, but rather through a sense of responsibility. Our boys of to-day are our missionaries of ten years hence, and they must rely on their present training to make them apt apostles of that cleanliness which is next to Godliness, in surroundings that know not either. As their efficiency as missionaries in spreading God's Word will be seriously handicapped by preventable disease—due to dirt—later on, no time must be lost in educating them in such matters now.

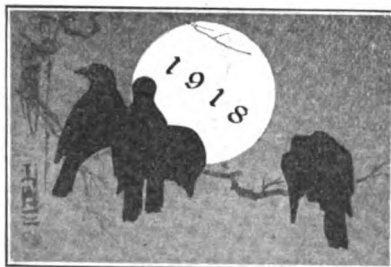
Eight hundred and seventy-three dollars and forty-six cents is a harrowing item to consider when it is a question of a root-cellar, but it will help to save thousands of potatoes, as well as other delicacies. However, to spare the feelings of a bruised back, which, we understand, describes the present condition of our Father Treasurer, we gathered forty-six cents and made it even money in the hope that many "somebodies" who made a few extra dollars during the war would reduce the "even money."

The first response to our call for Bonds and War Savings Stamps for the Vénard Laundry-Power-house came from a venerable priest and was followed by offerings from many others, from whose letters we quote:

Your appeal for the Vénard School has just reached me. I have paid for a Liberty Bond of \$50, which will not be in my hands until Oct. 19, when it will go forward to you at once. As for the effect of this offering on my personal living, *Deus providebit* (God will provide). A better use for my little fortune (!) could not be found. May God prosper your young missionaries now on the high seas!

I wish your great and important work were a beneficiary in the War Work Drive now at hand. Perhaps something like it may yet be organized for the spiritual rehabilitation of the world. (*W. Roxbury, Mass.*)

I am enclosing a War Stamp as my little bit towards winning the war against paganism on the mission battle-



Good-bye, 1918. You began fighting, but you end with the world at peace. We at Maryknoll will cherish your memory, you mark the outgoing of our first missionaries.

fields of China. It is but a "wee bit of cheer" for those in training at the "petit séminaire" at Scranton but it carries earnest wishes for the success of your plan. (*Asbury Park, N. J.*)

As the effects of the burst might be more costly than the building I hasten to ease the pressure by means of the enclosed Liberty Bond (\$100). Any time that you apprehend being arrested for debt during the building operations send a call and I will come to your assistance. (*Mass.*)

We are very poor down this way—have few more comforts than your missionaries will have in China—and are expected to contribute to all war activities, but we can always make one sacrifice more for God's work which your Society is doing. I was at your place last year and saw your men—how I wish I were younger so that I might be acceptable! (*Tex.*)

I am glad to send you my Liberty Bond for \$50. I hope this undertaking of yours to spread the Peace of Christ over the nations of the earth will meet with the hearty co-operation of all who sincerely wish to see realized that longing desire of the Sacred Heart of the Prince of Peace: "Thy Kingdom Come." (*Biddeford, Me.*)

(*With \$50 Bond and 10 W. S. S.*)

I have been following with great interest the events which led up to the momentous sailing of your first missionaries to the Orient. It is an embarkation full of glorious promise to the Church in our country; it comes at an auspicious time, when the youth of the land are responding nobly to the call for sacrifice. May not the new spirit which has been awakened in the country react favorably on vocations to a life of conquest for Christ? (*Mass.*)

Here is the kind of blessing that comes occasionally to Maryknoll, usually after a difficult period:

Bishop's House,
367 Clermont Ave.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

VERY REV. DEAR FR. WALSH:

At a meeting of the Diocese of Brooklyn, held a few days ago, the resolution was adopted to turn over to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of Maryknoll these two Fourth Liberty Bonds for its work.

With hearty good wishes,
Yours very truly in Christ,
CHAS. E. McDONNELL,
Bishop of Brooklyn.

Better than the passing gift is such service as it indicated by the following letter, which came in answer to our request for Bonds or War Savings or Thrift Stamps for the new Vénard:

I received your letter to-day asking me for a donation of War Savings Stamps for the new building.

I can not send you a donation now but will later on. I am overrun with appeals now so that I can hardly keep up with them. One would have to be like a clock, wind it up and then set the regulator too fast, in order to keep up with them all. And then I do not think you could keep up with them. They come thick and fast as if they sprung out of the earth.

I have copied your letter several times and I am sending it to several people. I do not know if it will bear fruit, although I hope it will.

Excuse me for taking the liberty of doing this without asking your permission first, but I could not help it. I have told them to send the Liberty Bonds or Stamps to you. I hope that the returns will exceed your expectation, that you will receive Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps until they reach mountain high.

With best wishes—

A PERPETUAL ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP
in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America may be secured gradually in as many payments as desired, provided the sum of fifty dollars is reached within two years from the date of the first payment.
These Memberships may be in the name of the living or the dead.

MAKE KNOWN TO YOUR FRIENDS

MARYKNOLL-IN-SAN-FRANCISCO.

A priest friend, writing after a visit to San Francisco, was edified by the simplicity, not to call it poverty, of our rented house on Van Ness Ave. He remarked, also, that some one had given him the impression that Maryknoll-in-San Francisco was being supported by one individual, but he learned that, as usual, we depend, and we believe providentially, too, upon the little from the many for the welfare of this as of our other establishments.

If our Procure in San Francisco can become self-sustaining, so much the better for our work in general. As, however, it meets not only a local but a common need, we cannot expect it to be fully maintained by our California friends, however pleased they may be to have it among them.



THE MARYKNOLL MISSION CIRCLES.

Our active Circle in Tarrytown writes:

Held our first meeting last night and must say it was very enthusiastic. We are working on altar linens now. Let us know what we can do next.

The St. Francis Xavier Circle No. 2, Rochester, N. Y., has this scheme for growth:

We held our first meeting and have a few members. We expect more next month as each active member is expected to bring three new members.

"And a little child shall lead them"—even to the formation of a Maryknoll Circle. From Pawtucket, R. I., comes the story:

The members have all agreed to name our circle *The Blessed Margaret Mary Circle*, after my little baby girl. It was through her the Circle started. She is just five months old now.

Post-Cards { 10 cts. a set (16 subjects).
 { 50 cts. a hundred.

Prayer { 5 cts. a set (16 subjects).
Prints { 25 cts. a hundred.

Your Christmas gift to the Christ Child—does it stand for sacrifice? Is it in proportion to the gifts to your friends?

Then the echo of the angelic chorus, "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will" will fill your heart. May the Infant King bless you!

The secretary and one other member of St. Joseph's Maryknoll Maria Circle, Pawtucket, R. I., paid a visit to Maryknoll recently. This Circle has been one of our staunchest, spreading the mission spirit by its own activities and by the welcome hand of fellowship it extends to all Circles within its reach.

Our first Maryknoll Circle in New Jersey—welcome!

It looks very promising, too, for it has begun with a definite purpose and with a particular line of activity in view. At the weekly meetings, sewing for Maryknoll will be done. Between meetings the members will distribute mite boxes, each member being responsible for a certain number each week. We trust that this group, under the patronage of *Bernadette of Lourdes*, may grow in the work that has been so well begun.

The Maria Mission Circles of Pittsburgh Diocese celebrated their fifth anniversary in September by a meeting in Synod Hall. The roll of the Circles was called, each secretary responding with report and suggestions. The launching of the Christmas work was an important feature. The "worldwide" character of the meeting was accented by communications from missionaries in various countries. Rev. Paul Campbell of Pittsburgh gave an inspiring address and closed the meeting with his blessing.

Make every member of the family one of our Associates. Fifty cents for each will do this.

Bernadette of Lourdes

The only complete account of her life ever published.

Translated by J. H. Gregory.

Price—One Dollar, Postpaid

Special rates for quantities to the Reverend Clergy and all Religious. St. Teresa's Convent, Maryknoll.

Field Afar Tales

(A SECOND VOLUME OF STORIES)

Interesting and edifying; well-printed and attractively bound.

170 pages, 16 illustrations.

Price: Sixty Cents, postpaid.

WITH CHRIST IN CHINA

By Rev. Joseph P. McQuaide, Ph.D., Rector of the Sacred Heart Church, San Francisco.

At Maryknoll there are on hand about a hundred copies of this book, which has sold until now for one dollar. It will be sent while the lot lasts to any address for fifty cents postpaid.

Two Popular Books: AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY IN ALASKA

(Fr. Judge, S.J.)

Generously illustrated and attractively bound.

A MODERN MARTYR BLESSED THEOPHANE VÉNARD'S LIFE AND LETTERS

241 Pages. 15 Illustrations
Bound in Red Cloth

Each, - - - 75 cents postpaid

The Lily of Mary.

A Short Life of Bernadette of Lourdes.

"As attractive physically as it is spiritually elevating."

This book sells for thirty cents—and to anyone who will sign a resolution to help spread the "Message of the Immaculate Conception," the price will be only twenty cents. (Postage, 5 cents.)

Address: St. Teresa's Convent, Maryknoll, Ossining, N. Y.

Maryknoll Educational Cards

Views of Maryknoll and the Missions with accurate information on mission activity here and in fields afar.

26 Subjects in a Set - 50 cents

Found in the Basket.



Greetings to the Maryknoll Missioners from Mr. MacMonk and Mrs. Frog.

RECEIVED AT MARYKNOLL.

Books; clothing; burse; rabats; old gold, jewelry, etc., from Conn., R. I., N. Y.; cancelled stamps, tinfoil, etc., from R. I., Canada, N. Y., Mass., Wis., O., Md., Ct., Ia., N. J.

The Rev. Peter Quinn of Roxbury, Mass., who died during the epidemic, has been made a Perpetual Member through the thoughtful charity of one of his parochial societies.

By the will of the late Rev. P. H. McCarron, of the Peoria diocese, Maryknoll has benefited to the extent of \$970.

The name of Fr. McCarron, one of the many Easterners who have spent their priestly lives and left their hearts in western States, has been listed on the roll of our special benefactors. May Jesus have mercy on his soul!

MARYKNOLL LAND:

Total area at Maryknoll, 4,450,000 ft.
Sold up to Dec. 1, 1918, 2,789,542 "
For sale at 1 cent a foot, 1,660,458 "

VÉNARD LAND.

Total area at The Vénard, 6,000,000 ft.
Sold up to Dec. 1, 1918, 1,181,706 "
For sale at ½ cent a foot, 4,818,204 "

A Liberty Bond (\$50) is acceptable as payment for a Perpetual Membership in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society.

NEW PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES.

Living—M. S.; Mrs. A. L.; M. G. K.; M. M.; C. S.; A. C. N.; C. H.; R. D.; H. F.; M. T. C.; P. F.; M. L.; C. O'R.; Rev. Friend; B. G. M.; E. E. M.; Mrs. M. F.; J. J. B.; M. F.; M. K.; R. F. P.

Deceased—Holy Souls (2); John F. Walsh; Margaret Sheridan; William McGuire; George R. Howell; Michael Donovan; Henry Borgerding; Caroline Bordgerding; John Doherty; Mrs. Anna Mitchell; Thomas Roan; Mary McKee; Patrick and Bridget Morris; Honoria Gannon; John Ward; Frances Reilly; Joyce family; John McGuigan; Bridget O'Malley; O'Malley relatives; Catherine McCabe; Fitzgerald relatives; Bro. Thomas Cyprian; Mrs. Mannix; Eugene Kenney.

PLEASE remember in your prayers the souls of:

Rev. P. J. Buckley	John B. Corcoran
Rev. A. J. O'Brien	N. McGuire
Rev. P. H. Kelleher	F. X. McDonald
Rev. F. Jones	Joseph Mee
Rev. D. J. O'Sullivan	Daniel J. Codey
	J. J. McCrossam
Rev. L. P. Bossard	E. McLean
Rev. J. Carman, C. M.	Mary T. McLean
	Jos. McCurry
Rev. P. Farrell	Marg. McCurry
Sr. Agatha, O. S. B.	Frank Ryan
Sr. M. Isabelle	Mrs. H. McCarthy
Sr. Cecelia	John E. Geehan
Cornelius Sexton	Henry Miller
W. H. Mannion	Margaret Kelly
Mr. Leary	Thomas Grennan
Mr. Anderson	T. S. Pallister
Mrs. M. A. Foley	Teresa Trantwein
George E. Scanlon	James H. Quinn
Anna Carr	T. C. Casey
Angeline Whalen	Mrs. A. Meacle
Thomas Fallon	James Clark
Mrs. M. Fallon	Mary Clarke
John Fallon	Anna B. Lucey
Sr. M. Alfred	Margaret Kohle
Andrew Wickham	H. S. McEnnon
Mrs. N. Flynn	H. D. Wiedl
R. Flynn	John Dorsey
Justine M. Killen	Nellie Dorsey
Mrs. M. Mulholland	Mrs. Gearon
	Robert J. Collier

A light is thrown on the future of foreign mission activities in America by the following request from a priest connected with a large college in the Middle West:

I wish two Masses said in honor of Blessed Théophane Vénard, that vocations to the foreign missionary society of Maryknoll may soon be forthcoming among the students of Dubuque College in this diocese.

The *Catholic Women's Benevolent Legion*, in spite of the pressure of many needs, has made up its mind to give full measure and overflowing to its Maryknoll Burse, which it will make \$6,000, allowing the extra \$1,000 for the personal expenses of some needy student.

Maryknoll Seals for your letters sell for ten cents a dozen.

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN.

STATE	GIFT	NEW SUBSCRIBERS
Arkansas	\$ 9.42	2
Arizona		1
California	106.84	58
Colorado	10.21	1
Connecticut	365.39	21
Delaware		3
Dist. of Columbia*	327.84	1
Florida	4.21	1
Illinois	1,190.28	3
Indiana	90.42	1
Iowa	21.42	9
Kansas	10.00	1
Kentucky	7.00	1
Louisiana	12.00	1
Maine	63.50	2
Maryland	96.32	2
Massachusetts	16,914.02	145
Michigan	70.59	
Minnesota	146.92	1
Missouri	212.91	1
Montana	4.21	
Nebraska	8.21	2
New Jersey	365.79	17
New Mexico	2.00	
New York	17,299.41	123
North Dakota	6.29	
New Hampshire	134.47	
Ohio	44.05	8
Pennsylvania	2,517.90	20
Rhode Island	181.56	25
South Dakota	5.00	
Texas	11.00	1
Vermont	105.50	
Virginia	61.21	
Washington	2.25	1
West Virginia	101.83	2
Wisconsin	68.10	

FROM BEYOND THE BORDERS.

Alaska		1
Canada	81.92	9
Canal Zone	1.00	
China		1
England	1.20	
France		4
India		1
Ireland		1
Nova Scotia	2.00	
Scotland		1

Total of New Subscribers 472

* \$300.00 annuity

† 3,528.28 annuity

‡ 2,000.00 annuity.

Who will have Masses and prayers offered, and who will make sacrifices for your soul's welfare when that soul shall have left this earth?

M A K E

Y O U R S

A

G I F T

To some priest in Fall River we are indebted for a gift, accompanied by the following encouraging lines:

Maryknoll is in my prayers every morning and night. The epochal event in the missionary life of America has passed by with little notice. Yet the day will come when in golden letters the name "Maryknoll" will be resplendent everywhere in the Land of Columbus.

You I congratulate. May God preserve you to see fruition of your arduous labors for the cause of Catholicity.

Here is a convert who appreciates the value of her Faith so keenly that she must share it with others:

I enclose a check for \$50, to be used for mission priests. I am a convert and was baptized into the Catholic Church two years ago. My native country is Norway. As you know, it is an entirely Lutheran country, and I was so prejudiced until I became interested and converted through the kindness and beautiful example of a friend and fellow-worker. I want to give the money to priests because the priest who converted me would not take anything for his kindness, and I want to give it to the missions because I was such a heathen myself.

There are pins more expensive than the Maryknoll Chi Rho (key-roe), but we know of none more simple or more expressive.

Since Maryknoll uttered its first cry it has been remembered in forty-four wills, one-half of which were the wills of priests interested in this work for souls. These legacies totalled more than sixteen thousand dollars, and there is more than fifty thousand dollars in prospect.

As a rule, we have never met these benefactors personally. An executor, writing of one, says:

Mr. H. worked for many years as janitor in a bank building here. He had no relatives except a sister in Ireland. At his death he had a couple of savings bank books amounting to \$1,203.97, and after leaving \$200 to a woman who kept the lodging house where he lived and who had been kind to him in his later years, and also some bequests for Masses and cemetery care, he bequeathed the balance to your Society and the others mentioned in the enclosed account.

If gifts for special purposes are welcome at Maryknoll, undesignated offerings are particularly welcome because they leave us free to place money where it is most needed. To a layman in Buffalo we owe the following:

After considering your needs in promoting the glory of God and the welfare of souls, I have decided to subscribe \$50 each year for 20 years, if circumstances will at all permit.

In other words, I shall subscribe \$1,000 for your work, payable in twenty instalments of \$50 each, and am enclosing my first check on this account.

In case I should not live this long, I shall instruct my wife to continue these payments if possible.

The only requests I wish to make in this connection is that I shall be enrolled as a Perpetual Member in the Society, and as a perpetual subscriber to THE FIELD AFAR.

Occasionally Maryknoll hears a bark, but only often enough to recall the sympathy of thousands. Usually a bark from one side is followed by sweet music from the other. Here is what we call a bark, or a snarl, if you prefer:

I never subscribed to your paper nor authorized anyone to send my name in. I am opposed to foreign missions or anything else foreign—so please drop my name from your list.

And this which follows comes as sweet music to the ears of a Catholic Catholic:

For God's sake send these few dollars to the poor missionary who wrote he would be willing to black a millionaire's boots if he had some of his millions. Well, may God bless the poor missionary, and God help the millionaires! I am seventy-eight years old and am working for day's wages. I have many poor looking for a dollar from me but those poor missionaries need it badly. I know what it is to be poor.

If you wish to exchange your Liberty Bonds for a Maryknoll Annuity you will be turning over your investment to the greatest Cause on earth—the advancement of Christ's kingdom. Incidentally, you will receive a larger income. Write for information to the Very Rev. Treasurer, Catholic Foreign Mission Society, Maryknoll, Ossining, N. Y.

STUDENT BURSE PROGRESS.

A Burse or Foundation is a sum of money, the interest of which will support and educate, continuously, one of our students for the priesthood.

MARYKNOLL BURSES (Complete).

Cardinal Farley Burse.....	\$5,000
Sacred Heart Memorial Burse....	5,000
John L. Boland Burse.....	6,000
Blessed Sacrament Burse	5,000
St. Willibrord Burse.....*	5,000
Providence Diocese Burse.....	5,000
Fr. Elias Younan Burse	5,000
Mary, Queen of Apostles, Burse..	5,000
O. L. of Miraculous Medal Burse.	5,000
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Burse	5,000
Holy Trinity Burse.....	5,000
Father B. Burse	*6,273.31
Bishop Doran Memorial Burse....	5,000
St. Charles Borromeo Burse.....	5,000
St. Teresa Burse.....	†5,011
C. W. B. L. Burse.....	5,321.10

MARYKNOLL BURSES (Incomplete).

Abp. John J. Williams Burse.*	\$5,279.21
St. Joseph Burse.....	3,385.29
All Souls Burse.....	3,290.46
Cheverus Centennial School Burse	3,199.12
Fall River Diocese Burse....	2,609.98
Holy Ghost Burse.....	2,551.19
Curé of Ars Burse.....	2,331.81
St. Columba Burse.....	2,248.00
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse	†2,035.89
Our Sunday Visitor Burse....	2,000.00
St. Patrick Burse.....	1,961.70
Bl. Julia Billiart Burse	1,928.79
Pius X. Burse	1,582.00
St. Anthony Burse.....	1,320.10
Precious Blood Burse.....	1,265.25
Holy Child Jesus Burse.....	1,242.06
St. Vincent de Paul Burse....	1,220.65
Bernadette of Lourdes Burse	1,201.00
St. Anne Burse.....	1,095.72
St. Dominic Burse.....	1,095.07
Fr. Chapon Memorial Burse.	1,103.37
Holy Eucharist Burse.....	1,013.00
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Burse	1,010.36
St. John the Baptist Burse....	654.33
Bl. Margaret Mary Burse....	583.35
Our Lady of Mercy Burse....	529.04
St. Francis of Assisi Burse....	527.55
Dunwoody Burse	428.70
St. Stephen Burse.....	352.00
Bl. M. Sophie Baret Burse....	338.00
Susan Emery Memorial Burse	307.20
Holy Family Burse.....	255.00
St. Francis Burse.....	249.51
St. Lawrence Burse.....	239.75
St. Rita Burse	228.05
Fr. Chaminade Mem. Burse..	217.40
Immaculate Conception Burse	181.00
St. Agnes Burse.....	168.82
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse..	162.00
St. Boniface Burse.....	154.40
Children of Mary Burse.....	116.00
All Saints' Burse	102.00
Trinity Wekanduit Burse....	100.00

A new burse cannot be listed until it has reached one hundred dollars.

VÉNARD BURSES (Incomplete).

Little Flower Burse.....	2,675.49
Blessed Sacrament Burse....	1,901.54
Bl. Théophane Vénard Burse.	1,477.00
C. Burse	760.00
St. Aloysius Burse	210.00

* On hand but not operative.

† \$1,000 on hand but not operative.

T O L A S T T H R O U G H T H E Y E A R



What are they, Kan? War Savings Stamps for that Laundry near Scranton, Su. Get some more from your friends and stick them on my wheels. I will roll them all over to Maryknoll

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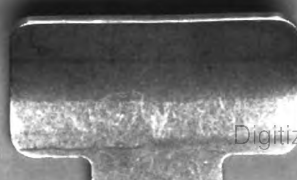
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